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# LETTERS

FROM

# FRANCE,

IN 1802.

BY

HENRY REDHEAD YORKE, Esq.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# CONTENTS.

LETTER XXV.

PAGE

*Excursion to St. Cloud—Porcelain Manufactory at Seve—A Duel* ..... 1

LETTER XXVI.

*Establishments for Public Instruction* .... 13

LETTER XXVII.

*The Military School—Champ de Mars—The Manufactory of the Gobelins—Municipal Hall—Garde Meuble* ..... 23

LETTER XXVIII.

*The Conservatory of Arts and Machines* .... 28

LETTER XXIX.

*The National Institute* ..... 37

LETTER XXX.

*The Central Museum of the Arts—Gallery of the Louvre* ..... 62

LETTER XXXI.

PAGE

*The Gallery of Antiquities at the Central Museum of the Arts* ..... 87

LETTER XXXII.

*The Museum of French Monuments* ..... 108

LETTER XXXIII.

*The National Library* ..... 134

LETTER XXXIV.

*Humane Institutions—The Hospital of Invalids* ..... 140

LETTER XXXV.

*Humane Institutions continued—Soup Establishments* ..... 166

LETTER XXXVI.

*Humane Institutions continued—La Salpêtrière—Hotel Dieu—Hospital of Jesus—of Charity—of Pity, &c.—The Foundling Hospital* ..... 177

LETTER XXXVII.

PAGE

*Humane Institutions concluded — National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, under the Direction of Abbé Sicard—The Savage of Aveyron.* ..... 200

LETTER XXXVIII.

*Economical Establishments — Progressive Annuity Fund—Society for the Encouragement of National Industry* ..... 212

LETTER XXXIX.

*The Agricultural Society of the Department of the Seine—General View of the State of Agriculture in France* ..... 221

LETTER XL.

*The Post Office—Halls of the Legislative Bodies—Courts of Justice—The Judgement of Solomon revived* ..... 241

LETTER XLI.

*Newspapers—Characters of those concerned in them* ..... 273

LETTER XLII.

*Philosophical, Literary, and other Periodical Publications* ..... 311

LETTER XLIII.

PAGE

*Thomas Paine—Joel Barlow—The Abbé Casti—Dr. Suedaeur* ..... 337

LETTER XLIV.

*Helen Maria Williams—Madame Tallien—Kosciusko* ..... 383

*Conclusion* ..... 392

# ERRATA.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Page | 26, | line | 7, *for* | to | *read* with |
| | 35, | | 21, | it | they |
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| | | | 22, | brings | bring |
| | | | 23, | opens | open |
| | 196, | | 20, | depend | depends |

# LETTERS

FROM

# FRANCE,

IN 1802.

## LETTER XXV.

*Excursion to St. Cloud—Porcelain Manufactory at Seve—A Duel.*

THE late unfortunate Queen of France paid dearly for the sums expended on this *chateau*, and M. de Calonne had not less reason to regret her taste. A fourth part of the money lavished on St. Cloud would have sufficed to have bribed all the demagogues of France. Such is the mode of reasoning of the Parisian Constitutionalists.

This place derives its name from a very remote antiquity. Clodoald, or St. Cloud, was son of Clodomier, King of Orleans, and grandson of Clovis and St. Clothilda. When his brothers were murdered by his uncles, he escaped through the affection of some noblemen, who conveyed him to a secret place, where he was educated.

When he arrived at man's eſtate, he renounced the kingdom and the world. He was ordained prieſt, by bishop Eusebius, and founded a monastery in the neighbourhood of Paris, at the village of Nogent; which from him is now called St. Cloud, where his tomb was to be seen before the Revolution, inscribed with a very ancient epitaph. One would not suppose that the residence of a royal anchorite should ever become the seat of regal pleasures, and afterwards the recluse den of a ferocious usurper.

We proceeded along the high road to Versailles, which at a short distance from Paris we quitted, and took the route to the right, leading directly to St. Cloud. It is situated at about two leagues from Paris, and is at all times an agreeable ride. The chateau stands on a most delightful eminence, commanding from the esplanade, a full view of the capital and adjacent country, and the river Seine, which widens at this part, meanders slowly beside the groves of trees which are planted along its southern banks. During the life of the late Queen, the paintings in the gallery, the magnificence of the furniture in all the apartments, and the beauty of the walks, waters and cascades, made St. Cloud a point of attraction for all foreigners. But the paintings and the furniture have been since removed; and the place is now fitting up in a most costly style for the residence of the First Consul. It is his intention to hold his court here

here occasionally, and to enrich it with some choice pictures from the National Gallery at the Louvre. I have also been informed, that he means to make it the depôt for all the gold and silver utensils, and other valuable articles and jewels which he stole out of private houses during his campaign in Italy. A considerable quantity of plate which he pilfered from the churches, and from individuals, having particular marks upon them by which their respective owners might be recognized, he has with great prudence sent to a silversmith to be melted, and wrought into salvers, and other domestic vessels, with his initials, lest his thefts might be detected, which might afford occasion for awkward remarks upon so great a personage as the conqueror of Europe and of France. When the whole shall have thus undergone the requisite fusion and preparation, the Consular family will always be served with gold and silver. From the new arrangements and reparations that are taking place at St. Cloud, it promises to be a very sumptuous mansion, in every respect suited to the accommodation of its most sublime and illustrious tenant.

The cascade, or rather the water-works, are in a perfect state of preservation; and they are to play once in three weeks for the amusement of the Parisian populace. According to an estimate which I have obtained of the expence of each ex-

 hibition,

hibition, I find, that this agreeable *passe-tems* will amount only to the trifling sum of twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which is a mere bagatelle for a republic, so rich and opulent, and commercial as that of France. The water-works of Marli, which cost near 200,000l. sterling, are to be destroyed in order to increase the celebrity of those which ornament the imperial residence; so that the populace are greatly indebted to the First Consul, both for his strict attention to public economy, and to the gratification of their little innocent pleasures. A spectacle is the chief delight which absorbs the soul of a Parisian, and it must be confessed, no man understands better than Bonaparte, the art of humouring their taste. He is the greatest showman in Europe, and one is at a loss which most to admire, his omniscience, his disinterestedness, or his benevolence. Doubtless, he will occasionally pay nocturnal visits to the shrine of Henry III. who was assassinated at St. Cloud by the Jacobin Clement, and whose heart is deposited on a wreathed column under the collegiate church. There he will acquire a wholesome lesson for the midnight meditations of his waking thoughts, and in the true spirit of a philosopher, and a member of the National Institute, he may heave a sigh at the dizzy elevation of human greatness, and exclaim with that masterly genius,

genius*, "O eloquent, just, and mighty death! whom none have dared; thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world, and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man; and covered it all over with these too narrow words—

HIC JACET!"

I have more than once had occasion to animadvert on the facilities opened to licentiousness and debauchery in almost every place of public resort, in or near the accursed metropolis of France. There is a circumference of wickedness traced within twelve miles of that hellish spot, seemingly on purpose to prevent the unwary youth from escaping the bounds of infection. If disgusted with the lewd courses of the Parisians, you withdraw a few miles into the country, under the hope of breathing a purer moral atmosphere, you are assailed by the flying squadrons of Satan, and at every step fresh inventions cast a pestilential air around you. No repose, no intermission, no time for reflection is allowed to the voluptuous inhabitant of Paris; but all the sorcery and blan-

* Sir Walter Rawleigh, who possessed one of the greatest minds human nature ever produced, ends his history of the world on the victory of Paulus Æmilius over Perseus, king of Macedon, with the memorable passage I have cited above, and which I would advise the First Consul to have inscribed on every piece of plate in his palace.

dishments of vice are conjured up, and spread before him. Of this melancholy truth, you cannot have a more complete confirmation, than from the detail of what I saw in the village.

St. Cloud being in the neighbourhood of Paris, and only a pleasant promenade from that capital, it is of course frequented by the Sunday devotees of pleasure, who assemble here with their mistresses to drink the sparkling champagne, or who frequent the place to meet their Phrynes and Aspasias. But it is chiefly the resort of young persons of both sexes, who after wandering about the charming walks, retire to an auberge, at the foot of the bridge, where there are a number of little hermitages, in the style of English tea-gardens, in which they procure refreshments. These hermitages are, however, refinements on the dull, insipid morality of British rural architecture, because in France it is a prevailing maxim, that elegant vice is preferable to dull virtue; a maxim, which is in every respect, simple and clear, because it is fashionable. Into one of these little boxes we were ushered, for the purpose of taking some refreshment! After we had rested awhile, as I was throwing my eyes about the apartment, I perceived a small door, which seemed to invite the hand of curiosity. I opened it, when behold!——

The English language is extremely defective in that *amenity* of diction which enables a Frenchman to delineate in so sprightly a manner, the objects

objects that give pleasure to his lascivious and polluted soul. I must therefore lengthen my monosyllables. Confounded at what I saw, I resolved to pursue my researches, and see whether we might not have been introduced into the hut by mistake. Accordingly, I issued forth, and examined successively, above twenty other of these caverns of iniquity. They were all precisely upon the same plan, and with the same views, only a few surpassed the rest in decoration and libidinous scenery.

A very little examination soon convinced me for what nefarious purposes they were constructed; and on my inquiring of the mistress of the place, why so many little bed-rooms were annexed to these boxes, which seemed by no means calculated for rest, she replied with a cool, unruffled countenance, untainted by the blush of modesty, that they were for the accommodation of such ladies and gentlemen who came to St. Cloud to regale themselves with a private tête-à-tête together.

From this haunt of sensuality we hastened through the wood on foot, and arrived at a gate exactly opposite the celebrated Porcelain manufactory of Seve, which is at all times open to the inspection of the public. The manufacture of Porcelain is in every respect well adapted to the genius of the French; they possess more than any other people, dexterity in getting up small wares, and they excel all nations in the fabrication of

brittle articles. For a long period of time they have directed the fashions of Europe, and, according to all appearances, they will maintain their empire for ages to come. Whatever is light, airy, and elegant, suits the vivacity of this people; while they neglect domestic comforts, they are passionately fond of external appearances, which they indulge in to an excess that often deprives them of more substantial enjoyments. Hence, the commercial genius of the nation is directed chiefly to the manufacture of pleasing baubles, by means of which they give the ton to Europe, and levy contributions of praise and money on the most saturnine of its inhabitants.

In the knowledge of their own capacities, and in the perseverance with which they pursue the means of turning them to account, the French are entitled to much commendation. Give them only time and fair play, and their ingenuity and industry will accomplish miracles. All the manufactories which I have seen in France have a reference to this principle. They are ambitious of becoming rich by pleasing the world, and they are most pleased with themselves when they find they are the instruments by whom pleasure is communicated to others.

After these remarks, you will almost anticipate the observation which I have to offer on the manufactory of Seve; that it contains not a single

article that is useful or necessary to the comforts of social life. It is one blaze of ornament and luxury; but it is not the less respectable on this account, for this species of luxury never injures a nation; on the contrary, it contributes essentially to its wealth and prosperity, by giving employment to vast numbers of people, and whatever creates industry, extends, at the same time, the empire of morality.

The range of apartments in which the Porcelain is exhibited, is extensive; a few groupes of figures of exquisite beauty and workmanship, are in glass cases, but all the other articles are exposed to the touch of the visitor; and you are allowed to handle and examine them as long as you think proper. In general, the price is affixed to each article, and no abatement whatever is made to purchasers by retail. At present, there is no great demand for the Porcelain manufactured here; the person who exhibited the manufactory, complained that the trade was very dull and heavy, but he expected that the general peace would open a vent for the articles. The prices have risen 20 per cent. in consequence of this expectation, which, in my opinion, is a very injudicious policy, for this advance must operate as a total exclusion to a very numerous and important class of Society, who would otherwise give the preference to the articles

articles of this manufactory. Besides, the duration of the late war has caused an overstock of articles, which ought at all hazards, to be put into immediate circulation, as the expence of finishing the Porcelain is considerable; and so much capital, interest, and profit laying dead, must defeat the advantages to be derived from the manufactory. It is this circumstance alone, that is the true cause of the stagnation which they lament. If they were to reduce the value of their manufactures until they had brought them into demand, they might afterwards raise their prices gradually, and the wives and mistresses of all those legislators, prefects, generals, commissaries, and other freebooters, who are gorged with the spoils of conquered countries, would frequent Seve, much in the same manner as Bond Street is the favourite lounge of our ladies of haut-ton, and our demireps of fashion. The highest price of any article we saw, was 20l. sterling for a single plate, a sum that my companions, who are better judges than I can pretend to be, thought exorbitant.

I maintain, that the Porcelain manufactured at Derby will stand a comparison with that at Seve. If the latter be more pellucid and delicate in its white colour, the finishing of the figures is equal, if not superior, at the former. I saw, some years ago, at Derby, a desert-service, manufactured for the Prince of Wales, each plate having a sepa-

a separate view of the different prospects in Dove Dale, and other parts of Derbyshire; and as far as my recollection goes, I have not found any thing so beautifully executed at Seve. It must, however, be acknowledged, that the vox populi assigns the palm of superiority to the latter.

Having gone over the whole of this elegant exhibition, at which we experienced the greatest politeness and attentions, we returned through the walks of St. Cloud, and getting into our carriage, which was waiting for us at the entrance of the caves of voluptuousness, we drove off for Paris, through the Bois de Boulogne.

On our way, we saw several persons carrying away the dead body of General D'Estaing, who had just been shot by General Regnier, in a duel. The cause of the quarrel arose in Egypt, where both these officers served with great distinction. D'Estaing was an able officer, and is much regretted; but Regnier, is possessed of very splendid abilities, and has displayed an acute and penetrating genius, as well as an happy talent of observation, in an admirable account which he has sent to the Agricultural Society, concerning the state of Agriculture and Society in Egypt.

This unfortunate affair does not excite the sensation here, which the death of a fighting booby causes in London. Duelling is by no means so frequent as under the monarchy; the point of honour being little understood by the republican

nobles

nobles. But, when they shall have seen a little good company, the system will be revived, as they are extremely fond of aping the manners, and even the follies of the old nobility.

General Regnier will not be prosecuted, as the laws of this country take no cognizance of *sudden-death*. Duelling is not even mentioned in the penal code. He is said to be waiting with impatience the arrival of Abdallah Menou in Paris, in order to have a shot at him also; and it is rumoured, that the Mussulman keeps out of the way, on purpose to avoid the combat. I think he acts wisely, for Reguier is a capital marksman, and unless Menou contrives to appease him, it is very probable that the former will send him among the Houri, very much against his inclination.

## LETTER XXVI.

### *Establishments for Public Instruction.*

ABOVE one hundred and eighty different speeches and reports had been printed on the subject of Public Instruction, before any national school had been established. Some of these were charged with wild fire, and others were composed more to display the ingenuity of the author than to benefit the state. In old France, there were more universities, colleges, and public schools; and knowledge was communicated at a cheaper rate, than in any other part of the world. All these were overthrown by the Jacobin Revolution, and the funds or estates allotted to their support were confiscated, sold, or squandered on the adventurers, civil and military, who figured on the theatre of the French Republic.

The necessity of making some provision for the instruction of youth was at length universally felt, and out of a chaos of systems and schemes, something approaching to common sense, was finally adopted as a temporary expedient; for to this hour there is no general plan of education in the country, and those institutions which I am now about to describe, are calculated, with the exception

ception of the central and polytechnic Schools, for persons of mature age.

There are only three central schools in Paris, and their organization is so defective that it may be justly doubted, whether it would not be doing a service to the cause of literature, if they were suppressed. For, notwithstanding that to each of them are attached a library, mathematical instruments, and a botanic garden; the *mode* of conveying instruction must defeat the object of their institution. The abstract sciences and history fill up the whole course of education until the pupils are eighteen years of age. Geography, without which history cannot be understood, is not taught; there is no professor of foreign languages, and only one lecturer on the ancient tongues, who for an hour and a half reads daily a critical excursion, rather for his own amusement than for the advantage of his pupils, so that ancient literature cannot be said to be cultivated at all. The other professors discharge their duties in a manner equally exceptionable; nothing is left to the labours of the scholar, his understanding is not in the least exercised; he is only required to possess a supernatural memory. Public lectures are admirable methods of communicating science, particularly experimental science, to those who have previously made themselves acquainted with its elements; but to teach the abstract sciences to boys, merely by reading dissertations to them, is much

much the same as attempting to teach them the more abstruse parts of arithmetic, or to demonstrate a problem of Euclid without pen, ink, and paper. I conclude therefore, that these central schools are of no manner of use, but serve rather to display an idle ostentation on the part of the government, a parade of useless erudition on the part of the professor; and to nurture consummate ignorance and vanity in the scholar.

However, when the pupils have some how or other gone through their classes, they are removed to the Polytechnic school, which is the Parisian university. This change is certainly in their favour because they obtain by it nearly ten pounds sterling a year, which is a sum not to be despised by the future Receivers General of Europe. About four hundred boys are here finishing; Lebrun, not Charles François, the Consul, but Ponce-Denys-Ecouchard, the poet, and member of the National Institute, is the principal administrator. These members of the Institute burrow every where; it is a matter of no small importance to obtain a seat in their hall, for it is the anti-chamber to wealth, fame, and power. At this Polytechnic school, laboratories, mechanical workshops, a drawing-room, and philosophical apparatus are provided for the use of the pupils.

From this account of the state of Public Instruction in the capital, you may form a tolerable judgment of the progressive *marche de l'esprit humain,*

*humain*, in the provinces. If a young person is ambitious of acquiring the elements of science, he must not look to the central schools for assistance, but he must work at home, and employ masters, who are to be found in abundance, and who will do him justice, though they wear no silk scarfs, and are not members of the National Institute. When he shall have completed his courses, then he may attend the lectures of any of those professors who give public lectures in any of the schools which I shall now proceed to enumerate; and here I feel it incumbent on me to recommend them most strenuously to the attention of every person who visits Paris with a view to instruction. The professors are all men well chosen, adepts in the sciences which they are appointed to teach, and justly celebrated throughout Europe for their profound researches into the respective sciences which they have cultivated.

I begin with the Geographical school under the direction of M. Riche Prony, member of the National Institute, in the class of Mechanical Arts. In this school, the science of Geography is well taught, theoretically and experimentally, and the mode of drawing maps and plans scientifically explained. Twenty pupils are admitted upon this establishment, with salaries, after they have completed their studies at the Polytechnic school.

The

The school of Roads and Bridges, is also under the direction of M. Prony. This very useful intitution was founded by Trudaine, during the monarchy, and contains a valuable collection of models. Thirty-six Polytechnicans are received into this school, with an annual stipend of eight hundred and forty livres. Le Sage, of the class of Natural History and Mineralogy in the National Institute, is the superintendant.

The school of Naval Architecture, is also an institution of the old monarchy. Fifteen hundred livres is the annual salary allotted to each Polytechnican admitted here. Filtz, is the mathematical professor, Pomet the professor of Naval Architecture; La Place, (*encore un membre de l'Institut*) of the class of Geometry in the Institute, is the examiner; and Borda and Dudin are the directors. There are several beautiful models and plans in the collection of this school.

The school of Medicine, contains above a thousand students, twenty professors, a modeller in wax, and a designer. Thouret and Sue *, Desessartz and Sabatir are the most distinguished lecturers. This large and extensive building merits the name of a Museum, as it is filled with a vast collection of anatomical preparations and chirurgical instruments, a large library, amphitheatre, and laboratory.

* M. Sue possesses also a very beautiful private Anatomical Museum.

The school of Pharmacy, is attended by most of the students in the former; it has a botanic garden, in which lectures are delivered in pharmacy, natural history and chemistry, by several of the professors from the school of Medicine. These two institutions ought to be united.

The Mineral school, containing a more beautiful, rich, and extensive collection of minerals, than is to be met with in all the cabinets of the world united together, is magnificence itself. The minerals alone completely fill six capacious apartments; and they are arranged with such astonishing nicety, judgment, and elegance, that they command the highest raptures of admiration. The decorations of the rooms are uncommonly splendid, displaying the utmost refinement of delicacy and taste. Besides minerals, there are a multitude of designs, plans of pits and mines, and models of every kind of machinery employed in working them. Twenty pupils are admitted into this excellent establishment, with considerable salaries *. Vauquelin of the class of Chemistry in the National Institute, is the Inspector of the Laboratory, and the learned Abbé Hauy, is the superintendant of the Minerals, and is now occupied on a large work upon the subject of Mineralogy. The lecture-room is a model of beauty and elegance;

* These appointments may be compared to the Fellowships at our Universities, though they are not so well paid.

and the brilliancy of the Minerals gives it the air of an hall of Diamonds. Nothing can exceed the splendour of the stair-case leading to it, or the happy disposition and beauty of the whole edifice. This place is also appropriated to the National Mint.

Amidst the various species of minerals in this collection, it is extraordinary that it has not been enriched by different specimens of our Derbyshire spar. I believe these are the only deficiencies in the whole cabinet; and yet no measures have been taken to supply them. The mineralogists of Paris have even gone so far as to express their ignorance concerning them. No one can doubt the profound knowledge of M. Hauy in this branch of science, but he has been shewn specimens which were wholly new to him.

Mr. Mawe, of Derby, who has established in Tavistock-street, London, a very large repository for all kinds of English minerals, particularly those extracted from the mines of Derbyshire, and who has devoted many years to the study of mineralogy, is now in this capital, endeavouring, if possible, to introduce the British spar, as an article of commerce. His exhibition has attracted the attention of the learned and the curious, but he has not hitherto found much encouragement. He assured me, that the French mineralogists were startled at some of the articles which he produced.

From this circumstance, I am inclined to think, he will finally succeed in his adventure *.

The college of France, in the Place de Cambrai, has survived the storms of the Revolution, and still maintains its ancient reputation. It has seventeen professors, who are men of the greatest merit and celebrity in the republic of letters. Lalande, one of the ablest astronomers in Europe, is the professor of Astronomy; La Croix, the most profound geometrician in the world, is professor of Mathematics; and our estimable friend, De la Metherie, is professor of Natural History. The

* Since my return to England, Mr. Mawe has informed me, that he has completely failed in his object. He was repeatedly with De la Metherie and M. Hauy, who expressed the greatest anxiety for the introduction of the British minerals into France. The latter went so far as to solicit the government to permit their importation. Mr. Mawe applied also to Chaptal, the Minister of the Interior, and who, as a scientific man, could not oppose so rational a proposition. However, after having expended several months in waiting attendance, and in solicitations, he received a letter from M. Chaptal, (which I have seen) stating, that he was at liberty to do any thing conformably to the laws of France; which was as much as telling him to betake himself home; because the laws of France do not admit the importation of any wrought articles from England. Indeed, Mr. Mawe was afterwards told, that he might import as large a quantity of the unwrought materials as he thought convenient, but that they must be positively wrought by Frenchmen. As this amounted to an absolute prohibition, he returned to England immediately.

learning

learning of this college embraces the whole range of human science; Chemistry, Public Law, Ethics, Ancient and Oriental Languages, Poetry, and French Literature are publickly taught here to crowded auditories.

The Veterinary school at Alfort, near Charenton, contains a very fine collection of curious anatomical preparations of different domestic animals. It is under the superintendance of a Jury of Instruction, and M. Huzard, of the National Institute, is a distinguished member of it.

All these different establishments, which honour a nation, are supported entirely at the expence of the state; the professors are paid out of the public revenues, and students of all ages and countries are at liberty to consult their libraries, and attend their lectures, free of any expence. Institutions of the description of those I have enumerated, bespeak their own praise. They illustrate the magnificence and power of a nation, better than Consular Guards and Spies of Police; they invite the inquisitive traveller to prolong his residence in the capital, and they allure the foreign student to crown his labours by an attendance at those public lessons, which are delivered gratuitously, by the most eminent philosophers of Europe. As I before observed, these establishments are not in the least calculated for youth, or for those who have not overstepped the bounds of elementary knowledge. They may inspire them with a laud-

able spirit of emulation, but they are beyond the reach of juvenile or vulgar understandings. Upon the whole, I never took up my pen with greater pleasure than when I sat down to write this letter, and I never laid it aside with more regret than I do at concluding it.

## LETTER XXVII.

*The Military School—Champ de Mars—The Manufactory of the Gobelins—Municipal Hall—Garde Meuble.*

THE Military school, erected in 1751, after the designs of Gabriel, has not suffered by the Revolution, the reason of which is obvious; it was used as a barrack for soldiers. It is seen to most advantage from the road leading to Versailles, on the opposite side of the Seine. The prospect thence is extremely pleasing, as you have, at one view, the Champ de Mars, fenced by a double row of trees, extending from the bank of the river to the Military school, by which it is traversed at its extremities, and a little to the left, the Hospital of Invalids and its gardens. But the effect is by no means so grand when you approach the place itself. It is now converted into a barrack for the regiment of Consular Horse Guards, commanded by Beauharnois, and there is very little to be seen or said about it. We were permitted to walk round the piazzas that encircle the court, beneath which, the soldiers were sleeping in groupes. Such a solemn stillness reigned throughout the whole building, that we

might have fancied ourselves in a convent of Benedictins.

The Champ de Mars*, which many people have mistaken for a Campus Martius, is now the dullest and most solitary spot near Paris. Formerly, the altar of Federation stood on its centre, but now every monument of the best time of the Revolution is levelled with the ground. Those who were witnesses of the ceremonial of the Federation, will find full scope for meditation, as they traverse this field; and when we reflect upon the many philosophical, conventional, and directorial anticks and commentaries on rapine and bloodshed which have been exhibited and practised here, it will be admitted, that it is worth the trouble of visiting. All the blasphemous pantomimes which were performed in commemoration of the sanguinary freaks of the Republic, were represented on the Champ de Mars. The pencil of David has been often employed on the scenery, and the pen of Chenier ran with blood as he composed the Pæans of Jacobinism. By way of an under plot, fancy you are present when Maximilian Robespierre descends from the mountain, and with a lighted torch sets fire to the altar of Atheism, while all the people exclaim, "There is a God!

* Or Field of March, so called, because the assemblies of the people were held there in early ages. The month of March, or the beginning of May, was generally the time of those meetings.

Long

Long live Robespierre! Long live the National Convention!"—All this sounds like fiction; a sober man will think it too poetical to be true, yet every particular which I have mentioned, actually took place on this very field.

The manufactory of the Gobelins still exists, though its productions are in no request, and have even grown out of fashion. It is kept up at the expence of the nation, in the same manner as it was formerly maintained by the court. During the monarchy it was in a very thriving condition, and consequently the number of workmen far exceeded those at present employed. The different apartments contain many very beautiful tapestries, taken from original paintings of French artists, but they can find no purchasers. Nothing can be more exquisite than the colouring and accurate workmanship of the articles produced here; a single piece requires two or three years labour, and the price generally amounts to about three hundred pounds sterling. But the workmen are not paid more than three shillings a day each for their sedentary and tasteful occupation. This may be easily accounted for, as the manufactory belongs to the government, and there is no sale whatever of its works. It is, however, praiseworthy in the government, to maintain, at its own expense, this establishment, without which, the manufactory, and perhaps the art itself, would fall to decay. Fashions are changing constantly, and perhaps the

the Gobelins may again have its day. Gilles Gobelin, of Rheims, a celebrated dyer, erected the manufactory during the reign of Francis I. There is a statue in imitation of the Belvidere Apollo, fixed at the extremity of one of the apartments, admirably executed, and which I have heard some persons compare to the original.

The Hotel de Ville, or Municipal Hall, is worthy of a traveller's attention, on account of its antiquity, and its having been the focus of many extraordinary events. It was built in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and contains a very extensive range of apartments. After the 10th of August, 1792, all the inscriptions and ancient ornaments were taken down, and others more conformable with the spirit of the times, substituted in their room. When the king was brought from Versailles to Paris, by the mob appointed for that purpose, he was exhibited at one of the windows of this hall to the populace, and M. Bailly, the astronomer, and mayor of the city, told him it was a fine day, and presented him with a National cockade as a bouquet. This was the place where Robespierre retreated after he had been outlawed, and in front of it is the lamp iron which enriched the French language with a new word. Here the red flag, with the inscription, *Citoyens, la patrie est en danger*, was first unfurled, and served as the signal of septemberizations and massa-

massacre; and here the Guillotine is preserved for the inspection of the curious.

Twelve years ago, the Garde Meuble was one of the principal curiosities which attracted the attention of foreigners. The apartments were filled with ancient armoury, national and foreign, rare tapestries, after the cartoons and designs of Durer, Lucas of Leyden, Julius Romano, Raphael, Le Brun and Coypel; precious vases; presents from ambassadors; jewels, pearls, diamonds, and a multitude of other rich and valuable articles. In the month of September, 1792, a band of thieves broke into the halls, and carried off a great quantity of their riches, among other things, the Pitt diamond, the largest belonging to the crown. However, there are still some precious antiques remaining, such as the sword of Henry IV. the spontoon of Paul V. and the polished armour worn by Francis I. at the battle of Pavia, with which on the day of the capture of the Bastille, a cobler of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, then on guard, completely caparisoned himself, to the utter astonishment of the spectators. The exterior of this vast edifice has not suffered by the blows of the Revolution. I have not yet learnt to what purpose government intend to convert it.

## LETTER XXVIII.

### *The Conservatory of Arts and Machines.*

THE ravages of the Revolution had completely laid waste the whole of France, and no encouragement being afforded to inventive genius, excepting as far as it related to the arts of war and desolation, the labours of the most eminent artists were either suspended or transferred to foreign countries. It was not to be expected that the murderers of Lavoisier would become the patrons of arts and useful sciences; much less that the ingenious mechanic should answer with the artist of antiquity, "the noise of arms has not interrupted my labours, for Demetrius wages war on the Rhodians, and not against the arts."

In ancient times, the boldest warriors were disarmed by the voice of philosophy, and the triumphant general never disdained to pay homage to the retreats of science and literature. When Pompey, the conqueror of Mithridates, of Africa, and of Asia, who disputed with Cæsar the empire of the world, approached the threshold of Posidonius, he laid down his fasces, the emblem of his power, his ambition, and his laurels, at the gate of the philosopher, with whom he was going to converse, leaving it a doubt amongst sages, which

which was the greatest of the two, the philosopher or the conqueror. Such was the politeness of ancient times. But, if Rome possessed only one Memmius, France has produced her hundreds. In the short space of ten years, they have done more injuries to the useful arts than all the Alarics and the Omars of antiquity.

However, they had not proceeded very far in the route of devastation, when a few enlightened men, who perceived the alarming extent of the mischief threatened to be entailed upon posterity, courageously opposed their further progress, and though they could not prevent the evil, they adopted the most provident precautions to stop its fury.

Accordingly, through the indefatigable exertions of Bishop Grégoire, the National Convention, on the 11th of October, 1794, decreed the establishment of a Conservatory of arts, whose object was to collect machines, utensils, designs, descriptions, and experiments relative to the improvement of industry, and to diffuse the knowledge of them throughout the republic. But it was one thing to decree, and another to execute. By an inconceivable remissness, the execution of that law was suspended for three years. National edifices were often granted by dint of favour to useless projectors, while the Conservatory of Arts could not obtain a place wherein to display its riches and means of instruction. Grégoire has repeatedly

edly told me, that a crowd of respectable artizans, supposing that as he was the reporter in the business, he could accelerate the establishment of the institution, have often applied to him with the bitterest complaints, that every thing was done for the agreeable arts, but nothing for those which are useful.

On the 16th of December, 1795, the Executive Directory sent a message to the Council of Five Hundred, desiring that a portion of the former Abbey of St. Martin should be appropriated to this object. Almost a year after this message, the Council resolved that *no other expence should be incurred for the Conservatory than what was necessary to prevent the instruments from going to decay.* This magnanimous, economical, politic, and philosophical decree, by which a few pounds were saved, by suffering what had cost thousands to go to ruin, was soon called in question; because, for want of a proper depot, the immense and invaluable quantity of objects which had been accumulated, could not be preserved; and the funds necessary to set the institution in motion, would prove to be laid out to the greatest interest from the influence which it would have over national industry.

At length a decree passed on the 7th of May, 1797, by which the three depots where the instruments had been distributed; namely, at the Louvre, in the Rue Charonne, and in the Rue de l'Université,

l'Université, were united into one, at the ci-devant abbey, St. Martin des Champs, in which the municipal administration of the fifth juridical division of Paris transact its business; and the sum of fifty-six thousand nine hundred livres was appropriated for the reparations of the building, the purchase of the land, and the indemnity accorded to the renter.

Thus finally organized, the Conservatory of Arts presents a splendid accumulation of useful machines, always open for the inspection and improvement of the public. According to the plan of the institution, it contains, or should contain, all the instruments of those arts, by the help of which men may nourish, clothe, lodge, and defend themselves; and it maintains a correspondence with all parts of the world. The machines which Pajot d'Ozembray gave to the ancient academy of sciences, and those which were added to them by that learned body, as well as the greater part of the beautiful models which composed the gallery of mechanical arts, belonging to the late Duke of Orleans, are now all collected in the Conservatory. Besides these, there are above five hundred machines, bequeathed to the government in 1783, by the celebrated Vaucanson, to whom the French nation is as much indebted as to Olivier de Serres, and Bernard Palissy, the fathers of French agriculture and chemistry. The collection of Vaucanson comprizes many ingenious

genious machines for the preparation of threading materials, for carding and spinning cotton, twisting silk, and all kinds of weaving; shuttles for ribbands and lace; instruments for knitting, for stuffs of different colours, and for fabricating at the same time several pieces in the same loom. These models have already multiplied the number of cotton spinners. One of these machines, which Vaucanson invented out of pique against the Lyonese, is remarkable for its singularity. An ass, by turning a capstan, set in motion the shuttles and every part of the loom, and manufactured a drugget with flowers, a pattern of which has been preserved. Here are, also, the tools which Vaucanson used in the construction of his machines. The one employed for making iron chains is so simple, that a workman, in less than half an hour, may begin to use it. The strength of man is increased an hundred fold by such inventions.

In addition to these collections, there is an immense number of machines relative to agricultural labours, such as draining, irrigation, preparation of oil, according to the Dutch process, &c. &c.; also the *ingenious* machines with which paper money has been fabricated, among which, is the mechanical arithmetician or marker, of Richer, which, by a single motion of an entire printing-press, performs all the changes of numbers,

bers, in the natural order of the cyphers, from 1 to 9999.

The Corservatory contains also machines for twisting tobacco, which were taken from on board English vessels, as well as a very important chart of the coast of North America, executed by order of our government. It has been also enriched by the *discoveries* of those French *savans*, those learned *robbers* of the National Institute, who composed the board of plunderers, that followed the victorious marches of the Republican armies in Holland and Italy. Whole waggon-loads of instruments of husbandry have been filched from their proprietors, and transmitted to this National Reservoir, by those industrious and indefatigable literary thieves, citizens Thouin, Faujas, Leblond, Bertholet, Barthélemy, Monge, Moitte, and De Wailly.

Among the more recent inventions, are, the whitening of linen by oxygenous muriatic acid, by Bertholet; the manufacture of Minium, by Oliver; Seguin's method of preparing leather in a few days, which formerly underwent a preparation of two years; and a Barometer, by Conte, one of the Conservators, wherein the weight alone of the mercury serves to denote, with great precision, that of the atmosphere.

The mechanical part of the arts and handicrafts, the construction of Machines, and the best finished utensils, their mode of acting, the distribution and

combination of their motion, and the employment of their power, are explained by Leroi, Molard, and Conté, who are the Conservators; and the designs are executed by Beuvelot. This method of instruction, with the models at hand, is preferable to a thousand didactic lectures.

It is intended to add to the machines, specimens of the produce of French and foreign manufactures, in order that they may be compared together; a drawing of each machine, and a description which may perpetuate the idea of the inventor. A vocabulary, and a reference to those works which have treated upon each subject, will be also published, in order that the various denominations, given to the same thing in different parts of the Republic, may be reduced into one system.

The object of the Conservatory is not only to secure to the public the knowledge of those inventions for which the government has conferred rewards or granted patents, but also to become the common depot of all the inventions in the arts. Thus, it is for the useful arts, what the Louvre is for sculpture and painting. The defect of communication between the different parts of France, estranged them, in some measure, from each other, and hindered the circulation of useful proceedings; another object, therefore, of this institution is, to transmit to the departments an account of every invention or improvement which may

may extend the branches of industry, by abridging the labours of man.

Upon the whole, the Conservatory of Arts is one of the most beneficial, and most laudable establishments in France. It has a direct tendency to stimulate genius, and encourage industry, and its effects upon Agriculture, Commerce, and National Prosperity are incalculable. It may be objected by some persons, who have not sufficiently examined the matter, that from rendering handicrafts more simple by mechanical force, a multitude of workmen are deprived of the means of existence. In this way the Watermen of London reasoned when Westminster Bridge was built, and the consequence of such an objection would be the demolition of all those master-pieces, which human industry has engendered for the promotion of the happiness of society. The world presents more scope for labour than it possesses hands, and if the powers of mechanism simplify the process, it also diminishes the price of the article, brings it thereby more into general circulation and opens a more lucrative commerce to a nation, by underselling the produce of foreign countries, and putting an end to all competition. One fourth of Europe is yet a desart, and the richest land is left uncultivated. The earth is bountiful and ready to bring forth her treasures, when the hand of industry is applied to it. If all the handicrafts at present in existence were defeated by mecha-

nical operations, there are numberless occupations, which I could enumerate, that would promote the industry, the comforts, and the health of individuals, as well as contribute to their subsistence and prosperity. The true principles of Public Economy, in other words, the Art of rendering a Nation populous and happy, begins to be studied under very advantageous circumstances in every part of Europe. As long as experience is preserved for its basis, and habits, sanctified by time, are rejected, when proved to be absurd in modern practice; as long as prejudices are permitted to remain prejudices, until more sure, solid, and undoubted experiments shall have proclaimed the necessity of their ceasing to exist, so long there will be substantial grounds for believing, that we are making a slow but certain progress in improvement. But, if the rash spirit of innovation should take possession of the minds of those who govern mankind; if they will insist on bringing all things within a punctilious system of rules, they must not be surprized, if their fondness for precision should terminate in a similar anarchy to that which has oppressed and ruined France.

## LETTER XXIX.

### *The National Institute.*

ALL the observations which I made in a former letter respecting the decay of letters and philosophy, during the progress of the Revolution, and the necessity the French have been under, of establishing some measures to obviate the evils attending it, will apply with equal force to the National Institute. But the original formation of this institution is liable to praise, as the least examination of its organic laws, by which it was established, will prove. The old academies had been completely destroyed, and their members banished, murdered, or dispersed; so that much was to be done towards the restoration of Science and Literature. Any institution which had this object in view, would have been acceptable to the French nation; the plan, therefore, of the present, which seems well calculated to collect together the genius, talents, and industry of the French, merits attention. I shall, therefore, present you with a detailed account of their proceedings, and accompany them with such reflections as they may require.

The National Institute of Sciences and Arts, belongs to the whole Republic, and is fixed at Paris, for the purpose, first, of bringing the sci-

ences and arts to perfection, by uninterrupted researches, by the publication of discoveries, by a correspondence with learned foreign societies; secondly, of pursuing, conformably to established laws, the scientific and literary labours, which shall have for their object, the general utility and glory of the Republic. It is composed of *one hundred and forty-four members, resident in Paris,* and of an equal number of associates, taken from different parts of the Republic, together with twenty-four learned foreigners, forming eight foreign associates to each class.

Here I cannot avoid introducing a remark, which I have had occasion repeatedly to make in this country, namely, that every preference is manifestly given to the *capital,* even at the expence of the departments. An hundred and forty-four members are *always* to be found in Paris, but the poor departments, containing a population of thirty to one, compared with the metropolis, are never expected to produce more able men collectively, than the latter. This is absurd in the extreme; for every one knows, that under the old monarchy, there were men of the most distinguished acquirements, scattered over the provinces, who were often equal, and in many instances, far superior to the members of the Parisian Academies. Montesquieu was a member of the Academy of Bordeaux, long before he was admitted into the *Academie Français.* Of the former, he was chosen member in 1716, and it

was

was not until the year 1728, and after considerable opposition from Cardinal Fleury and the Court, that he was admitted into the latter. Indeed, an admission into that famous society was not always an evidence of supereminent merit; very often had genius to contest against cabal, intrigue, and court favour; so that, with the exception of the political advantages, which an admission into the French Academy conferred on the successful candidate, the literati of Europe accustomed themselves to look for great and estimable men in the other academies of France, such as Aix, Marseille, Lyons, Bordeaux, &c. Besides, the separate jurisdictions into which France was then divided, raised up of necessity men of the first-rate celebrity. Who has not read with profit and delight, the eloquent reasonings in the different Parliaments of Old France? Who has not warmed with the Orators of Britanny, and the advocates of the unfortunate family of Calas?

The pre-eminence thus accorded to the Parisian *savans*, who are in general a gang of the vilest ruffians in the world, is a marked insult to the rest of the Republic; and confirms, what I have ever asserted, that to rule France, it is only necessary to be master at Paris. For the sake of this infernal city, France and foreign countries have been laid under contributions, and pillaged of whatever transportable monuments of arts and genius they possessed; and had it been practicable, the triumphal arch at Orange, the bridge of Gard,

and the amphitheatre of Nismes, would have been removed here, to gratify the fancy of the Parisian rabble of philosophers and legislators. This law, by which the learned men of a single city are placed on a level with those who people the whole surface of a great empire, was made by the very men who afterwards became self-elected members of this miscalled *National* Institute, and therefore, we cannot be surprized, that it was enacted with a view to the self-interest and emolument of the Law-makers. For, believe me, it is no trivial matter to be one of the hundred and forty-four resident at Paris. It leads to fame and fortune; to places and appointments, civil and military; and it is the highest step, as I shall hereafter shew, on the ladder of *philosophical* ambition.

To return to the laws of the Institute. It is divided into three classes, and each class into several sections, including six Parisian, and six departmental members, conformably to the following table, viz.

First Class. *Physical and Mathematical Sciences.*

1. Mathematics—2. Mechanical Arts—3. Astronomy—4. Experimental Physics—5. Chemistry—6. Natural History and Mineralogy—7. Botany and *Vegetable* Physics (an unnecessary and foolish distinction between one and the same thing)—8. Anatomy and Zoology—9. Medicine and Surgery—10. Rural Economy, and the Veterinary Art.

Second Class. *Moral and Political Sciences.*

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This class, both from its importance, and even from the generation of our ideas, as social beings, ought to have been the first. For, society was antecedent to the discoveries in the abstract sciences, and those regulations by which it is held together, and without which it cannot subsist, were arranged and enforced long before man discovered that the earth was round, and not flat, that it did not stand in the centre of the Universe, and that the blood circulated through the body. Besides, the sacredness of the science of Ethics, the momentous consequences of its being duly understood, valued, and practised in all its multiplied relations, ought to have given it the first rank in the National Institute of a *regenerated* people. France boasts the honour of having given birth to Goguet; but Frenchmen do not *study* his writings.

However, this class is divided into six sections, but not a solitary section for despised Theology, either in this or any of the three classes.

1. Analysis of sensations and ideas—2. Morals or Moral Philosophy—3. Social Science and Legislation—4. Political Economy (I cannot discover, nor have I had explained to me, in what this section differs from the former)—5. History—6. Geography.

THIRD CLASS. *Literature and the Fine Arts.* Divided into eight sections. 1. Grammar—2. Ancient Languages—3. Poetry—4. Antiquities and

and Monuments—5. Painting—6. Sculpture—7. Architecture—8. Music and Declamation.

Each class has a separate place of assembly appropriated to its use; no member can belong to two different classes; but he may assist at the sittings, and contribute to the labours of any other class. Every class publishes annually its discoveries and researches, and the whole Institute has a public sitting once in every quarter of a year, on the 15th of Vendemiaire, Nivose, Germinal, and Messidor. At the end of the year it gives an account to the Government, of the progress which each class has made in its studies and the sciences. The Institute publishes every year, at a fixed time, a notice of the subjects, for which each class intends to distribute prizes.

When the National Institute was about to be established, a law was enacted on the third *Brumaire*, year 4, by which the Directory were authorized to provide for the salaries to be given to each member; and furthermore, by the ninth section of that law, the five wiseacres who composed the Executive Directory, were empowered to nominate the first *forty-eight* members, who, thus elected, proceeded to choose the remaining ninety-six, and the one hundred and forty-four philosophers of Paris, so constituted, were to nominate the one hundred and forty-four associates. Of course, in nominating the first forty-eight, the Executive Directory did not forget themselves.

Accordingly,

Accordingly, they began with electing each other; then their friends, and those friends nominated their friends in the departments.

Since their complete organization, the nominations to vacant places are made by the whole Institute, on a list at least triple, presented by the class wherein the vacancy occurs. The same rule is observed with respect to the associates, native or foreign.

Every class is furnished at its own place of meeting, with a collection of the productions of nature and the arts, as well as a library, relative to the sciences or arts which fall under its investigation.

The Institute nominates every year, twenty citizens, who are to travel and make observations relating to agriculture, both in the departments and in foreign countries. The qualifications of the travellers are, to be at least twenty-five years old; to be proprietor, or son of a proprietor of a rural demesne, on which agricultural works are executed; or a farmer, or the son of a farmer, possessing land sufficient for one or several ploughs at thirty years lease; to understand the theory and practical part of the principal operations of Agriculture, Arithmetic, the Elements of Geometry, Political Economy, Natural History in general, but particularly Botany and Mineralogy. The citizens so appointed, and taken in succession from one of the departments, travel for three years at the

the expence of the Republic, out of a sum provided for the purpose. They must keep a journal of their observations, correspond with the Institute, and transmit to it a quarterly account (which is to be published) of their researches.

Besides these, the Institute appoints, every year, six of its own members, who are to travel singly or together, to make discoveries in other branches of human science. The National Palace at Rome, which had been formerly established for the occupation of French students in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, is placed under the direction of a French painter, who has resided in Italy, and who is appointed for six years by the Government. To this place, the French artists, nominated by the Institute, and accepted by the Government, are sent to reside for five years, and are lodged and fed as heretofore, at the expence of the Republic; the charges of their journey are also defrayed by the state.

Every class of the Institute assembles twice in each decade; the first class on the *primidi* and *sextidi;* the second, on the *duodi* and *septidi;* and the third, on the *tridi* and *octidi* *. These assemblies are not open to the public, but each member is allowed to introduce one visitor.

The bureau of each class is formed of a president and two secretaries; the former elected by

* With respect to these *midis* and *tidis* and *tridis*, they must be considered as parts of a decade. Their meaning is evident.

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his own class for six months, by ballot, and an absolute majority, at the first sitting in the months of *Vendemiaire* and *Germinal*, is not re-eligible until after an interval of six months. In his absence, his place is filled by the member present, who last occupied the presidency. At the first sitting of every half year, each class elects a secretary, in the same manner as is adopted for a president, and he remains in office for a year, and can be re-elected only once more.

The Institute assembles on the *quintidi* of the first decade of every month, to take into consideration its affairs in general, to make its elections, and review the labours of its classes. On these occasions, it is presided alternately by one of the three presidents of the classes, and according to their numerical order; and the bureau of the class of the president acts as the bureau of the Institute, during the sitting and the following month, and is entrusted with its correspondence and affairs.

The Elections of members are regulated by the following rules. When a place becomes vacant in a class, one month after the notification of the vacancy, the class determines by ballot, whether it should be filled up or not. If not, it comes to another determination three months after, and so forth. If it be of opinion that an election should take place, the section in which the vacancy occurs, presents to the class a list of five candidates at least. If the nonination be for a foreign associate,

sociate, the list is presented by a commission composed of a member of each section of the class, elected by each section. If two members of the class require that one or several other candidates should be placed on the list, the class decides by ballot, on each of the candidates separately. The list thus formed and presented to the class, if two-thirds of the members be present, each of them places on a card the names of the candidates on the list, according to the order in which he ranks their merit, by writing 1 opposite to the last name, 2 opposite to the last but one, 3 to the next, and so on with the rest. The president then publickly opens the ballot, and the two secretaries write below the name of each candidate, the number which corresponds to it in every card. The sums of all the numbers are then ascertained, and the three names which answer to the greatest sums, form, in the same order, the list to be presented to the Institute, at its next sitting; when, if two-thirds of the members be present, they proceed to the election, otherwise, it is postponed till the next meeting of a majority of the members. The candidate, whose name answers to the greatest sum, is proclaimed by the president, who gives him intelligence of his nomination. If several candidates be elected at the same sitting, their precedency in the list of members of the Institute, is determined according

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to their age. The same rules are observed in the election of the travellers.

THE PUBLICATION OF THE WORKS OF THE INSTITUTE, is directed by its fundamental laws. Each class publishes separately the papers of its members and associates; the first, under the title of *Mémoires de l'Institut National, Sciences Mathématiques et Physiques;* the second, *Mémoires de l'Institut National, Sciences Morales et Politiques;* and the third, under the title of *Mémoires de l'Institut National, Litterature et Beaux Arts.* The classes publish likewise the papers which have gained the prizes, the memoirs that have been sent them by learned foreigners, and the description of the most useful new inventions.

The National Institute is continuing the description of the arts undertaken by the old Academy of Sciences, and the extracts from the manuscripts of the National Libraries commenced by the ancient Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. It is also empowered to direct all the operations relative to the determination of the unity of weights and measures; and when completed, it will be the depositary of an original measure of this unity on copper plate.

The associates correspond with the class to which they belong, and send their observations on every new subject in Arts and Sciences, which falls

falls within their knowledge. When they visit Paris, they are entitled to *assist* at the sittings of the Institute and its classes, and to *participate* in their researches, but *without having the right either of an elective vote, or of exercising any functions relative to its internal regulations.* They do not cease to be associates until after they have been domiciliated at Paris above a twelvemoth, after which period, their places are filled up by the Institute. Here we have another instance of the avowed preference given to the *savans* of the capital, without any cause or reason, excepting that which I have assigned in a former part of this letter. The whole wisdom of France *must* be concentrated in Paris, and unless the most learned and meritorious man of a department abandons the place of his nativity or his choice, and leaves relatives, friends, and connections, for the sake of residing in the most polluted den in the civilized world, he is completely cut off, both from the honour of being a member of the *National* Institute, and from obtaining the salary of seventy pounds per annum, which to many very learned scholars, is indeed a valuable consideration. Things were better ordered under the old Monarchy. The French Academy was open to all Frenchmen, without distinction of province, and though, like many good and noble institutions, it was sometimes perverted, to gratify a court intrigue, yet it was a *National* Establishment. But

the Institute has no right to assume this appellation, for it is essentially and manifestly a *Parisian* Institute, devised by a set of cunning philosophers, who have secured to themselves exclusively many a good job, since there are a number of public situations, which members resident at Paris, *alone* can fill.

With respect to the distribution of PRIZES, the Institute proposes six subjects every year; each class indicating two, and exercising the exclusive privilege of adjudging the prizes for them. The prizes are distributed by the Institute at its public sittings. It is also allowed the liberty, with all due submission to the superior wisdom of the First Consul, humbly to request a reward for *any* author who has published an important work on the Sciences, Arts, or Literature.

The funds for defraying the expences of the Institute are superintended by six members, two of whom are chosen annually from each class, by a decided majority; they act in concert with the bureau of the Institute, in seeing them properly distributed, on the printing of the memoirs, and all the expences of the class. At the expiration of their functions, they give an account of their proceedings.

The Institute has one Librarian (a member) elected by ballot, and two Sub-Librarians who are not members, but are chosen on the nomination of the Librarian. The Library is, by a new regu-

lation, open every day, except during the mornings of the 4th, 5th, and 9th of each decade. Every member has the right of giving admission to one person; but there is a particular cabinet appropriated to the use of the members only. On the *quintidis* of each decade, the Library is open to the public from nine till two o'clock, and the Librarian, as well as his deputies, must be present. No book, machine, &c. are permitted to be taken away.

The Secretaries of each class assemble once a year to prepare a report of its labours, which after having been examined and discussed in each class, is presented to the Institute, whose president afterwards writes to the minister of the Interiour to know when it shall please his Consular Majesty, to give them admission to his sacred person, in order that they may present it. Upon this occasion, the members of the Institute have a gala day, and appear with clean shirts, are dressed in their grand costume, and are neatly shaved. The First Consul, also, is habited in his paraphernalia, and looks as smart as any Parisian petit-maitre. Every member of the Institute receives from the Republic the sum of 1500 livres per annum, which the decree of the Institute of the 19th Thermidor, year IV. declares is equal to the value of 750 myriagrammes of wheat. By a law of the 29th Messidor of the same year, the legislative bodies had granted for this purpose the sum

sum of 216,000 livres out of the funds appropriated for the encouragement of Arts and Sciences; and also the sum of 64,000 livres for the ordinary and extraordinary expences of the Institute.

This stipend is not susceptible of being withheld, or of the smallest reduction, not even for the payment of the *tax on the receipt* which every member gives for his money. It can neither be ceded, mortgaged, nor seized, in whole or in part. *Even the giving it away as a patriotic offering to the nation must not be accepted.* These patriotic philosophers have not been unmindful of the main chance! and the following regulations exemplify further their disinterestedness, wisdom, and discriminating powers.

Out of this stipend, a sum equal to the value of 150 myriagrammes of wheat, is deducted (though they declare just above that there shall be no reduction, no, not even to pay for a halfpenny stamp) from every member, to be distributed, by way of a right for attendance, among those who are present at the sittings. In consequence of this ordinance, the proof of each member's attendance is his own signature on the paper. Hence, unless a man attends regularly, he loses a portion of his annuity, and his fee is pocketed by others, whose occupations, perhaps, may be less serious, or whose health may be in a better state than his own. The salary is compatible with

the possession of any place or pension, provided the whole together does not exceed *eight times* its value, or 6000 myriagrammes of wheat. But this does not apply to the higher members of the Government, whose salaries are suspended while they fill public functions, and the amount is distributed among the members of the Institute, who have passed sixty years of age. Every member has a silver medal, with the head of Minerva on one side, and his name on the other, which serves as his passport into every place in which the Institute is concerned. The general and particular sittings of the classes commence at half-past five during the first six months of the year, and at six o'clock during the second, and continue two hours.

There is an orderly register with five columns in front, with the following titles, viz.

DATES of the receipt of the papers.

NUMBERS of their order.

DESIGNATION of the classes.

TITLES of the Mémoires and Objects of Letters.

DATES of the decisions of the Institute.

By means of this arrangement, and an index, any paper which is wanted may be found in an instant.

When the monthly bureau have opened the letters and packets addressed to the Institute, the secretary writes on every piece, the dispatch to the class to which the object relates. He sends these

these pieces afterwards to be registered, in order that they may be placed by the *commis* in the hands of the secretary of the class, to which they have been transferred. The letters and parcels, addressed immediately to the classes, are opened at the commencement of the sitting. Immediately after they have been announced, and the nomination of the commissioners, if such be requisite; the secretary sends them to the *commis* to be enregistered, and the latter returns them immediately to whom they pertain, conformably to the marginal note which the secretary of the class had written. Besides the minute books of the three classes, and that of the general assemblies, there are four registers, one of which is for the labours of each class, and one for the general and public assemblies, in which the minutes with the reports and official letters are inserted. The *commis* remains in the secretary's office during all the sittings of the Institute. Before each sitting, he places on the bureau the papers relating to the class which have reached the secretary's office, and he collects afterwards those which are to remain there. At the three first sittings of the month, he places on the bureau of each class, the list of the reports which remain to be made, and the names of the commissioners appointed to make them. It contains, 1°. a list of the places which have become vacant, 2°. a list of the mémoires read by the members, and another of works presented, and

which have been esteemed worthy to be published among those of the Institute; 3°. a list of all the commissions respecting the internal administration, prizes, &c.; 4°. a list of the papers intended to compose a volume; 5°. a list of the mémoires received for prizes, and another of the names of those who have deposited at the Secretary's office, sealed packets containing discoveries, and which are not to be opened, except at their own request.

Members of the Institute absent on missions from the Government, cannot vote at an election.

Prizes are distributed at the public sitting which next follows the time of the decision. A letter is written, in the name of the Institute, to the Citizens who have gained them, inviting them to be present at the sitting, and enclosing them a number of billets to be distributed among their relatives and friends. They are to place themselves, at first, among the spectators indistinctly, until they are called by the President, with a loud voice, when they are handed to the bureau to receive their medals, and the proces-verbal of the sitting in which the prizes were adjudged to them. They are next conducted to the place of honour, prepared for them at the center of the hall, opposite to the tribune, and the President pronounces a speech of congratulation.

The First Consul, who is so fond of stage effect, that he will not let even an assembly of grave philosophers think and act without an uniform, has been graciously pleased to bestow one on the Members of the Institute. The grand costume consists of a black coat, waistcoat, breeches or *pantaloons*, embroidered throughout with a branch of olive in deep green silk, hat *à la Française:* undress costume, consists of the same, but embroidered only at the cape and cuffs. To shew the *importance* of this regulation it is thus signed and countersigned.

The First Consul,

*Signed*, BONAPARTE.

By the First Consul, the Secretary of State,

*Signed*, H. B. MARET.

Counter-signed by the Minister of the Interior,

*Signed*, CHAPTAL.

By way of duplicate, the Minister of the Interior,

*Signed*, CHAPTAL.

The cabinet and collections belonging to the Institute are arranged in the following order, under the superintendance of a member chosen by the section to which they refer.

1. *Depôt of Machines.*

A member of the section of mechanical science.

2. *Depôt of models of Ships and other Veſſels.*

A seaman, chosen by the mechanical section.

3. *Philosophical Apparatus.*

A member of the section of physics.

4. *Chemical Instruments.*

A member of the section of chemistry.

5. *Minerals.*

A member of the section of mineralogy.

6. *Herbs, Grains, and other Vegetable Productions.*

A member of the section of botany.

7. *Animals.*

A member of the section of zoology.

8. *Anatomical Preparations.*

A member of the section of zoology.

9. *Depôt of Customs, Arms, Objects of Worship in Foreign Countries.*

A member of each of the sections of history and antiquities.

10. *Medals and Ancient Monuments.*

A member of the section of antiquities.

The Conservatory of music for the teaching of the art, is under the superintendance of five inspectors, chosen from among composers, and nominated by the Institute. A *national*, that is, a *Parisian* library of Music, is formed in the conservatory, and is open, at certain periods, to public inspection. These professors prepare the different pieces of music which are executed at public shews, processions, and festivals. Several of

of their symphonies and savage war-songs, have already reached England.

On the 5th *Frimaire*, year X. the Institute decreed, that on the decease of a member, the three presidents, the senior of the two secretaries of each class, and the two members last elected into each class, as well as the members of the section to which the deceased belonged, are specially invited to assist at his funeral. They assemble at the usual place of meeting in the Institute, where the commission for superintending the funds, prepare four mourning coaches for their use, and as many others as may be necessary for such members as are disposed to attend. The procession departs from the *national* palace of the Louvre, at *noon precisely*, in order that the moment it arrives at the late residence of the deceased, the funeral ceremony may be instantly dispatched.

Formerly, a hole was dug in the earth, and the philosopher's carcase was quickly deposited in it; but since it is become the fashion to be a Christian, the old service for the dead is to be revived; the conservatory of music are to execute a solemn dirge, black crape is to be worn on the left arm, an historical memoir of the deceased is to be made in the course of the year by the secretaries, and read at a public sitting of the Institute, at which the family of the deceased are to be seated in a distinguished place. The precision with which

which all these ceremonies are minutely marked out, leaves room to regret, that it has not been prescribed at what signal from the President, the whole Assembly shall begin to cry.

I have thus collected together all the principal rules by which the Institute is conducted; by which, you will be able to form an accurate idea of its nature and objects. You will doubtless expect from me a list of the members of this Institute, with details of their characters previous to, and since the revolution, and their respective claims to literary pre-eminence. I am aware, that such a narrative would on many accounts be very interesting; as the greater part of them have not only rendered themselves conspicuous in the world of letters, but have likewise taken a very active part in some of the most bloody tragedies of the republic. For instance, Bonaparte, Carnot, and Monge, Le Blond, Berthollet, Fourcroy, Revelliere-Lépaux, Cambaceres the monster and Second Consul, Merlin, Talleyrand, Rœderer, François de Neufchateau, Chénier, Thouin, Moitte, have all been known for their assassinations, robberies, and atrocious crimes. To his eternal infamy, Fourcroy stands strongly suspected of having been the cause of the murder of the immortal Lavoisier. All these ruffians, with others whom I have not yet named, furnish abundant matter for inquiry and reflection; but I have not yet been able to collect materials sufficient to enable

enable me to write with a certainty of advancing only what is true. I am preparing a "Moral and Political View of France, compared with its ancient self, and with Great Britain," which I shall publish for the use of our people, to cure them, if possible, of their mania for visiting this diabolical metropolis; and before I leave it, you may rely on my procuring authentic documents wherewith to support my reasonings. Among other articles, I shall not fail to analyse the characters of the National Institute, for as I have several times observed, they form a very important part of the government. I have already collected sufficient information respecting them to provoke the minutest investigation, and if I escape the tyrant's grasp, and once more reach my country in safety, I will drag these philosophical murderers and thieves out of their national palace, strip them of their silken disguises, and expose them, in all their naked deformity, to the execrations of mankind.

In vain do they flatter themselves, that by the arts of a meretricious rhetoric, they can elude the vigilant pursuit of injured innocence, and affronted justice—in vain do they suppose, that they shall court foreign applause, by associating the learned of other countries with them, and shrowd themselves from infamy under the sanction of virtuous and respected names. It is a dis-

a disgrace, and a dishonour to be favoured by the National Institute, while a band of sanguinary miscreants pollute the halls consecrated to science, learning, and virtue. No honest foreigner can, with a safe conscience, become a partner in their labours, while those pests of society are suffered to remain among them. Whoever lives under a government, where religion, morals, and public freedom are revered, ought to reject their silver medal and their proces-verbal, as he would cast away from him food administered with poison; he should shun their society, as he would avoid the infection of a lazar-house.

These are the opinions of one, who honours learning and science, who has passed the greater part of his life in an humble cultivation of them, as a student merely, but who prefers absolute ignorance itself, with an unspotted integrity, to the most splendid acquirements of mental knowledge, associated with the most downward, abhorrent vices. If it be an honour to be elected a member of a society, learned indeed, but fundamentally vicious and depraved, why not petition to be admitted a member of the national palace of Pandemonium? The devils in Hell, are full as knowing as the members of the French Institute, and for aught I know, have not done more mischief to mankind. *They* are the fittest colleagues for such men, and not the upright

and

and pensive cultivators of science and literature *.

* These hints, though unacceptable, may yet prove of some service to certain persons whom I could name, and who are employing every art and low contrivance to procure themselves an admission, as foreign associates, into this club of scoundrels.

## LETTER XXX.

*The Central Museum of the Arts—Gallery of the Louvre.*

WHEN the French Republic first took up arms, they protested in the presence of God and man, that they had renounced every idea of conquest, that their triumphs should be those of philosophy only, and that wherever their victorious standards were spread, the liberty and property of nations should be respected. They never kept their promise, and at the time of making it, they knew it was not their intention to keep it. Their first campaigns, like those of the ancient Romans, were directed against their warlike neighbours, who, as Florus observes, hovered round their frontiers; but when by the sacrifice of innumerable legions, they succeeded in repulsing the veteran troops of the continental powers, they began a career of robbery, pillage, and destruction, which has no parallel in the history of disciplined nations, or of predatory hordes of barbarians.

But the conduct of the ancient Romans and the modern French will not bear the test of comparison. The former, after having made themselves masters of Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, a part of Spain

Spain and Africa, preserved with all this new accession of power, the greatest purity of manners. Their brilliant fortune had not then destroyed their primitive virtue, nor engendered new vices among them. They had contended against nations more valiant than wealthy, and whose courage had not been subdued by corruption; they had fought for their safety and the honor of their name, and they would never have conquered the people to whom they gave laws, if their superior virtues had not rendered them worthy to command. The French, on the contrary, opened their conquests with the invention of new vices and follies. After having demolished the monuments of the genius and industry of their own countrymen, they went forth to ransack other countries, and to destroy what they could not carry away with them. Whatever had been raised or collected by the talents, the piety, or the care of the lovers of science, arts, and literature, became objects of their peculation; *Licentiæque huic sacra profanaque omnia vulgò spoliandi factum est* *.

After the second Punic war, the ancient Roman character gradually melted away, and they became almost as great robbers as the French. When once a people have obtained an ascendancy over other nations, it is extremely difficult to retain them within the limits to which they have arrived, and

* Livy, l. 25.

to

to prevent their encroachments on their weaker neighbours. They resemble a river, whose banks not being sufficiently strong to preserve its waters from flowing within their accustomed bed, breaks down every opposition, and desolates the surrounding plains. Scarcely had the Romans concluded peace with Carthage, than they stretched forth their arms over those fine countries, in which were gathered all the treasures of the earth, and which nature and art had ornamented as objects of envy to the rest of the world. In the sixteen years that followed, they overcame Philip, king of Macedon, Antiochus, king of Syria, the proud and warlike Etolians, and the Galatians, who, though degenerated from their ancient origin, had proved themselves formidable to the other powers of Asia *. They not only transported to Rome the treasures and chef-d'œuvres which those kings and nations possessed, but they also imposed upon them the most burthensome tributes, by which millions passed every year into Italy †. The chef-d'œuvres which Marcellus sent to Rome from Syracuse, demonstrated the same spirit of rapacity and robbery which had began to display itself at Tarentum ‡. But neither during the ten years

* Livy, l. 33. c. 9, 10. l. 37. c. 43, 44. l. 38. c. 9. 11. 27.

† The details of the treasures amassed by their victorious generals are to be found in Pliny, l. 33. c. 11.

‡ Florus 1. c. 18.

which

which elapsed from the capture of Syracuse, to the end of that war; nor even for more than fifty years after, did any individual appropriate to his own use, the least master-piece of Grecian art, or decorate his house with it; on the contrary, they were consecrated to the gods, and placed in their temples, as objects set apart to religion. If in the sixty following years, the Roman generals and magistrates had never made a worse use of those wonders of art, than Marcellus, and other celebrated conquerors, so many statues, paintings, and treasures of gold and silver would never have extorted from Livy, the pointed animadversion which he made on the subject of the temple built by Marcellus. *Quæ (licentia) postremò in Romanos deos, templum ipsum primum; quod à Marcello eximie ornatum est, vertit. Visebantur enim ab exteris ad portam Capenam dedicata à Marcello templa, propter excellentia ejus generis ornamenta quorum perexigua pars apparet.*

The principle on which the robberies of the French have been conducted, is by no means with a view to *preserve* the arts, but to *aggrandize* France by the utter *impoverishment* of other countries. Their policy has no other element but to divide in order to conquer, no other end but to arrive at universal domination by universal confusion, and no other restraint than the dread to which theyhave reduced all the actions of other governments. Occupied constantly on the de-

struction of Europe in detail, they suffered some sovereigns to slumber on the pillow of a fallacious security, while they trampled under their feet monarchies and republics. But, if I be not egregiously mistaken in the French character, they will hereafter arm themselves with the ruins of those states, their wealth, and population, to break in pieces those powers who have viewed with indifference, all the bulwarks of their safety demolished.

Every time that I have paced along the gallery of the Louvre, all the sentiments which arise from hatred and indignation took possesion of my mind. Amidst all the blaze of beauty which arrests the eye at every point, I have never entered nor left it without disgust. I may be accused of Vandalism by sycophants and thieves, but I confess, I never received one moment's gratification from all the Raphaels, the Titians and Correggios which I saw in it. I could have gazed with transport for whole months on these exquisite master-pieces in their *proper places*, but I cannot associate together the ideas of beauty and knavery, nor look with pleasure on productions violently torn from their lawful proprietors.

Of all the countries which have been undone by French havock, Italy has suffered most, and its miseries are least known to the world. The French government have literally exhausted upon it the fecundity of rapine, cheating and fury; they

they have rendered themselves masters of its correspondence, and reserve to themselves the privilege of being its periodical historians. All we know of the existence of that desolated country, is through the medium of the frequent eruptions of a tyranny without remorse, of a powerless despair, and of the accumulation of spoil which decorates the public exhibitions of Paris. The contributions of the French were nothing less than a general sack; the encyclopedia of their thefts forms a monument of curiosity.

The barbarians who formerly over-ran Italy, despised these works of art, and neglected to take possession of them. The fanatical Mussulman destroyed them as monuments of idolatry, but in our times, academicians, poets, orators, philosophers, members of the National Institute, have crossed the Alps to strip that country of its talents, to force from it, the labours of its children, the most sacred illustration of a people, a property which the laws of war had rendered inviolable among civilized nations, until the present epoch, wherein a gang of savage sophists have replunged Italy into a darkness, worse than that which overspread the middle ages of modern Europe.

Those who are ignorant of the methods by which a thief has realized an immense fortune, may be forgiven for their admiration of his wealth and treasures; but the man who is acquainted with all

the villainous and bloody machinations which have been employed in their accumulation, is inexcusable when he lavishes praises on objects, of which he knows the thief to be an unjust and wrongful possessor. How then, with the impression of this consciousness upon my mind, can I coolly fix my eyes on these paintings, and repeat the ecstasies of vulgar adulation bestowed on France, when I know that they do not belong to France, that they are all stolen goods, acquired by fraud, injustice, and murder? There is not a picture in the gallery brought from foreign parts, which does not present an inscription of theft, and whose frame is not inlaid with human blood.

No sooner have you entered the gallery than you are presented with a catalogue of these paintings, in which the French do not blush to avow their robberies. The facetious rascals of the National Institute talk and write of their knavery with as much sang-froid, as they take a pinch of snuff. Whenever these paintings are mentioned, they are styled, *des Tableaux conquis en Italie, les tableaux recueillis dans la Lombardie, à Bologne, Cento, Modène, Parme, Plaisance, Rome, Venise, Vérone, Florence et Turin.* One would imagine from this pleasant way of detailing their thefts, that they were the productions of their own artists, rescued either from obscurity, or the hands of tasteless barbarians, and by no means the genuine and legitimate property of polished communities,

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a considerable part of whose celebrity and subsistence, was derived from the attractions which they held out to the curious and enlightened traveller.

With this register of pillage in your hand, you are ushered into the gallery which contains the spoils of nations, and you can hardly turn to the notice of a celebrated master-piece without finding at the bottom of the description, a declaration that it is a stolen article. They feel no shame, no remorse, no compunctious visitings of nature, but they profess their infamy, and glory in it. Scarcely a page is to be found without some such proclamations of theft as these, *Ces deux Tableaux qui sont pendans, viennent de Plaisance, où ils se voyoient dans la Cathedrale, aux deux côtés du sanctuaire—Ce tableau est tiré de la galerie de Turin—Ce tableau, peint sur toile, vient de l'église des Récolets d'Anvers—Ce tableau vient du Palais Pitti—Ce tableau, peint sur toile, vient de la Belgique—Ce tableau, est tiré du Palais pontifical de Monte Cavallo à Rome —Ce tableau, vient du Cabinet du ci-devant Roi de Sardaigne, à Turin—Ce tableau, l'un des meilleurs qu'ait produit Paul Veronese, est tiré de l'église des religieuses de St. Zacharia à Venise— Ce tableau vient du maître autel de l'église de St. Georges, à Verone—Ce tableau est tiré de l'eglise de la Madona del Orto, à Venise—Ce précieux et magnifique Tableau, que les artistes regardent*

*comme un des chefs-d'œuvres de l'art & la plus belle composition de ce grand Peintre,* (Titian's martyrdom of St. Peter) *est tiré de l'eglise de St. Jean and Paul à Venise—Ce portrait vient du palais du prince Braschi, à Rome.*

There is no end to this catalogue of iniquity; it fills at present three volumes, and more are to be added. I question if the Newgate Calendar for the last hundred years can present altogether an hundredth part of the impudent dexterity in the art of filching, which the rogues of the National Institute present us with in these three little syllabuses of French iniquity.

Englishmen, happily shut out from the view of the sack of the continent, by that sea which guards our honest island, have no adequate idea of the ravages of the French, nor of the indignant feelings of the wretched inhabitants of the countries they have plundered. I have several times visited the gallery of paintings in company with Italians who, at this very moment, fill the highest functions of government in their country, and when, in order to try their temper and feelings, I have purposely pointed to different master-pieces, and remarked as we passed along, *Ce tableau, grâces au génie de la victoire, vient d'une boutique ecclesiastique de l'Italie,* I perceived in their countenances, a deep and fixed look of unutterable anguish and regret; but it was a look that the artists of Italy, whose expatriated productions hung

hung around us, could alone delineate. May heaven preserve our country from experiencing a similar stroke of humiliation and abasement! But their honest nature will, I trust, pardon my British sternness, if, on my return home, I endeavour to exculpate myself, by suggesting the following addenda to those Notices *de Plusieurs precieux Tableaux recueillis* by the philosophers of the *Institute, pour multiplier les jouissances du public; Ce tableau, peint sur toile, est tiré de l'autel de l'eglise Cathedrale de Windsor—ce vitre, vient du college du Roi, à Cambridge—ce tableau, peint par un forgeron de Ghent, est tiré de la galerie du ci-devant Roi d'Angleterre à Windsor—Ce tableau de Shakspeare vient de la bibliotheque de l'Université de Cambridge—Ce tableau de la mort du Général Wolfe est tiré du cabinet de la ci-devant Reine à Buckingham-house—Cette statue d'Hercule vient du cabinet du Milord Lansdowne —Ce tableau, peint par Claude est tiré de la collection du Milord Gwydir.*

The business will be thus brought home to their own bosoms, and let those who censure my indifference, chew the cud.

Having expressed with candour what my sensations have ever been when I have visited the Gallery of Paintings, I now proceed to fulfil the impartial duty of an historian.

It will be readily conceived that a gallery filled with rare and beautiful pictures, and extending

above a quarter of a mile, is no common object, and must impress the mind of the spectator with its grandeur and magnificence. There is nothing comparable to it in the whole world—the power of language is inadequate to the description of its enchanting and sublime effect. Above twelve hundred paintings from the Flemish, Lombard, Italian, and French schools, are suspended from every side of the gallery, and fill the whole space from the ceiling nearly to the floor. The commission entrusted with their arrangement, and superintendance, have placed the historical painters in a chronological series, according to the dates of their birth; and the works of every artist are classed together, with as much precision, as the proper disposition of the whole collection will admit. You cannot expect from my confined limits a minute detail, or even a general view of these master-pieces; I must therefore refer you to the catalogues, which are sold for a trifling sum at the door of the gallery. They are entitled, "*Notice des Tableaux des Ecoles Française et Flamande, exposés dans la grande Galerie dont l'ouverture a eu lieu le* 18 *Germinal an VIII. et des Tableaux des Ecoles de Lombardie & de Bologne, dont l'exposition a eu lieu le* 25 *Messidor an IX.*" also, "*Notice de plusieurs précieux tableaux, recueillis à Venise, Florence, Turin, & Foligno.*" These catalogues serve as indexes to the pictures of the different masters, all of which

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are numbered, and contain a short, but very inadequate explanation of them.

Mrs. Cosway, whose taste and skill are universally known, is now occupied in copying all the paintings of the gallery on a small scale, and in subjoining an enlarged account of them, together with the biography of their respective masters. I know not which most to admire, her resolution or her indefatigable industry; for this is not the work of a single year; it embraces a length of time, the utmost variety of execution, and exacts a patience that would put Job himself to trial. She has already executed several compartments, and all the fascinations of society, and the gaieties of this capital, do not deter her from the daily pursuit of the labours of her choice. I tell her that the Gallery of the Louvre is her drawing-room, for when she is at work, all the English here gather around her. However, she loses no time, for she enters into mixed conversation, and paints also; and indeed, it is difficult to affirm in which she most excels.

The object of Mrs. Cosway is to represent by etchings all the pictures precisely as they are fixed in the gallery, so that we shall be enabled to lay out our apartments in such a manner as to afford us an exact resemblance of the Parisian gallery. The Hon. Mr. E****** is so struck with the undertaking, that he has appropriated a particular part of his house at H—— for the display of her

her works. There are besides, a great number of English nobility and gentry who have patronized them; and when it is considered that the whole, completed, will not much exceed seventy pounds, and that sum to be advanced only in proportion as each number is finished, I think it will be universally acknowledged, taken in an economical sense, that it is the cheapest production ever offered to the British nation *.

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* On my return to England, I announced this undertaking in the following terms—It is well known that the French, who are remarkable for their *taste*, as well as *integrity*, have, during their campaigns in different parts of the world, kindly removed from the countries they conquered, the precious remains of taste and arts which they contained. Full of the milk of human kindness, they were apprehensive that the inhabitants were not in a condition to preserve them, and therefore, they generously undertook to take care of them in their stead; and thus an immense quantity of paintings, sculpture, vases, and ornaments, was transmitted to Paris, which M. Chaptal calls the Capital of the world, in the name, and, no doubt, for the benefit of the people of Italy, Brabant, Holland, Germany, and Florence. They are so fond of this trade, that they have lately imported some cats and a wild African, for the sake of preserving them too for the benefit of mankind. Mrs. Cosway, greatly to her honour, has determined that the *department of the Thames* shall not be altogether without a sample of the delicacy of taste displayed by the French armies, and transported to the capital of the universe. The first number of these etchings has already crossed the *ditch*, and has been greeted by the citizens of the department, with the liveliest expressions of gratitude,

The French themselves seem to be fully sensible of the advantages of extending the knowledge of these chefs-d'œuvres, as well as of affording employment to another branch of their artists. They have accordingly directed engravings of all the pictures in the gallery to be executed on a larger scale, by their most eminent artists. This costly work will necessarily occupy the space of perhaps twenty years; but when completed, it will form a National Gallery of Engravings, which will enrich their present collection, and thus unite the two branches of the imitative arts. In such a gallery, the genuine production of French talents and industry, and accomplished without rapine and violence, I could find great pleasure in passing away my leisure hours. But the work is at present but little advanced.

M. Rosaspina, a celebrated engraver of Bologna, has just finished, in a most masterly style, Corregio's Descent from the Cross, which is suspended at the further end of the long gallery. He

gratitude. The world itself is always in motion, why, therefore, should not paintings and sculpture keep moving? Many of these master-pieces of art have travelled a long way in a southern direction, as if they were fond of warm and genial climates. However, it is not impossible that they may hereafter point to the North, or to the West, and in after ages finally establish themselves in the snowy region of Petersburg, or the milder one of Washington.

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has repeatedly called on me to request that I will mention it to all my friends, that it may become known in England. As it is a most correct and admirable piece of execution, you will oblige me by speaking of it to some of our principal print-sellers. Rosaspina was one of the deputies of the Italian Republic, who were ordered by the First Consul, to traverse the Alps, for the purpose of giving away the independence of their country, by electing him their president against their inclination.

There is one circumstance attached to all the public institutions of Paris, on which I cannot refrain from bestowing the highest commendation. They are open to the public *gratis*. I wish I could say the same of many of our excellent establishments at home. With the exception of the Royal Society, the British Museum, and the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, I do not know of a single institution, to which a native or a foreigner can be admitted without fees, and sometimes they are exacted under so many circumstances of barefaced imposition, that one cannot avoid feeling ashamed that the most liberal nation upon the face of the earth, should tolerate such an abuse of its character, and continue to permit the officers of their establishments for the sake of paltry gratuities, to exclude inquisitive travellers from the opportunity of admiring

miring the productions of their genius and industry.

Every intelligent foreigner who visits London, goes there in general, with a view to reap instruction. It is very rare indeed, that foreigners, like certain Englishmen, who disgrace themselves at Paris, carry their pockets filled with gold, for the purpose of cutting a figure; if they be disposed to *dash*, they throw away their money at home among their own fellow-citizens. But to rational men, every facility ought to be afforded which may promote their views. From what I have said in a former letter, it is evident I cannot be understood to cast any imputation on artists, because from the confined nature of their profession, they are justly entitled to every advantage, even to more than they derive, from the pleasure which they afford to the community. But I allude to National Establishments, and the collections of private gentlemen, in which, I am sorry to confess, the French order matters with far more liberality than we do *.

* At the time this letter was written, I was not so well acquainted with our public institutions as I have since become. When Mr. Grégoire and his friends were with me last year, we experienced the utmost civilities in the course of two whole months, occupied principally in visiting our different public establishments. But I cannot avoid repeating, that we paid more money than we made bows. The sums we paid altogether appear almost incredible.

The

The only qualification requisite for admission into the central museum, is to have your passport always in your pocket; and unless you are provided with it, the porter at the gate will on no account permit you to enter. Foreigners are also indulged with a privilege, from which the French themselves are excluded; for the museum is open to the former at all times, but only on certain fixed days to the latter.

Under the monarchy, the gallery always contained a splendid collection of paintings; but now, the whole edifice of the Louvre is appropriated to national uses. It is not only the repository of pictures, but also of antiquities; the National Institute, and the Polytechnic Society, designed to supply the ancient Academy of Belles Lettres, hold their assemblies there. The productions of living artists and their pupils, are exhibited once a year in it, and apartments are allotted, free of expence, to various eminent artists and scientific men. No royal palace can be maintained in a higher state of cleanliness and propriety, than the apartments of the museum; and the decency and orderly conduct of the spectators, who are all admitted without any respect of persons, present an example which the people of other countries need not be ashamed to adopt.

It is extremely pleasing as one traverses the great gallery, to see a number of artists constantly

stantly employed in taking copies of the different originals; some elevated midway, between the cieling and the floor, on little pulpits; others a little lower; and some with tables before them, and seated on chairs. I have seen several female artists at work, and one of them who was occupied in drawing a very beautiful Madona, was, I am sure, much handsomer than the original from which she was copying, and I took the liberty of telling her so, which she received à la Française, though with much more unaffected modesty than the generality of her countrywomen. Indeed, her youth, beauty, and bashfulness, were so striking, that many of our young Englishmen were buzzing, but always respectfully, around her, under pretence of inspecting her drawing. She had not a French face; hence, I conclude, she is of Norman or Breton extraction. The artists never feel themselves incommoded by your overlooking their works; on the contrary, they consider it as a flattering mark of attention, and receive with the utmost politeness any observations that the by-stander may presume to offer. We have often experienced their civility, which I think they have occasionally pushed too far, by offering their seats, and allowing us to compare the copies with the originals. Such behaviour is, however, a strong proof of urbanity. But these men are artists, not members of the National Institute.

The great gallery of the Louvre is by no means adapted for the exhibition of pictures, for it is extremely narrow in proportion to its length, and the windows which look towards the Seine, completely defeat the effect of those which look towards the place du Carousel. A great number of the paintings thus appear to be covered with eternal mist, and others are scarcely discernible; so that the principal effect of shade and light is wholly destroyed. In addition to this misfortune, some of the noblest master-pieces of the Italian school, have been injudiciously retouched by the French artists, and have been rendered quite unnatural, and in many instances, ridiculous. The colouring of the parts defaced has been often executed in such a bungling and tasteless manner, that they resemble pieces of patch-work. It would have proved fortunate for the art, and the reputation of its most illustrious professors, if the French were endowed with a more chastened taste for what they frequently misname *perfectionnement*. They have likewise injured a multitude of exquisite performances with a species of varnish, by which, when I have approached them in search of the beauties of the artist, I have been mortified with a view of my own face. Things are often more spoilt by overdoing than by remaining stationary; and by the neglect of this maxim, the French have materially injured,

if

if not wholly ruined, many of the finest pictures in their collection.

They have, however, discovered a method of restoring pictures, which, on account of its originality and ingenuity, I have subjoined in their own terms. It was first tried on the celebrated picture of the Virgin, painted by Raphael, in the fifteenth century, for Sigismond Conti, chamberlain of Pope Julius II. The French, by virtue of the treaty of Tolentino, swindled it from the church of the nuns of St. Anne, at Foligno. With many curses on them for their villainies, I conclude this letter on the gallery of paintings, and refer you to my next for a further description of the rarities in the other apartments of the Louvre.

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*Extrait du Rapport que les Citoyens Guiton-Morveau, et Bertholet, Chimistes, Vincent et Taunai, Peintres, Membres de l'Institut National, ont fait à cette société, sur l'opération que le tableau précieux de Raphaël, venu de Foligno a subie.*

Lorsqu'il fut recuelli à Foligno, il était dans un tel état de dégradation, que les commissaires

pour les arts en Italie, hesitèrent s'ils devaient l'envoyer à Paris; ils ne se déterminèrent à ordonner ce transport, qu'après avoir fixé en plusieurs endroits la peinture qui quittait le fond, par le moyen de gazes collées sur la surface; outre cette maladie, le fond de bois blanc, de 0$^{m}$010 d'épaisseur, sur lequel le tableau était peint, avait une fente de 0$^{m}$010 d'écartement à son extrémité superieure, et descendait depuis le ceintre, en diminuant progressivement jusqu'au pied gauche de l'enfant Jésus; depuis cette fracture jusqu'au bord droit, la surface formait une courbe dont la plus grande flèche était de 0$^{m}$067; et de la fracture jusqu'à l'autre bord, une autre ligne de 0$^{m}$054 de flèche. Un grand nombre d'écailles s'étaient déjà détachées, et de plus, la peinture était piquée de vers en plusieurs endroits.

Il était donc instant de songer à sauver de la ruine qui le menaçait ce précieux tableau, et l'administration se décida à le faire enlever, bien convaincue qu'on ne pouvait refixer la peinture qu'en la reportant sur un autre fond. Mais comme ce n'est qu'avec un respect religieux qu'on peut se permettre une opération de cette importance, et surtout quand il s'agit d'un tableau de Raphaël, elle demanda au Ministre de l'Intérieur d'inviter l'Institut National, à nommer dans son sein une commission, pour suivre la restauration projetée et lui en faire un rapport, afin de tranquilliser les personnes timorées, ou faire taire celles

celles de mauvaise foi, et sur-tout pour rendre publiques les operations les plus simples, et éloigner le charlatanisme et la jonglerie dont ces opérations étaient environnées avant sa gestion. Voici le précis des opérations qu'ils ont suivies.

Il fallait d'abord rendre la surface plane : pour y parvenir, on a colé une gaze sur la peinture, et on a retourné le tableau ; après cela, le Citoyen Hacquin a pratiqué dans l'épaisseur du bois de petites tranchées à quelque distance les unes des autres, et prolongées depuis l'extrémité supérieure du ceintre jusqu'à l'endroit où le fond de bois présentait une surface plus droite ; il a introduit dans ces tranchées des petits coins de bois ; il a couvert ensuite toute la surface avec des linges mouillés, qu'il a eu soin de renouveler ; l'action des coins, qui se gonflaient par l'humidité, contre le bois ramolli, a obligé celui-ci à reprendre sa première forme : les deux bords de la fente dont on a parlé se sont rapprochés ; l'artiste y a introduit de la colle-forte pour réunir les deux parties séparées ; il a fait appliquer des barres de chêne en travers, pour maintenir le tableau pendant la dessication, dans la forme qu'il venait de prendre.

La dessication étant opérée lentement, l'artiste a appliqué une seconde gaze sur la première, puis successivement deux papiers gris spongieux. Cette préparation, qu'on appelle cartonnage, étant sèche, il a renversé le tableau sur une table, sur

laquelle il l'a assujetti avec soin ; il a ensuite procédé à la séparation du bois sur lequel était fixée la peinture.

La première opération a été exécutée au moyen de deux scies, dont l'une agissait perpendiculairement, et l'autre, horizontalement; le travail des scies terminé, le fond de bois s'est trouvé réduit à 0$^{m}$010 d'épaisseur; l'artiste s'est servi alors d'un rabot d'une forme convexe sur la largeur; il le faisait marcher obliquement sur le bois, afin de n'enlever que des copeaux très-courts, et d'éviter le fil du bois; il a réduit, par ce moyen, le bois à 0$^{m}$002 d'épaisseur; il a pris ensuite un rabot plat à fer dentelé, dont l'effet est à peu-près celui d'une rape qui réduit le bois en poussière; il est parvenu par-la à n'en laisser que l'épaisseur d'une feuille de papier.

Dans cet état, le bois a été successivement mouillé avec de l'eau pur par petits compartimens, ce qui le disposait à se détacher; alors l'artiste le sèparait avec la pointe arrondie d'une lame de couteau.

Le Citoyen Hacquin, après avoir enlevé toute l'impression à la colle, sur laquelle le tableau étoit peint, et sur-tout les mastics que d'anciennes restaurations avaient necessités, découvrit l'ébauche de Raphaël,

Pour rendre un peu de souplesse à la peinture trop desséchée par le temps, il l'a frottée avec de la carde de coton imbibée d'huile, et essuyée avec

de la vielle mousseline; ensuite, de la céruse broyée à l'huile a été substituée à l'impression à la colle, et fixée par le moyen d'une brosse douce.

Après trois mois de dessication, une gaze a été collée sur l'impression à l'huile, et sur celle-ci une toile fine. Lorsque cette toile a été sèche, le tableau a été détaché de dessus la table et retourné, pour en oter le cartonnage avec de l'eau; cette opération faite, on a procédé à faire disparaître les inégalités de la surface, qui provenaient du recoquillement de ses parties: pour cela, l'artiste a appliqué successivement sur les inégalités, de la colle de farine délayée; puis ayant mis un papier gras sur la partie humectée, il a appuyé un fer échauffé sur les recoquillages, qui se sont applanis: mais ce n'est qu'après avoir employé les indices les moins trompeurs pour s'assurer du degré de chaleur convenable, qu'on se permet d'approcher le fer de la peinture.

Nous avons vu qu'on avait fixé la peinture, débarrassée de son impresion à la colle et de toute substance étrangère, sur une impression à l'huile, et qu'on avait rendu une forme plane aux parties recoquillées de la surface; le chef-d'œuvre devait encore être appliqué solidement sur un nouveau fond: pour cela, il a fallu le cartonner de nouveau, le dégager de la gaze provisoire qui avait été mise sur l'impression, ajouter une nouvelle couche d'oxide de plomb et d'huile, y appliquer

une gaze rendue très-souple, et sur celle-ci, également enduite de la préparation de plomb, une toile écrue, tissée toute d'une pièce, et imprégnée, à la surface extérieure, d'un mélange résineux, qui devait l'assujetir à une toile pareille, fixée sur le châssis. Cette dernière opération a exigé qu'on appliquât exactement à la toile enduite de substances résineuses, le corps du tableau débarrassé de son cartonnage, et muni d'un fond nouveau, en évitant tout ce qui pouvait lui nuire par une extension trop forte ou inégale, et cependant en obligeant tous les points de sa vaste étendue d'adhérer à la toile dressée sur le châssis. C'est par tous ces procédés que le tableau a été incorporé à une base plus durable que la première même, et prémuni contre les accidens qui en avaient produit la degradation; puis il a été livré à la restauration, qui est l'objet de la seconde partie de ce rapport. Cette seconde operation, que nous nommerons, Restauration Pittoresque, fut confiée, par l'administration, au cit. Rœser, à qui elle doit la réparation des tableaux les plus précieux, et dont les succès multipliés ont motivé sa confiance.

## LETTER XXXI.

*The Gallery of Antiquities at the Central Museum of the Arts.*

I CANNOT better begin this letter than by sending you the *candid* declaration *verbatim*, which precedes the catalogue of the statues, busts, and bas-reliefs, contained in the gallery of antiques, with a few interlineary observations of my own.

"The greater part," say they, "of the statues exhibited in the gallery, are the fruits of the conquests of the army of Italy. Conformably to the treaty of Tolentino, they have been selected out of the Capitol, and the Vatican, by Citizens Barthélemy, Bertholet, Moitte, Monge, Thouin, and Tinet, appointed by the Government to act as Commissioners for procuring (thieving) objects which related to arts and sciences. To the *scrupulous care* with which these artists and *savans* have packed up and transported them, we are indebted for the happy *preservation* of these glorious trophies of *victory* (fraud); and the distinguished choice which they have made of these master-pieces, from amongst the riches which Rome possessed, and *still possesses*, (but which we could not remove by any physical means, other-

wise they would have been here) proves their knowledge and skill (in the art of swindling, in which we excel all other nations) and the lovers of the arts, of whom France boasts, must owe them a debt of eternal gratitude. All the works that have been executed in the halls, which compose the gallery of antiques, whether in regard to their new arrangement, or their decoration and embellishment, were executed according to the designs and under the directions of Citizen Raymond, *member of the National Institute*, and architect of the National Palace of Sciences and Arts."

This *modest* account of the means by which they became masters of these most exquisite pieces of art, is worthy of the French character; they are entitled to credit for their deliberate perfidy, and sprightly narratives of their predatory adventures. But I have already sufficiently animadverted on the philosophical exploits of the members of the National Institute, and shall therefore proceed to describe this gallery, to which I paid particular attention. After what I have said of the sensations excited in my mind at the magnificent spectacle of the gallery of paintings, it may appear strange, that I never felt equal disgust at the sight of these statues. True it is, they are, like the former, stolen goods, and I have often heaved a sigh at the incalculable loss which Italy, the renowned seat of the arts, has suffered from their

their removal. But the awful stillness which perpetually reigns here, seems to compensate the troubled mind for its pains, while it rebukes the rapacious hand of violence, which tore from the soil of genius, these precious morsels of antiquity. The herd of men flock to the gallery of paintings to indulge their eyes with the brilliant luxury of beauty; but in this hall, where the artist's chisel has kept pace with his imitative powers, where the rough unpolished marble has been wrought into life and animation, very few admirers greet the trophies of French conqueft and rapine. Yet does it contain, within a small compass, more of those prodigious monuments of the capacity of Man, than all the pictures of the Louvre put together. Perhaps, it is owing to the circumstance of its being less frequented than the other, that I have spent more time in it, and derived greater satisfaction. The Laocoon is here, of itself, worth the whole gallery of paintings, and which, if I were its proprietor, I would not exchange for any kingdom on the continent of Europe.

The Laocoon, the Belvidere Apollo, and the greater part of these incomparable statues I had before seen in Italy, and when I reflect on the pious zeal with which they were originally dug from the ruins of ancient magnificence, the sacred care with which they were preserved, amidst the fury of religious animosities, and the rage of con-

contending armies; when I reflect, that these mute representatives of the illustrious days of antiquity were left untouched during the ravages and destructive incursions of barbarous nations, and have been always respected by victorious princes and generals, amidst all the opportunities and temptations of conquest; I know not whom most to deplore, the harmless guardians from whom they have been wrested, or the merciless ruffians who have appropriated them as their booty. These are not spoils belonging to successful victors; for they were never gained by force: they were obtained by the bloodless conquests of genius over barbarism, of human industry over human indifference; of the spirit of preservation over the spirit of destruction. For the sake of the consecrated ground in which they had laid undisturbed for ages, for the honour of human nature, and from a sense of gratitude to the country which had given birth to those by whom they were brought to a resurrection of glory, and whence science and letters illuminated a benighted world—for all these causes, and for others which I might enumerate, Bonaparte and the National Institute might have spared the sanctuary of genius, without tarnishing the lustre of those laurels with which they have crowned each other. They might have equally robbed, filched, and swindled the inhabitants of their gold and silver, their cattle, and all the fruits of their productive industry; they

they might have stripped them of their silver spoons and forks, their jewels, their trinkets, and even their ear-rings, and have returned to France, gorged with plunder, without despoiling them of the last consolation of the ruined, the retention of the only vestiges which remained of the genius of their forefathers. But nothing has escaped the ravenous maw of the Republican freebooter and his philosophical associates. With the spirit of Buccaneers, they have made a prey of every thing; and they have answered the groans, tears, lamentations, and remonstrances of the wretched people on whom they trampled, with insulting mockery and contemptuous peals of laughter. Had it been possible to have removed Rome itself, they would have transported it to their guilty capital. Wretches like these, lost to all sense of moral reprobation, and heedless of the opinion of the living, cannot entertain any fears respecting the judgment of posterity. But they must be arraigned before its severe tribunal, and when the names of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici, of Leo X. and Julius II. shall be mentioned with pride and gratitude, theirs shall descend accurst and hated to eternal ages.

Having thus disburthened my mind, I proceed to give you a correct description of this sublime and majestic gallery, together with the names of the places whence the statues were stolen.

In the court through which you pass to enter the gallery, there are four colossal statues of slaves, and in a niche beside the door, the statue of Jupiter Hermes, which has been removed from Versailles, like every thing else, to enrich Paris, the Republic of the French Republic. The revolution was made for Paris, therefore Paris must reap all the profits of it; the Republic was founded at Paris, therefore Paris must enjoy it; the rest of France *was made* for Paris, therefore it must be fleeced for the sake of Paris. In this way, the *disinterested* inhabitants, and *patriotic* members of the Institute of that capital, continually reason.

Every article of this gallery merits attention, and admiration too; the folding doors at the entrance, and the inscription over them, are remarkable for the elegant taste with which they are adjusted. As soon as you have entered the gallery, you should purchase for the small sum of 75 centimes, the catalogue, entitled, "*Notice des Statues, Bustes, et Bas-Reliefs, de la Galerie des Antiques du Musée Central des Arts, ouverte pour la première fois, le* 18 *Brumaire, an* 9." A person sits by a table, ready to provide you with this indispensable article.

I should advise you by no means to rush at once on the Laocoon, but to examine the compartments in regular order, beginning with the lesser,

lesser, and ending (if you can end) with the higher productions of sculpture. You will therefore, advance to the center of the gallery, and turning your back on the Laocoon, pass straightways to the opposite extremity, where you will find yourself in,

I. The Hall of the Seasons, which is thus denoted on account of the painted ceiling executed by Romanelli, representing the seasons, and of this compartment having been allotted to the antique statues of the deities of the woods, and their attributes. This hall contains twenty-six figures, viz. 1. A Faun reposing and holding a flute, of Pentelican marble, supposed to be a copy of the famous satyr of Praxiteles, stolen from the Museum of the Capitol at Rome. 2. A naked Youth in the act of extracting a thorn from his left foot, in bronze, and admirably executed; stolen from the same quarter as the above. 3. A young naked Faun, of Parian marble, holding his *pedum* in the left hand, and in the attitude of aiming it at a young panther, which has overthrown a vase at his feet. Stolen as above. 4. Another Faun, similar to the former, of Parian marble also. 5. Venus issuing from a bath, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Museum of the Vatican. 6. Flora, or the Muse Polyhimnia (it is doubtful which) of Pentelican marble; stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 7. Ceres, the head resembling Julia, the daughter of Augustus. 8. Hygeia.

8. Hygeia, of Parian marble, with a serpent entwined round her arm. 9. Cupid and Psyche, of Parian marble; stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 10. Ariadne, of Parian marble, known by the name of Cleopatra, on account of the Ophis bracelet on her left arm; stolen from the Belvidere of the Vatican. 11. A naked Cupid bending his bow, of Parian marble; stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 12. A female Bacchanal. 13. A Funereal Genius. 14. A beautiful fragment of Cupid, of Parian marble; stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 15. A Grecian Youth, of Parian marble; swindled from one of the Greek islands. 16. Septimius Severus, of Pentelican marble, from Ecouen. 17. A Wrestler, of marble of Luni, stolen from Verona. 18. An Indian Bacchus; stolen from Rome. 19. The colossal bust of Antoninus Pius, of Pentelican marble, from Ecouen. 20. Colossal bust of Lucius Verus, companion of the former, from the same place. 21. Augustus, of Parian marble; stolen from the cabinet of the Bevilacqua at Verona. 22. Vitellius. 23. The bust of Œleus Cæsar, of fine Parian marble. 24. Lucius Verus, of Pentelican marble; stolen from the Villa Albani at Rome. 25. Bust of Matidia, of marble of Luni, from the Garde Meuble. 26. Plautilla, from the same.

II. Hall of Illustrious Men; decorated by eight antique pillars of *granatillo*, plundered from the nave of the church at Aix-la-Chapelle, in

in which the tomb of Charlemagne was deposited. The paintings on the ceiling are the work of Romanelli. This compartment contains eight figures, viz. 1. Zeno, the philosopher (this statue is of the epicene gender) of Grechetto marble, stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 2. Demosthenes sitting with a book on his knees, stolen from the Vatican. 3. The head of Trajan placed on a statue of another person, stolen as above. 4. A statue supposed to represent Sextus, the uncle of Plutarch, and one of the preceptors of Marcus Aurelius, of Grechetto marble, stolen as above. 5. A Warrior, said to be Phocion, of Pentelican marble, stolen as above. 6. Menander, the Greek poet, sitting, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Museum of the Vatican. 7. Posidippus, the poet, sitting, of Pentelican marble, stolen as above. 8. Minerva, of Pentelican marble.

III. The Roman Hall. The ceiling, painted by Romanelli, being ornamented with various subjects taken from the Roman history; all the statues, busts, and other antiquities which bear any relation to that people, are placed in this hall. It contains twenty-nine figures, viz. 1. A Roman orator, of Parian marble, executed by Cleomenes, an Athenian. 2. The head of the elder Scipio Africanus, in bronze. 3. Clio, of Parian marble, brought by Pope Ganganelli to the Museum of the Vatican, and stolen thence by Bonaparte and the philosophical crew of the National Institute. 4. The bust of Adrian, in bronze, stolen

stolen from the library of St. Mark, at Venice. 5. Mars, of Pentelican marble. 6. Two Roman busts, male and female, stolen from the Museum of the Vatican. 7. Lucius Caninius, of Parian marble, taken from Fontainbleau. 8. The bust of the second Brutus, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 9. Urania sitting on a rock of Parnassus, of Parian marble, stolen as above. 10. A bust in bronze of the first Brutus, stolen as above. 11. A Roman Sacrificer, stolen from the Museum of the Vatican. 12. Statue of Augustus, stolen from Venice. 13. A Priestess of Isis, of Parian marble, stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 14. A Roman Matron, of Grechetto marble, taken from Versailles. 15. A wounded Warrior, stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 16. Another Roman Matron, of Parian marble, taken from Versailles. 17. Melpomene, of Parian marble. * 18. Antinous, of marble of Luni, stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 19. Venus at the bath, of Parian marble. 20. Euterpe, of Parian marble.

IV. The Hall of Laocoon is embellished with four beautiful columns of verde anticho, taken from the Mausoleum, erected after the designs of Bullant, of the famous constable Anne of Montmorency; they are from a single massive block of the richest quality, three metres and a half in height *, and forty-three centimetres di-

* Above 10½ feet.

ameter.

ameter. In this hall are twenty-one figures, 1. Jason, of Pentelican marble, from Versailles. 2. Lucius Verus, the associate of Marcus Aurelius in the Empire, of Tunisian marble, stolen from the palace of the Duke of Modena. 3. Bust of Commodus, of Pentelican marble, stolen as above. 4. An Hermes, representing Tragedy, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Museum of the Vatican. 5. Its companion, representing comedy, stolen as above. 6. Bust of Antinous, of Parian marble. 7. Head of Menelaus, discovered at Pantanello, by Hamilton, the English painter, stolen from the Vatican. 8. Adonis, of Grechetto marble, stolen as above. 9. The glory and master-piece of sculpture, and wonder of the world, THE GROUPE OF LAOCOON, executed by Agisander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus. The right arm of the father, and two arms of the sons, are unfortunately missing; but all the rest is entire, and displays at once, the perfection of sentiment, plan, and composition. It surpasses all comment, and therefore I shall leave my favourite poet to speak for me.

> At last her utmost master-piece she found,
> That Maro fir'd; the miserable sire,
> Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp.
> The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
> Inextricable tie. Such passions here,
> Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
> Seems so to tremble thro' the tortur'd stone,

That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
That ever *Greece* beheld; and seen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious passions seize:
The father's double pangs, both for himself
And sons convuls'd; to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accusing cast;
His fell despair with indignation mixt,
As the strong-curling monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd;
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

The ecclesiastical state was swindled out of this precious relick of antiquity, by the treaty of Tolentino, where a Corsican adventurer, acting as a conquering General, and as the Plenipotentiary of the French Republic, held in his hand a sabre reeking with blood, and dictated his own terms to the minister of a feeble and defenceless potentate. The delegates of the National Institute, with fastidious modesty, served as aides-de-camp of the former, in this unhallowed progress of rapine and peculation, in this abominable and barbarous violation of the received laws of nations, and of humanity. 10. A Thrower of the Disk, at rest, of Pentelican marble, stolen as above. 11. Bust of Apollo, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 12. Statue of an

an Amazon, in the attitude of drawing her bow, of Parian marble, stolen from the Museum of the Vatican. 13. Bacchus, known by the name of the Capitoline Ariadne, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 14. Colossal statue of a Triton, of Parian marble, discovered by our countryman Hamilton, in the neighbourhood of Puzzoli in the bay of Naples, given by him to Pope Ganganelli, and stolen from the Vatican Museum by General Bonaparte and the National Institute. 15. A small statue of Bacchus, of Pentelican marble. 16. The Vatican Paris, but now Parisian Priest of Mithra, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Vatican Museum. 17. Colossal bust of Jupiter, stolen as above. 18. Bust of Minerva, ditto. 19. The beautiful groupe of Meleager, ditto, ditto. 20. Bust of Esculapius, of Pentelican marble. 21. A player of the disk in the act of casting it, stolen from the Vatican Museum. 22. Statue of Minerva, the head of Pentelican, but the body of Parian marble, from Versailles. 23. A bronze bust of the elder Drusus. 24. A bronze head of Tiberius. 25. A bronze head of Claudius, crowned with laurel. 26. Colossal bust of Antinous, stolen from the Vatican Museum. 27. A colossal head of Adrian, of Pentelican marble, stolen as above. 28. Caracalla, of Pentelican marble. 29. Bust of Galba, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Villa



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Albani. 30. Bust of Clodius Albinus, of Pentelican marble, ditto, ditto.

V. THE HALL OF APOLLO is ornamented with four superb pillars of oriental red granite, each of which is four metres and one decimetre in height, by forty-five centimetres diameter. The pavement of the hall is laid out in large compartments of rare and beautiful marble, and in its centre stands a large octagonal table of oriental red granite. It contains thirty-seven subjects, namely, 1. Statue of Mercury, called the Belvidere Antinous, of fine Parian marble, and one of the most perfect remains of antiquity. The harmony that prevails in every part of this figure induced Poussin to prefer it to all others, for the proportions of the human body; stolen from the Belvidere of the Vatican. 2. The throne of Saturn in bas-relief. 3. Apollo, the destroyer of Lizards, of Grechetto marble. 4. A small Mercury, of marble of Luni. 5. The Trojan Venus, of Greek marble, from Versailles. 6. A small Statue of Mars, of marble of Luni. 7. An infant Apollo naked, the back of Parian marble. 8. Urania restored by Girardon, from Versailles. 9. A Delphic Apollo, from Ecouen. 10. A Tripod of Apollo, found in 1775 by our Hamilton, amidst the ruins of Ostia, and stolen from the Vatican, where it had been deposited by Pius VI. 11. Antinous standing. 12. Statue of Isis, the body of Parian, the head of Pentelican marble, stolen

from the Vatican Museum. 13. A small figure of Minerva in the ancient Greek style, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Duke of Modena. 14. A small figure of Minerva victorious over Pallas, of marble of Luni. 15. Mars, victor, of Pentelican marble. 16. A small figure of Melpomene, of Parian marble, and found in Attica. 17. Juno, of Pentelican marble. 18. The Capitoline Venus issuing from the bath, of beautiful transparent Parian marble, stolen from the Capitol. 19. A bas-relief, of Pentelican marble, representing the sacrifice of the Suovetaurilia, stolen from the Library of St. Mark, at Venice. 20. Two Sphinxes of oriental red granite, stolen from the Vatican Museum, and now placed on the steps which lead to the statue of the Belvidere Apollo. These steps, and the platform on which the Apollo is fixed, are of the most beautiful marble, and in the center there are five squares of Mosaic antique, which represent animals in cars, drawn by birds, with other ornaments. 21. THE APOLLO BELVIDERE. This subject of the admiration and delight of every tasteful eye, particularly of the female sex, stands in a niche, at the extremity of the hall. The pillars which ornament the niche, were taken from the church at Aix-la-Chapelle, in which the tomb of Charlemagne was deposited. The statue is very properly preserved from too near an approach, by a slight handsome railing. Eternal youth and beauty bloom upon every part

of this figure. But here, as with the Laocoon, I must call in the descriptive powers of my poet, for one cannot presume to speak of this charming production of the chisel in vulgar prose.

——— In graceful act he stands,
His arm extended with the slackened bow.
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly-softened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.
His features yet heroic ardor warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scattered frown exalts his matchless air.

The name of the artist who sculptured this statue, which has astonished the men, and smitten the hearts of all the women who have had the good fortune to view it, is unknown. Giovanni Angelo de Montorsoli, the pupil of Michael Angelo restored the right arm and the left hand, which were missing when the statue was discovered amidst the ruins of Antium. For more than three centuries, it excited the admiration of mankind at the Belvidere of the Vatican, where it was fixed by Pope Julius II. the illustrious patron of the Fine Arts, until, to use the language of the administration who superintend this gallery, "*un héros guidé par la victoire, est venu l'en tirer, pour la conduire et la fixer à jamais sur les rives de la Seine;*" which with a free translation runs thus in English, "until a free-booter, guided by the genius

genius of devastation, arrived to force it away, and to transport and fix it *for ever* * on the nasty banks of the Seine."

On the 16th brumaire, year IX. the First Consul Bonaparte, accompanied by the Consul Lebrun, and Benezech, one of the counsellors of state, celebrated the inauguration of the Apollo, by placing between the plinth of the statue and its pedestal, the following inscription, engraved on a bronze tablet, presented to him in the name of the artists, by the administrator and citizen Vien, both National Institute men.

La statue d'Apollon, qui s'élève sur ce piédestal,
Trouvée à Antium sur la fin du XV^e siècle,
Placée au Vatican par Jules II, au commencement du XVI^e,
*Conquise* l'an V de la Republique par l'armée d'Italie,
Sous les ordres du général Bonaparte,
A été fixée ici le 21 Germinal an VIII,
Prémière année de son Consulat.

On the reverse

Bonaparte, I^er. Consul.
Cambacerès, II^e. Consul.
Lebrun, III^e. Consul.
Lucien Bonaparte, Ministre de l'intérieur.

* This "*for ever*," is very problematical. It is not improbable, that it may decorate the future National gallery of the empire of Botany Bay. There is nothing like the rotatory motion of the *circle of causation*, which none but the learned members of the National Institute understand. It is an Eleusinian mystery.

22. The statue of the Venus of Arles, of Greek marble, taken from Versailles. 23. A bas-relief representing the conclamatio, or part of a funeral ceremony among the Romans. 24. An Indian Bacchus, with the Greek word Sardanapalus inscribed on it, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Vatican Museum. 25. The groupe of Hercules and Telephus, called the Hercules Commodus of the Belvidere, stolen from that place. 26. A Lycian Apollo, from Versailles. 27. An Egyptian Antinous, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Capitoline Museum. 28. Bacchus resting, of Pentelican marble, from Versailles. 29. A colossal bust of Serapis, stolen from the Vatican Museum. 30. Mercury. 31. The Capitoline Juno, of Parian marble, stolen from the Museum of the Capitol. 32. The statue of Bacchus, of Greco duro marble. 33. A bas-relief of five Damsels dancing hand in hand round a temple, moulded after an antique in the villa Borghese at Rome. 34. Omphale, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the villa Albani at Rome. 35. The head of Paris, of the same marble, stolen from ditto, ditto. 36. An Indian Bacchus, of Parian marble, from the palace of Versailles. 37. Juno, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the villa Albani at Rome.

VI. The Hall of the Muses contains twenty figures; but before I enumerate them, to save time and paper, it will be proper to state, that

that they are all the products of Gallican theft. Unless therefore it is otherwise mentioned, you will consider every figure as stolen from the magnificent gallery, which Pius VI. built in addition to the Vatican Museum. The bashful administrators of this gallery, members of the National Institute, thus express themselves concerning the plunder of the contents of this hall. " Since the revival of the arts, the admirers of antiquity have several times attempted to form collections, or a series of the antique statues of the Muses; but none have proved so beautiful and complete as that collected by the industry of Pius VI, (in return for which we resolved to steal it, they should have said) and which *victory* (perfidious hypocrisy) has transported to the National Museum." With this preliminary explanation, we are now able to proceed without difficulty. 1. The head of Bacchus. 2. A pillar of oriental granite, dark grey colour bordering on green. 3. An head of Hippocrates. 4. Calliope seated on a rock of Parnassus. 5. A Cytherian Apollo. 6. Clio sitting, of Pentelican marble. 7. Melpomene. 8. An Hermes with a head of Socrates, of Pentelican marble. 9. Polyhimnia crowned with flowers. 10. An head of an Indian Bacchus. 11. Bust of Homer, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Capitoline Museum. 12. The statue of Erato, of Pentelican marble. 13. Bust of Euripides, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Academy

demy of Mantua. 14. Euterpe, seated on a rock of Parnassus; as this muse was not in the Pio Clementinum museum, the French *savans*, being at a loss how to supply its place, laid their hands on this statue, which they stole from the Lancelotti palace at Rome. 15. Terpsichore, of Pentelican marble. 16. Urania, stolen as above. 17. Thalia sitting. 18. A head of Socrates. 19. A pillar of African marble. 20. An head of Virgil, of Pentelican marble, stolen from the Academy of Mantua.

These are all the different antiques contained in this gallery, and unless I had written a volume upon their history, qualities, and excellence, I could not give you an adequate idea of them. They have occupied separately a great deal of learned discussion and criticism, in other countries besides Rome, and they have exercised the cultivated genius of many of our countrymen. Among the most conspicuous of these are Addison and Middleton. Winckelman in his "*Histoire de l'Art*" has also entered into very laboured details on their origin and beauty, and has given very exact engravings of several of them. But, if you desire to have a luscious description of them, particularly of the Belvidere Apollo, I refer you to the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in which you will find, not only a very candid confession of the marvellous effects wrought upon herself by this beautiful piece of statuary, but

but also, a luxurious and sprightly account of its different charms and perfections. Unquestionably, this Apollo is a thing of the imagination; the artist must have collected the proportions and features of several of the best made and handsomest men of his age, and reduced them into one perfect form. If we can conceive the existence of such a being, he must be the perfection of creation; and to judge of his influence by the effects of his marble representation, it is in his power to command the world. *Nam qui mulieres*, &c.

When Guido Reni sent his St. Michael to the Capuchin church at Rome, he wrote to Signor Massero, maestro di casa to Pope Urban VIII. as follows: "I wish I had had the wings of an angel to have mounted into Paradise, and there to have beheld the forms of those beautiful spirits, from whom I could have painted my archangel; but not being able to soar so high, it was in vain for me to seek for his resemblance here below, so that I was forced to make an introspection into my own mind, and into that *idea* of beauty which I had formed in my own imagination!"—If to paint an archangel Guido thought it necessary to ascend to Heaven to form an idea of perfect beauty, I am sure, human nature is honoured by the sculptor of the Apollo, for with the chisel of an archangel, he has produced a perfect man.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXII.

*The Museum of French Monuments.*

ONE of the first of those calamities brought upon France by the intemperate zeal of its reformers, was, the decree of the National Assembly, by which the property of the clergy was placed at the disposal of the nation. The immediate effects of this hasty and injudicious measure, were soon perceived by those who were most active in procuring its adoption. Broken loose from the bonds of subordination, the people in the effervescence of a wanton and licentious spirit, misinterpreted the object of this decree, and proceeded, not only to harrass their ancient pastors, but also to demolish the sanctuaries of religion, and to disturb the tranquil ashes of the dead. It was, however, evident, that monuments and tombs were not included within the law of alienation; hence, the National Assembly was compelled to acknowledge its precipitate folly, by authorizing the committee which had the management of the alienated property, to take proper measures, for the preservation of those monuments of the arts, which had been erected on the domains of the Church. La Rochefoucauld,

cauld, president of that committee, selected several literary men and artists, who were to point out what books and monuments were to be saved from destruction. The Municipality of Paris, being specially charged by the National Assembly with the execution of its decree, nominated also several literary men and artists of approved merit, to assist those already appointed by the committee of alienation, in their operations. These persons thus embodied, constituted a commission, known by the name of the *Commission of Monuments.* Shortly after their formation, the convent *des Petits Augustins* was chosen for a depository of the monuments and paintings; that of the Capuchins, in the rue St. Honoré, for books, manuscripts, &c. While these salutary plans were in contemplation, Paris was torn by strong convulsions, the monarchy was overthrown, and the dawn of the Republic was ushered in, amidst shrieks of murder and the noise of falling ruins. It became the fashion to talk of nothing but philosophy, while its precepts were despised; and of regeneration, while the demon of havock went his devastating rounds. An æra of uproar, confusion, and fierce fanaticism, succeeded, and Gothic darkness overspread the whole of France. In those days, when science and learning were perverted to the vilest purposes, when incendiaries and murderers, wearing the mask of patriots and philanthropists, inundated France with blood,

and

and were leisurely proceeding to embrute the human character, and to overturn every monument of the piety, wisdom, virtue, and genius of their forefathers; a man of mild and unassuming manners, of spotless purity of principle, public and private, of general and profound knowledge, and of inflexible perseverance, devoted the labours of his life in collecting together and preserving from the general wreck, the monuments of his country's glory. Such were the occupations of M. LENOIR, the founder and director of the Museum of French Monuments.

When I figure to myself this excellent man, flying in every direction of France, to save and to preserve the precious evidences of its exploits, traversing the tombs of the dead, rushing amidst crackling flames, and temples crumbling into atoms, to rescue the penates of his country from the tempest by which they were assailed, as a friend of human nature, I am lost in gratitude and admiration. The shades of departed kings, heroes, statesmen, of poets, historians, and philosophers, must hover over the dwelling of such a man, and implore the blessings of heaven on his pious cares.

I assure you, both of us consider it as one of the happiest events of our lives, that we have been so well introduced to M. Lenoir and his Lady. When I am in his company, I fancy the illustrious dead are present in all their majesty

around him. Grave, silent, modest, and pensive, his character and manner strongly impress you with the idea of an affectionate son, who collects with tender care, the ashes of his murdered parent.

M. Lenoir was for fifteen years the pupil of Doyen, one of the members of the Commission of Monuments already mentioned. He was presented by the latter to the Municipality of Paris, as a proper person to be the Conservator of the depot of the monuments of the arts, in the *rue des Petits Augustins*, and was accepted by them on the 4th of January, 1791. The violence of anarchy was carried to such a pitch, that the revolution appeared to have been concerted for the sake of extinguishing every vestige of the arts. Roland, *philosophe*, the principal minister of the new Republic, proposed that effective measures should be taken to suppress the general rage for destruction. The Committee of Public Instruction, in the National Convention, appointed a Commission, consisting of different distinguished artists and literary men, for the purpose of giving vigour to this project. In a short time, this commission published a considerable number of memoirs, addresses, and reports, which arrested the hands of folly, employed in beating down statues, tearing in pieces the most valuable paintings, and destroying the finest bronzes. "From the abbey of St. Denis," says M. Lenoir, "which the

the flames seemed to have consumed from the summit of the roof to the bottom of the graves, I have saved the magnificent mausolea of Louis XII., of François I., of Henri II., of Turenne, &c. Oh shame! these chefs-d'œuvres of art had already experienced the fury of barbarians. A great part of these monuments, which announced the glory of the nation, were mutilated, and their ruins scattered in a cemetery, were hidden under the grass, and covered with moss. Thus, by a system of disorganization, the thistle was seen to fill the place of the laurel, and crowned Charlemagne and Duguesclin. I have collected such of those precious remains as I could restore, and already I am able to display those of François I. and Louis XII. in all their splendor. Happy shall I be, if I shall succeed in making posterity forget the ravages of ignorance! About this time, the deputy Grégoire published three reports against Vandalism: These interesting works, an immense number of which were printed, were forwarded to the departments. This last stroke, prudently applied, was the means of recovering many valuable objects, and of saving the remnants of the monuments in our provinces."

When we consider the light which monuments necessarily throw upon the chronology and history of a country, one cannot avoid expressing the greatest surprize on being told by M. Lenoir, that he met with multiplied objections from the artists

artists against his accumulation of the monuments of the middle ages. They considered them as of no service to the arts; but M. Lenoir reasoned like a true philosopher, when he insisted on their importance towards the completion of his series. Perhaps, nothing tends more to give just and distinct notions of any art or science, than the view of its progress, and the opportunity of comparing the intervening distances between rudeness and refinement. This is indisputably the best mode of becoming acquainted with, and of improving the operations of the understanding; and, therefore, I cannot ascribe to any other motive than ignorance, the opposition which he experienced upon this subject. However, by dint of repeated applications, and by patient and unshaken perseverance, he at length succeeded in transporting them to the museum, in which they constitute the two first ages*.

After

* I insert here the letter transmitted to M. Lenoir from the Committee of Public Instruction of the National Convention, to shew their sense of his merit, and the ridiculous affectation which was observed at that period in all their private and public transactions.

La commission des arts, voit avec satisfaction l'ordre que *tu* as établi dans le dépôt confié à *ta* garde, et les soins que *tu* prends pour la conservation des monumens des arts. Le témoignage que *te* rend le comité doit être pour *toi* la plus flatteuse récompense comme le plus puissant mobile pour exciter et augmenter même, s'il est possible, *ton* zèle civique,

After M. Lenoir had advanced considerably in his researches, the idea took possession of his mind, of collecting into one establishment all the paintings and statues which had any reference either to the history of France, or the arts among the French. "Such an imposing mass of monuments of all sages," says he, "made me conceive the idea of forming a particular museum, historical and chronological, in which the ages of French sculpture might be traced in particular apartments, by giving to each of these apartments, the character, and exact appearance of the age it represents, and to transfer to other institutions those paintings and statues, which had no relation to French art or French history. I presented this plan to the Committee of Public Instruction, by whom it was favourably received; and the result was the adoption of a particular museum of French monuments for Paris *. Sums of money were assigned to me, and I proceeded rapidly in despight of the malevolent."

This museum was opened to the public on the 15th Fructidor, year III.; since which, the exhi-

et *ton* activité pour la surveillance que *tu* portes aux objets de sciences et arts confiés à *tes* soins.

Reçois les félicitations du comité avec autant de plaisir que j'ai à *t'en* faire part.

*Salut* et *Fraternité*,

MATHIEU, Représentant du Peuple, &c.

* On the 19th Germinal, year IV.

bition

bition has been continued uninterruptedly, on the 3d and 6th days of each decade, from ten till two o'clock, and on the *decadi*, from ten till four. M. Lenoir, after the most assiduous researches, is now able to display five centuries, and a sepulchral chamber, containing the tomb of François I. which he has completely restored. M. Beauvallet, a sculptor, has devoted his talents to the restoration of several mutilated monuments, and Lenoir has published, "An Historical and Chronological Description of the Monuments," which may be obtained at the museum for 2 francs 50 centimes. He is also occupied in the publication of engravings in octavo, of the monuments he has collected, which will be accompanied by a dissertation on each monument, together with sketches of the lives of the persons represented, with details on the art and the artists of each epoch. Each volume will consist of forty-four engravings, and two hundred and fifty pages of print; five volumes will complete the whole, two of which are on the eve of publication, the rest will appear annually.

It is impossible for me to go through the multifarious subjects contained in this museum, embracing the sepulchral history of France from the age of Clovis to the present time; but I shall enumerate such as are most worthy of notice, and shall subjoin several observations of M. Lenoir, on the circumstances attendant on the digging of

the bodies out of the abbey of St. Denis, at which he was present, as well as on the conduct of those barbarous Iconoclasts, whom the revolution encouraged in the arts of destruction.

From the year 1790, M. Lenoir has taken the greatest pains to collect in his museum whatever could give correct notions of ancient customs, whether of women or men, in their civil and military capacity, according to their rank. This is a very important fact for French and English artists to know, as they may find here models of the costume and arms of every age and rank, in a regular series. From Clovis to Philip II. there was very little variation in dress, though the interval comprizes a period of seven centuries. It was not until the return of the Crusaders, that there was any alteration in dress.

After having passed the introductory hall, in which are a great number of antiques arranged in chronological order, and the porticoes of the chateau d'Anet *, ornamented with sculptures by Gougeon, we entered the first compartment, containing

* Voltaire, in his Henriade, chant IX., thus sings of the castle of Anet:

Il voit (*l'Amour*) les murs d'Anet bâtis au bord de l'Eure;
Lui-même en ordonna la superbe structure,
Par ses adroites mains avec art enlassés,
Les chiffres de Diane y sont encor tracés;
Sur sa tombe, en passant, les plaisirs et les grâces
Répandirent les fleurs qui naissaient sur leur traces.

taining the monuments of the middle age. In the disposition of every part, there is a manifest attention to the order of time, and where any deficiency occurs, care has been taken to supply its place with the best and most correct representations. Thus, the tomb of Fredegonda, who procured the murder of her husband Chilperic, was placed beside that of the latter, at the church of St. Germain-des-Prés; but the tomb of Chilperic having been destroyed by the revolutionary savages, M. Lenoir has supplied its place in this hall from a drawing which he took of it at the portal of Notre Dame.

A marble sarcophagus, containing the bones of Charlemagne, ornamented with a bas-relief of the Western empire, which was erected to the memory of that conqueror at Aix-la-Chapelle, was sent from that city by Dewailly, one of the republican commissaries, and is now at the Central Museum of Arts, whence it is intended to remove it hither, which is the proper depository for it. There are some capitals in the Lombard style, taken from the chapel under ground at St. Denis, which was the burying place of the Bourbons; these capitals are as old as the time of Pepin, who is represented seated on a chair, and holding a scepter in his hand; and they give a very clear insight into the architecture of that period. Here is a bust of the celebrated Abbé Suger, Minister of State, the value of which is

considerably enhanced, from its having been executed by his contemporaries; also the mausoleum of Hugo, sixth Abbot of Cluny. In the tomb of Morard, Abbot of St. Germain-des-Prés, in 990, his skeleton was found, extremely well clothed with a robe of satin, extending to the feet, apparently of a red colour, a long woollen tunick of a purple brown, ornamented with an embroidery of woollen, on which several figures were wrought; a kind of slippers of a black leather, extremely well tanned, served as shoes, but without straps or buckles.

The Southern gate of the abbey of St. Denis, is a most important specimen of the art at the period under our description. The large bas-relief in the middle, represents the punishment of St. Denis and his companions Rusticus and Eleutherus. Denis is there described as the chief person of the groupe, and as a prince to whom the temple was dedicated; and what is very remarkable, a sprig of the vine, laden with grapes, precisely in the same form as the badge of Bacchus, and surmounted by a small pine-apple, which the sculptor has placed at his feet, seem to denote, that St. Denis and Bacchus were one and the same person; and Denis or Dionysius is the name which the Greeks gave to Bacchus. M. Lenoir says, that he cannot answer whether the priests who then directed the construction of these temples, were aware of the resemblance that existed

existed between these two personages, or whether, by mere tradition, they ordered that to be executed which would characterise both of them. But it is certain, that all the ornaments which decorated St. Denis, are no other than the attributes ascribed to that divinity. The vine, hunting, and tygers, appear in all parts. Bacchus is cut in pieces by the Menades; Denis is put to death in the same manner; his head is cut off on Montmartre. Bacchus is placed in a tomb, and his death bewailed by women; the body of Denis is collected by holy women, they weep over his unfortunate remains, and place him in a tomb, over which the abbey is built. Bacchus rises again; Denis, after having undergone his punishment, rises again, to the great astonishment of the spectators, picks up his head, which had been cut off, and walks *. This good soul Denis, patron of France, says Voltaire, is a saint after the monkish fashion; he never came into Gaul. See his legend in the *questions on the Encyclopedia*; you will there find, that he was at first created Bishop of Athens by St. Paul; that he paid a visit to the Virgin Mary, to pay his respects on the death of her son; that he afterwards quitted the bishoprick of Athens for that of Paris; that he was hanged, and preached with great eloquence from the gibbet while he was sus-

* See Hilduin and Methodius.

 pended;

pended; that his head was cut off to prevent him from talking; that he took his head between his hands, and kissed it on the road as he was going two leagues from Paris to found the abbey in question.—On this gate, however, are two tygers' heads, and all the emblematical characters of the worship of Bacchus; besides which, it presents a chronology of thirty-six kings of France.

On entering the hall, which contains the monuments of the thirteenth century, there are cielings at angles, sprinkled with stars on a blue ground, supported by plain posts rudely decorated. These cielings are terminated by the flowers of those times, three of which represented the Evangelists, and the others consisted of the cabbage and the thistle in a variety of forms, which are imitated; sepulchral lamps are suspended. The doors and the windows, constructed with the ruins of a monument of the same age, which had been destroyed by the Jacobins, and the remains of which Lenoir collected at St. Denis, have been arranged according to the revived taste of Arabian architecture, by the celebrated Montreau. Over the doors, the following inscription is placed in Gothic characters, *Etat des Arts dans le treisième siècle.* Three painted glass windows, executed in this century, representing moral subjects, and taken from the refectory of St. Germain-des-Près, shed a gloomy light upon the spot, and is another imitation of the times; "a magic

magic by which," says Lenoir, "they kept those in a continual state of feebleness whom superstition had struck with terrors; for I have observed, that the more we go back towards those ages which resemble our own, the more the light is spread over public monuments, as if the sight of the sun suited only enlightened men."

The tombs which Louis IX. erected to his predecessors, are cenotaphs only; for it is certain, that before the time of that prince, it was the custom to place the body of a king in a large hollowed stone, covered by another plain stone; and where there was an inscription, it was engraven on the inside. According to Saint-Foix, the tombs of the kings of the first race, from Clovis, were composed merely of a great stone, hollowed very deep, and covered by another in shape of a vault. On these stones, neither figures nor epitaphs were to be seen, as it was the inside that was engraven with inscriptions, and laid out with magnificence. It seems they did not begin to place epitaphs on the tombs of their kings until the second race. Charlemagne was buried in a sitting posture. His body, after having been embalmed, was taken down into a cave, and seated on a throne of gold; he was clad in the imperial dress, surmounted with hair-cloth; his *joyeuse* * hung from his waist; his head was ornamented with a gold

* The name of his sword.

chain,

chain, in the shape of a diadem; he held a globe of gold in one hand, the other rested on the New Testament, which was placed upon his knees. His gold sceptre and his shield, were hung on the wall opposite to him. After the cave had been filled with perfumes, aromatics, and much treasure, it was shut up and sealed.

There are some very curious monuments in the hall, of the fourteenth century, which may be ascribed principally to the improvement in the art of design, which the artists who accompanied Louis IX. to the crusades brought away with them. A new species of decoration, and the Arabian taste, were introduced into architecture. The heavy edifices of the former age, gave way to the more elegant appearances of the mosques, and gildings and brilliant colours embellished the churches. Accordingly, this hall is decorated with the ruins of the *Sainte-Chapelle de Paris*, built about the commencement of the fourteenth century. The apostles sculptured in stone, of the natural size, which ornament this hall, were taken from the same chapel, and are remarkable for their expression and simplicity of execution. Their habits give an exact idea of the stuffs and embroidery in fashion at that period, the former of which are not unlike our Indian shawls. The Mosaic that covers the walls, cielings, &c. was formed from materials taken from St. Denis, and which M. Lenoir has adapted

and

and coloured to complete the appearance of the hall. The painted windows in this hall are of the same century, and were taken from the Celestines, and the Bons-Hommes de Passy.

The fifteenth century, the most remarkable in the history of the French arts, was the period wherein the artists began to produce general plans, combined with their details, and to connect the calculations of the mind with a grand and careful execution; thenceforward, the Gothic taste disappeared. France was indebted to the example of Raphael in the decorations of the Vatican, for this elegant change in the arts of painting and sculpture, which its travelling artists endeavoured to imitate. But as Paris did not afford many palaces, or ornamented houses of this century, M. Lenoir went several times among the monuments left by Cardinal d'Amboise, who employed in the decoration of his palaces, John Juste, a sculptor born at Tours, whom the Cardinal had sent at his own expence to Rome, for the purpose of studying the Arabian style of Raphael. Hence, the cieling, windows *, and in general the whole embellishment of this hall, were composed on the type of the tomb of Louis XII., which stands in the middle of it, together with materials brought from the chateau de Gaillon, which has been lately demolished, and ori-

* Which were executed in this same century.

ginal

ginal copies taken from Chartres, Blois, &c. The pillars, ornamented with Arabic capitals and pedestals, which support the gates, are a present to M. Lenoir from the Administrators of the department of Eure and Loir, who, at his request, ordered a portico of the church of Saint-Père, at Chartres, to be demolished, and placed at his disposal. This portico had been superadded in 1509 to the construction of that edifice built by Hilduard, a Benedictine monk, in 1170. Two bas-reliefs in this hall, merit particular attention, especially the one representing God the Father in the midst of the angels. The style is severe, and the design vigorous; it was taken from the cemetery of the Innocents; the other, from the church of St. Geneviève, represents the Pentecost. The violet and blue ground, the gilded framework, and the carmined legend far and near, are characteristical traits of the decoration of this century. The exterior pilasters towards the cloister, are ornamented in the Arabic style, and with four marble medallions, which M. Lenoir purchased from amongst the ruins of the castle of Gaillon. Anne of Britanny is represented as Minerva, and Louis XII. as Mars; their helmets are decorated in a very light Arabian taste. The other two medallions, represent Galba and Vespasian. In this hall, stands a bust of Joan d'Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, executed by Beauvallet, after an ancient painting, which

Lenoir

Lenoir purchased to make part of a series of pictures of the most celebrated personages of France, which he is collecting for this museum. The bust of Joan is placed beside that of Charles VII., whom she maintained on the throne of France.

The hall of the sixteenth century contains a number of very interesting figures, and its glass windows are taken from Ecouen, Vincennes, Anet, and the Temple. The monument erected to the celebrated historian, Philip de Comines, is an admirable piece of workmanship, and rests on a grand bas-relief, representing St. George and the Dragon. The tomb of Louis XII. and Anne of Britanny, executed by Ponce, in white marble, is a superb monument in the Gothic style; the statues of Louis and Anne represent them when dead, and are executed in a very scientific manner. The openings which are seen in the lower belly of these statues, are intended to denote the marks of their having been embalmed. These bodies, which are most faithfully expressed, are placed on a cenotaph of excellent taste, and surrounded by twelve arcades, ornamented with the most refined Arabic gout. In these arcades, the twelve apostles are placed, and exhibit great taste in the choice of their attributes. Unfortunately, this fine mausoleum has suffered materially, from the fury of the revolutionary fanatics. Here are also the statues of Francis I. of Chancellor de l'Hopi-

l'Hopital; Montaigne; President de Thou, by Barthélemy; Prieur; Diana of Poitiers; Philip Desportes, the poet of Bon-Port; Jean Gougeon, the celebrated architect and sculptor; a magnificent monument, erected to the Constable, Anne of Condé; the tomb of the Valois, a sepulchral chapel, in which are laid François I. and his wife Claude.

Among the monuments of the hall of the seventeenth century, are—one erected to the family of the Villeroy; to the celebrated historian De Thou; the statue of Louis XI.; the celebrated groupe in marble, after the designs of Lebrun, forming the mausoleum of Cardinal Richelieu, the chef-d'œuvre of Girardon, 14 feet long and 5 feet 9 inches broad. The inscription bears,

*Magnum disputandi argumentum.*

This admirable piece of sculpture, which had been previously mutilated by the Anarchists, who had forcibly entered the chapel, was afterwards injured by the soldiers of the revolutionary army, who bayonetted M. Lenoir for opposing their destructive intentions. The mark of this wound still remains on his hand. The medallion of the celebrated Descartes, placed on a pillar of white marble, has two inscriptions, the first in Latin, by Father Lallemand; the second in French, by Gaspard Fieubet. Cardinal Mazarin's mausoleum, executed by Coyzevox, is by some persons

preferred to that of Richelieu; it is of white marble, and the Cardinal is represented on his knees. An admirable groupe, in white marble, by Girardon, representing Louvois, the French Minister, and history, in the form of a woman, with her eyes bedewed with tears, turned towards him, and pointing to a passage in her book, in which his operations in the Palatinate are recorded. I should be glad to know what were the First Consul's sensations when he fixed his eyes on this monument, which I know attracted his attention for a considerable time. Benasco, and the desolated towns of Italy, must have stood in judgment against his guilty conscience. When he was in the hall of the thirteenth century, he said to M. Lenoir, "Lenoir, vous me transportez en Syrie; je suis très-content."

The fine statue of Louis XIV. on horseback, by Girardon, which stood in the Place Vendôme, being destroyed in 1792, here is a bronze model of it, and the original left foot of the statue. M. Lenoir has also erected a monument from the ruins of the one which was on the Place des Victoires. In this seventeenth century, are the busts of all the great men who figured in France.

The hall of the eighteenth century contains a vast number of subjects, but there are few remarkable for their superior execution. Here are marble busts of Louis XVI. and his queen; of Brissac, who was assassinated at Versailles, with the

the rest of the prisoners from Orleans; a monument in bas-relief, representing the peace of Luneville, by an artist named Foucon; a bust of Piron, with this inscription:

*Ci git qui ne fut rien,*
*Pas même académicien.*

In the garden belonging to this institution, an elysium is formed, in which above forty statues are placed, here and there, on a mossy ground; pines, cypresses, and poplars, shrowd these monuments, and funereal urns placed on the walls, contribute to diffuse an air of tranquillity and melancholy over the whole. On this sequestered spot, stands the sepulchral chapel of Abelard and Heloise, formed out of the ruins of a chapel in the Abbey of St. Denis, in order to shew the style of architecture adopted in that age. The painted glass which fills three sides of this chapel, is of the same antiquity, and taken from the same place. In the centre, is the tomb of Abelard, which his friend Peter the Venerable had erected. He is represented, according to the fashion of those times, lying down, with his hands joined, and a gentle inclination of the head. The statue of Peter is placed beside him. The reliefs which ornament the tomb, represent the Fathers of the Church. In this tomb, untenanted for seven hundred years, the ashes of the celebrated lovers of the twelfth century are deposited. The

names

names of Heloise and Abelard are engraven alternately on the plinth which supports the monument; and one may fancy in the silence of this solitude, that the sighs of tenderness and love escape from the tomb; and a plaintive echo repeats on every side:—Heloise! Abelard!—Abelard! Heloise!

The statue of Heloise, which is seen on the tomb, is the figure of a woman, sculptured in those days, and to which M. Lenoir has applied a mask of Heloise. Abelard died at the priory of St. Marcel de Châlons sur Saône, on the 21st of April, 1142, and was buried there. In the month of November following, Pierre de Cluny caused his body to be removed clandestinely, and sent to Heloise, at the Paraclete. She placed the coffin of her lover in a chapel which he had constructed, and which was called, *Petit Moustier*. Heloise expired on Sunday the 17th of May, 1163, and her body was deposited in the coffin of her husband, agreeably to her own directions. In 1497, this coffin, common to them both, was removed from Petit-Moustier, and transferred into the great church of the monastery; but the bones of the two bodies were separated, and two tombs were erected, one on each side of the choir. In 1630, Marie de la Rochefoucauld directed them to be placed in the part called *the chapel of the Trinity*. At length, in 1766, Madame Roye de

la Rochefoucauld projected a new monument in honour of the two lovers, but which was not erected until after her death, in 1779. This monument was composed of the groupe of the Trinity, which had been sculptured by order of Abelard, and of a base on which was inscribed the following epitaph, said to have been written by Marmontel:

Hîc
Sub eodem marmore jacent
Hujus Monasterii
Conditor Petrus Abelardus
Et abbatissa prima Heloissa.
Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis
Et pœnitentiâ
Nunc æternâ, quod speramus, felicitate
Conjuncti
Petrus obiit XX. prima aprilis, anno 1142.
Heloissa XXII. Maii 1163.
Curis Carolæ de Roucy Paraclete abbatissa.
1779.

Much remains yet to be done by M. Lenoir, and the Minister of the Interior has promised to second his efforts, when the French finances shall be in a more flourishing state than at present. We may form some estimate of what may be done for this museum by what has been already accomplished.

complished. An immense number of valuable monuments, statues, and busts are scattered over the surface of France, which collected into one place, would greatly facilitate the study of antiquities, and preserve in gloomy grandeur, the memory of its most illustrious men. M. Lenoir has effected wonders; without ostentation or bustle, he has done more for France than she has yet had the gratitude to acknowledge. Notwithstanding he is extremely circumscribed in the sums allotted to him, being allowed only 1000l. per annum, he is always collecting, and is continually in advance for the benefit of the institution. What a contrast is there between the useful life of this disinterested antiquarian, treasuring up for France every day some monument of her ancient glories, and the conduct of that gang of philosophical thieves belonging to the National Institute, whose principal glory is in the misapplication of their talents, to purposes for which unprivileged individuals would swing on a gallows!

I shall close this letter with a relation of two curious circumstances, respecting the taking up of the bodies of the kings, queens, princes, princesses, and celebrated men who had been buried for fifteen hundred years in the abbey of St. Denis; which act of indecency was ordered by a decree of the National Convention, to be

executed, for the sake of extracting the lead that belonged to their tombs. On the 12th of October, 1793, the workmen employed in this profane pursuit, anxious to behold the remains of a great man, opened the tomb of Turenne, which was the first in order. Their astonishment was very great, when, on opening the coffin, they found Turenne in such a state of preservation, that neither his body was deformed, nor the features of his countenance altered. When the body was removed to the Garden of Plants, M. Lenoir had an opportunity of seeing it, and he states, that it exactly resembles the pictures and medallions of that great man.

The body of Henry IV. was also in such a state of preservation, that the features of his face were not altered. It was a dry mummy, had the skull sawed, and in the place of the brain which had been taken out, contained some tow steeped in a liquor extracted from aromatics, which sent forth an odour so strong, that it was impossible to support it. A soldier who was present, moved by a martial enthusiasm, at the instant of opening the coffin, threw himself on the body, and after a long silence of admiration, drew his sword, cut off a long lock from the beard, which was still fresh, and exclaimed, at the same time, in a very energetic manner, "And I, too, am a French soldier! Henceforth I will have no other

other mustacho." As he placed it on his upper lip, "Now," said he, "I am sure to conquer the enemies of France, and I march to victory." Immediately after he had uttered these words, he disappeared, and was never seen again in the town.

## LETTER XXXIII.

### *The National Library.*

THIS useful establishment was formed by Charles the Wise in the fourteenth century, who placed in an apartment called the *Tower of the Library*, about twenty volumes, the number of which has been ever since increasing. It has been enriched by a multitude of manuscripts and books saved from the monasteries, the collections of the emigrated nobles, and plundered from the libraries of Italy; so that I may venture to affirm, it is altogether one of the completest in the world. This large building is in the Rue Richelieu, now called Rue de la Loi, and is 510 feet long, by 120 in breadth. It is under the direction of Messrs. Capperonier and Van Praet, to the latter of whom I have been introduced, and feel much indebted for his polite and obliging attentions.

In the first room of the principal floor, a long table which extends nearly the whole length of the apartment, with benches on each side, is placed in the middle for the accommodation of any students; indeed, in every public library of France, the utmost attentions are paid to the convenience of the studious. This room is filled with books from the floor to the cieling. The library

library is open every day from ten to two, and further facilities are afforded to persons who are engaged in any particular literary research. In the different apartments stand the busts of many of the French literati, also a groupe representing Apollo and the Muses on Parnassus, and in the center of the second room to the right, the French Parnassus, executed by Du Tillet.

Before the French irruption into Italy, the National Library consisted of two hundred thousand volumes, besides a large and rich cabinet of manuscripts. It now contains above three hundred thousand printed books, which are arranged in five divisions; besides a great number, which M. Van Praet informs me, lay heaped together, and have not been even examined. The manner in which the library is disposed shews great judgment and knowledge, not according to the taste of a Russian favourite, with folios at the bottom, and diminishing in an ascending line to 24mo's, but according to their subjects and classes. No catalogue has yet been published, but M. Van Praet is preparing one, with a suitable explanation respecting the principal authors, and the libraries, whence they were obtained or stolen. This work will be worthy of the character and industry of this learned bibliopolist, and will economise the time of the literary world; as any person occupied in writing a treatise or history, will learn in

 a moment,

a moment, whether he shall be enabled to derive any information from this collection. The mass of authors on the Civil, Feudal and French laws, is extensive and valuable, but it does not contain a work, which I was anxious to consult for my history, and which I am afraid, I shall not be able to procure, except in Spain. M. Van Praet made a long but fruitless search in my behalf, and recommended me to several other libraries, where I applied, but sought for it in vain.

Here are also some very curious documents in manuscript relative to English history; and as they are authentic, I apprehend it will be worth the while of any author treating of that subject, to refer to them. The celestial and terrestrial globes constructed by Coronelli are preserved in one of the wings of the building; and though useless, are objects of curiosity; they are thirty feet in diameter, their circles are gilded, the water is painted blue, the land white, and mountains with a green ground shaded with brown. These are the largest globes in the world; they resemble air balloons, and I cannot imagine any other mode for a philosopher of the Institute to use them than by putting himself into a little curule chair suspended by ropes, and in this manner making the tour of the universe, like Socrates *in nubibus.*

The manuscripts exceed eighty thousand in number, thirty thousand of which are on the History

History of France, and are called the Mazarine Gallery; the rest are in foreign and the dead languages, and many of those written on vellum are superbly illuminated with scriptural and botanical devices, according to the fashion adopted some centuries ago. Many of these manuscripts contain most extraordinary specimens of the state of poetry and genius in ancient times. Among others, here is one from Philip of Orleans, Count de Vertus, who died in 1420, aged twenty-four.

## BALLADE.

1.

Jeune, gente, plaisante & débonnaire,
Par un prier qui vaut commandement,
Chargé m'avez d'une ballade faire,
Si l'ai faite de cœur joyeusement;
Or, la veuillez recevoir doucement;
Vous y verrez, s'il vous plait à la lire,
Le mal que j'ai, combien que vraîment
J'aimasse mieux de bouche vous le dire.

2.

Votre douceur m'a sçu si bien attraire,
Que tout vostre je suis entiérement,
Très-desirant de vous servir & plaire,
Mais je souffre maint douloureux torment,
Quand à mon gré je ne vous voi souvent,
Et me déplaist quand me faut vous l'écrire;
Car si faire je pouvois autrement,
J'aimasse mieux de bouche vous le dire.

C'est

3.

C'est par dangier, mon cruel adversaire
Qui m'a tenu en ses mains longuement.
En tous mes faits, je le trouve contraire
Et plus se rit quand plus me voit dolent.
Si je voulois raconter plenement
En cet escrit mon ennuyeux martyre,
Trop long serois; pour ce certainement
J'aimasse mieux de bouche vous le dire.

Besides these manuscripts, there are many other treasures of inestimable value, particularly the cabinet of medals, a rich and magnificent collection, to which has been added the cabinets of medals and antiques belonging to St. Genevieve, St. Germain des-Près, and the Petits-Pères, besides a vast accession from the plunder of Italy. The late Abbé Barthelemi, author of the Travels of Anacharsis, had the superintendance of the cabinet of medals, and by his exertions, several beautiful and rare additions were made to the original collection. A very fine bust of him stands at the extremity of the hall.

There is also a rich collection of engravings, amounting to more than five thousand volumes. It requires whole months to review and examine all the curiosities and beauties contained within this library; and as it is impossible to detail them without writing a volume, I must refer you to

to the useful work, which M. Van Praet is preparing for the press. In the mean time, if you should come to this country, the National Library will, of course, occupy your attention two or three times a week.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXIV.

*Humane Institutions—The Hospital of Invalids.*

THE French Revolution has wrought as much mischief to the cause of humanity, as to letters, science, and government. I have already described a number of very brilliant institutions, which have been brought about by this astonishing change in the affairs of France, but it must be remembered, they form the least substantial part of social order, and should be considered merely as the holiday suit of the Republic. It would be as wrong to judge of the French nation by this splendid exteriour, as of a private family by the same rule. If we want to form correct notions of the happiness of a man, we must enter his dwelling, view him in all the relations of parent, husband, friend; examine the comforts produced by his domestic economy, and not estimate his happiness by contemplating him driving in a chariot, and glittering with attendants, while the wrinkles of sorrow are smoothed down with a borrowed smile, and the heart heaves with the depression of care and melancholy. In some houses, with all such magnificent appearances, either Bedlam seems broken loose, or a dreary wretchedness prevails. Much therefore as we may

may admire establishments which have a tendency to ornament and polish a nation, yet, if they be unattended with any concomitant circumstances of a judicious economy in public expenditure, and if haggard poverty and distress meet the eye at every turn, we must infer that the nation in which such things prevail, has mistaken the true road to grandeur, and has begun its operations on the polished capital, before it has laid the solid and substantial base of public felicity.

I speak dispassionately, and with regret, when I affirm that this is the case with the French Republic. By the sudden overthrow of all their ancient National Establishments, they exposed a large portion of the community to the miseries of want. Their greatest fault has been a want of discrimination. Among a number of absurdities, they destroyed many wholesome institutions, without making any provision for supplying their absence. When they suppressed the convents and monasteries, they fancied they had completely put an end to mendicity, because they had struck at the root of indolence. The principle was good, but its violent application was unjustifiable. Hence, those who had formerly doled out charity to paupers, became mendicants themselves, and the sphere of wretchedness became more extended, and more distressing, as it was left without even the hope of a resource.

Sensible

Sensible of the alarming extent of these evils, which in a commercial and manufacturing country, would not have been felt, but which create innumerable difficulties in a land where the sources of industry have been suspended for ten years, the French government and some good and worthy private individuals have seriously devoted their attention to the means of eradicating them. Hitherto, the state of the finances has not admitted of the permanent establishment of any receptacles for the poor, or of any asylum for the unfortunate. A few which had been anciently endowed are still maintained at the public expence, but the mass of the nation is without a competent provision for the miserable.

I have collected much information respecting these points, which are essential objects of inquiry, from my estimable friend, M. de Lasteyrie, the President of the Board of Agriculture, who is not less conspicuous for patriotism and benevolence, than for his knowledge and private virtues. Before I leave France, I hope to be put in possession of every fact which may be useful to me on my return home; at present therefore, I can only afford you a general insight into this department of its policy. But, as the Hospital of the Invalids has been preserved in all its ancient excellence and lustre, I have dispatched you just as much information concerning it, as will be necessary

cessary to shew what has been superadded by the Revolution.

This institution, a most illustrious monument of the gratitude of a prince towards a people devotedly attached to him, is appropriated as an asylum for such superannuated or wounded soldiers, as are no longer fit for service. It will contain five thousand invalids, who are supported, clothed, and fed, entirely at the expence of the nation, and the size, cleanliness, and commodiousness of all the apartments merit the greatest attention. There are four large halls, in which they assemble to dinner *, and the kitchens, from the extent of their dimensions, and the convenience of their different offices, seem to denote that it was the wish of Louis XIV, the aged or wounded warrior should *live well* during the remainder of his days. The edifice consists of five courts, and a magnificent saloon, called the Temple of Mars, in which are suspended, as trophies of victory, all the standards taken during the course of the late war. The dome that surmounts the center of this temple, three hundred feet in elevation from the level of the ground, and fifty feet in diameter, is a master-

* Each individual is allowed, besides his dinner (at which there is always a bouillé) a pound and a half of bread, and a pint of wine per diem. I believe the same allowance is made to the out-pensioners.

piece

piece of architecture. If you station yourself at the centre of the pavement, which is distributed in compartments of different kinds of exquisite marble, you will enjoy a superb sight, and be able to view distinctly the paintings of the cupola, executed by *Charles de la Fosse.* There are also four beautiful paintings, one in each wing, representing the four quarters of the globe, and a very large one executed by David, but not hung up in the temple, delineating the triumph of man over religion and royalty. The infernal conception of the devil could not have produced a picture more worthy of himself than this work of the National Painter, member of the National Institute. Man displayed as a gigantic figure, stark naked, trampling on kings, priests, crowns, broken scepters, crosses and rosaries; in one hand he holds a flaming brand, in the other a sabre. The tutelary genius of the republic, the goddess of reason, is arrayed in majesty, and smiles over the triumphs of her votaries; but it is the majesty of a tyrant, frowning over ruins and desolation. A multitude of other characters fill up the hellish groupe, and complete a picture which conveys a greater scene of horror and iniquity, than has ever been excited in the mind of a maniac, by the fever of madness, in its worst and most raging periods of delirium.

By what fatality, or by what perversion of human nature, this temple, consecrated to valour, patriotism,

patriotism, and merit, should have been selected as the depositary of such an astonishing production of a vicious imagination, I am wholly at a loss to explain, nor have I been able to procure any information respecting it. But I declare I never felt so petrified with horror as at the sight of this painting of the triumph of reason. One would have supposed, that the rulers of France might have spared this asylum from the shame of beholding their apostacy, and inward hatred of the religion which they have lately found it convenient to profess. In this edifice, the last stage of human existence ought to be allowed to pass away in the calm serenity of retirement, and not to be tormented by passions, which in shaking the confidence of men in a superintending Providence, renders their days disconsolate and unhappy. How much more philosophical as well as charitable would it have been, to have left these veterans to tread along the precipice of the grave in heavenly, pensive, and undisturbed meditation —to have permitted the indulgence of their prejudices, if such they be, and to have kept far from their sight, an object, whose constant and untimely obtrusion, cannot fail to damp the wishes of the soul, and to inflict the thorn of despair in those breasts, which ought now to burn only with the ardour of hope.

No Englishman can view the trophies which adorn this hall, without feeling his bosom glow

with transports of patriotic exultation. While the banners of almost every European nation weep over the disasters of their valourous defenders, but one solitary standard of Britain, droops amidst the splendid pageantry, and confesses the chances of war.

Formerly, all the plans of Vauban, in relievo, and of the different docks, harbours, and fortifications of France, were preserved in a cabinet attached to the excellent collection of military books, which is still maintained here. But they have been very properly removed to the bureau of the Minister of War. Some of the reliefs of the fortified towns remain, but we were refused admittance to inspect them, as we had not obtained an order, either from the Minister of War or the General Commandant of Paris, to neither of whom I took the trouble of applying. It was from this cabinet, that the Council of War procured the plan for the invasion of Egypt, which was afterwards executed with so much secrecy and celerity by Bonaparte, and which I know, from the highest authority in this state, that is, from those who are most intimately acquainted with him (though it may be doubted whether he ever discloses the dark designs of his ambitious soul) he will again attempt, when circumstances shall prove more favourable to the enterprize *.

The

* I request the attention of the Reader to the subjoined note.—On my return to England, I took proper measures to com-

The monument formerly erected to the celebrated Marshal Turenne, at St. Denis, which, in a for-

communicate every article of intelligence which I had obtained in France, respecting the views of the First Consul on the Morea, Egypt, and Asia, where that intelligence might prove useful. Nor have I ceased, both by direct and indirect means, to give *warning* of what transactions were going on relative to those countries, and which, I believe I may affirm, no other private individual in the British dominions was acquainted with. While the peace lasted, I did not think it behoved me to make public the intelligence, which, until within a month of the King's message, I was continually receiving upon this head from Paris. I saw so many advantages in the continuation of peace, that I thought I might sacrifice to them my fears and suspicions, though, I must confess, that I left France, with no sanguine expectations of its long continuance. However, though I felt it to be my duty to abstain from giving cause of provocation, I thought it right to prepare the country for the alternative. Nothing, indeed, more fully confirmed my opinions, than the conversations which I had with M. Coquebert-Montbret, the French Commissary General in London. When I strongly remonstrated with him on the wanton attack upon the Swiss Republic, he answered very coolly, that "he could not see what possible difference that could make in the relations between the two countries, since, by the treaty of Amiens, things stood precisely now (at the time of this interview) as they had done at that period." Struck with this, and many similar sentiments, I resolved no longer to temporize, but to fulfil the sacred duty which I owed to my country, by communicating some hints concerning the Levant. Accordingly, at the time the people took fire in behalf of the oppressed Swiss, I published, in the Summer of last year,

a former letter, I stated to have been saved from the ravages of the revolutionary Vandals, by the indefa-

the following observations, in a periodical work, entitled, "Annals of Public Economy," which, on my return from France, I had undertaken, with the sole view of following the French Government in all its operations, good or bad. I republish them here, in order to shew, that the judgment I had formed, and the pains I had taken to procure every information that might prove beneficial to my country, were not altogether idle or contemptible, and though I do not arrogate to myself the character of a prophet, I think I have a claim on the rational part of my fellow-citizens of approbation, for having made the best use of my residence in France, by exploring the views of a government, whose friendship with Britain is hostility to the rest of mankind, and whose war against us, will give peace to an oppressed world.

"The treaty which has been lately concluded with the Ottoman Porte, is of the first importance. It re-establishes the French in their former privileges in the Levant, opens the Black Sea to them, and thereby facilitates the establishment of a very important commerce. I have endeavoured, with all the industry in my power, to expose before the British Public, the general motives, the future views, and lively hopes of the French nation respecting the commerce of the Mediterranean. Some of the observations which I have insisted upon have been considered as incontrovertible in themselves, but ill-founded in respect to the French, whose diminished resources prevent them from carrying into practice the best digested commercial enterprizes. But those who reason after this mode seem to have forgotten the probable effects of established peace among a people, who though not essentially mercantile, yet number in the list

of

indefatigable exertions of M. Lenoir, has been removed from the museum of that antiquarian, to the

of their citizens many intelligent and respectable merchants, who possess considerable capitals. Furthermore, those persons who have amassed large fortunes by the revolution (and there are many of this description) have, for obvious reasons, shewn themselves unwilling to display their wealth under the present circumstances of their country. In France, the revolution is not considered as completed; the late change in their constitution must give additional weight to this persuasion; a gloomy suspense hangs over the minds of the people, on account of the uncertainty of the future, and the instability of the government. If, therefore, the peace should be permanent, there can be no doubt whatever, that the generals and great capitalists will invest a part of their stock in commercial houses and companies; for rank is less respected now in France than wealth. They have learnt, from the astonishing and powerful resources which Great Britain displayed during the late war, that money, properly applied, leads not only to consideration, but to power; and unless we are so vain and stupid as to suppose the French altogether insensible of the advantages to be derived from mercantile exertions, we ought to weigh their views in an impartial scale, but with a wary and attentive eye. It was the conviction of the truth of those principles, which was one of the propelling motives that induced me to undertake the publication of these annals, in order that the merchants, manufacturers, and statesmen of this country, might have continually before them correct statements of the schemes of their rivals. Many of these statements I am willing to admit, though extremely well conceived, are not susceptible of being reduced to *immediate* practice; but they are not the less important on this account. The plan that is laid down to-

the Temple of Mars, in this hospital, where it is now to be seen. By a decree of the Consul's, on the

day, may be placed on the shelf of the minister of marine and colonies to-morrow, not because it is visionary, but because the nation is not yet possessed of sufficient means to carry it into execution. It will not, however, be forgotten. If it be a wise and profitable one, it will be reserved to a more convenient opportunity, when it will be brought into new light, and enforced with a triumphant certainty of success. We ought never to lose sight of this truth. The plan of subjugating Egypt, was conceived under the reign of Lewis XIV., and lay for whole generations in the *depot* at the Invalids, untouched, but not forgotten. It was, at length, summoned into council, and executed in a mode that astonished all Europe. In the same manner, we have heard a great deal of the impracticability of marching an army into the heart of India; several treatises have been published, to establish this point, and the English people *alone* believed in them. Yet, two years after, we have seen a British army march *out* of the heart of India *into* Egypt, thereby invalidating all this reasoning, and demonstrating that a march *from* Egypt *into* India is not a visionary conception. These are not times for trifling; the views of men are no longer confined within narrow bounds, and those schemes which wear the features of *probability*, are precisely the schemes which best assimilate with the range of an aspiring and undaunted ambition. The glory of surmounting obstacles, and of accomplishing *probabilities*, are sufficient motives to prompt ardent minds.

These reflections are by no means intended to create *alarm*, but merely to inspire *caution*; and upon such considerations I laboured with great assiduity during my late visit to France, and since my return to this country, to obtain a knowledge of

the first of Vendemiaire, year IX., the body of Turenne was taken from the tomb in which it was placed

of the views and commercial intentions of the French Government. Hence I have been enabled to lay before the Public, from the very papers in the *bureau* of the Minister, as well as from the reports of different committees, composed of their most intelligent merchants, what the French are not only doing at present, but *what they wish to do when they possess sufficient power.* From the large collection of documents which have been transmitted to me, I was forcibly struck with the multitude of papers respecting the Levant trade, the Barbary trade, the commerce of the Black Sea, the India trade, and especially Egypt. An importance is attached to these, and there is a degree of mysterious bearing one upon the other, that requires solution. There are many well written articles on fisheries, the commerce of the Baltic, and the colonies; but these have been evidently placed on the back ground, while the Levant, Egypt, and India, are for ever brought in view, and danced before the eyes of the Government. As an Englishman, I have a right to ask, what can all this mean? When I perceived the importance which the French Government attached to St. Domingo, the immense armament it dispatched to that region of the world, for the sake of raising it into opulence and tranquillity, from a state of havoc and civil war; when I have found, that on a sudden all the great views respecting it have been abandoned or feebly enforced, and that new pretensions have opened themselves to the French nation; I have a right, as a well-wisher of my country, to form suspicions, and to entertain a jealousy of their conduct. Why are all these papers respecting Egypt incessantly manœuvering in the cabinet of the Thuilleries, when Egypt has, by the treaty of Amiens, been restored to its

placed by Lenoir, and transported with great funeral pomp to the Temple of Mars, where it was deposited in the mausolcum which his family had erected to his memory at St. Denis. The car on which the body was laid, was drawn by four general officers of the republic; on arriving at

ancient master? Why is there only a solitary paper or two relating to the Baltic trade? and why are all the mercantile interests of France taught to bend their views towards the Levant? Why are the merchants of Havre, of Rochefort, of Bourdeaux, of Brest, and of all the sea-ports bordering on the Atlantic, flattered with the prospect of gain only in the South and East? 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange! The opening of the Scheldt, the revival of the trade of Antwerp, is now as little the topic of mercantile conversation in Paris, (for there the tone is given to commerce as well as to philosophy and fashion), as the Leeward Islands, or the fertile colony of St. Domingo. In the language of the Roman patriot, I say, "If these things make you laugh, they make me weep."

"In the preceding numbers of this undertaking, my readers will perceive that I have stuck, like a leech, close to the French Government, in all their *démarches*, but always without a comment. I left the facts I had collected to stare them in the face, and to be examined according to those rules of nationality and good sense, which will, I hope, ever prove the characteristics of a British community. The reader, by reverting to the former numbers, will discover, that India, Egypt, and the Levant, form the most conspicuous subjects of discussion in the Committees of Commerce. In the present number, more proofs have been adduced in support of my *warning* principle; and in the next, I think, it will be admitted to be just and conclusive."

the

the Invalids, it was received by a discharge of cannon, and by the Invalids formed in line and presenting arms. A speech was made by Lenoir, addressed to the ministers and generals who attended, on delivering the body in the Temple of Mars; after which, Carnot, the Minister of War, pronounced a sort of funeral oration to the spectators, which I have translated and inclosed.

" Citizens! your eyes are fixed on the remains of Turenne the Great; behold the body of a warrior so dear to every Frenchman, and to every friend of glory and humanity; behold the man whose name alone sufficed to excite the liveliest emotion in every bosom virtuously disposed, whose renown was proclaimed throughout the world, and should be held forth to after ages as the model of heroes!

"To-morrow we shall celebrate the foundation of the republic, let us initiate the festival by the apotheosis of every thing praise-worthy and illustrious which past times have bequeathed to us. This temple is not allotted to those only whom chance has caused to exist during the age of the republic, but to those who, in every age, have displayed virtues worthy of her. Henceforwards, Oh Turenne! thy manes shall dwell within these walls; they shall become naturalized amongst the founders of the republic; they shall embellish their triumphs, and share in their national festivals.

" Doubt-

" Doubtless, it is a sublime idea, to place the mortal remains of a departed hero, in the midst of warriors who trod in his steps, and whom his example formed. It is the urn of a father restored to his children, as their lawful right, as the most valuable portion of their inheritance.

" To the brave belong the ashes of the brave; they are their natural guardians, they ought to be their jealous depositaries. After the death of a warrior, fallen on the field of battle, he has a right to be preserved under the safeguard of those warriors who survive him, to partake with them the asylum consecrated to glory, for glory is a property of which death never bereaves him.

" Praise be to the Government which strives to pay the debt of gratitude that the nation owes to its former benefactors, which does not disdain the light diffused by their genius, and which finds no interest in stifling the remembrance of them! Praise be to the chiefs of a warlike nation, who are not ashamed to invoke the shade of Turenne! The greatness of every hero, is illustrated by the greatness of the heroes whom he has surpassed; he exalts his own glory by suffering the glory of the greatest men to shine in all its lustre, without fearing that his shall be effaced by theirs.

" Turenne lived in an age wherein prejudice placed imaginary distinctions above the most signal services. He knew how to make the splendors of his rank disappear before those of his victories;

victories; and the great man was all that was seen of him. France, Italy, Germany, re-echoed with his triumphs, and to his virtues only he was indebted for that sublime eulogy pronounced after his death, by Monticuculli, a rival general, himself a great hero: *A man is dead who was an honour to human nature.*

"I shall not here repeat what we have all learnt in our infancy of the actions of Turenne, the details of his military conduct, and the circumstances not less interesting of his private life. There are men, whose highest panegyric consists in pronouncing their names. The name of hero, is like a focus, which collects into a single point, all the circumstances of their lives; it impresses the senses with a stronger emotion, enthusiasm with more rapid transports, the heart with a more exquisite love of virtue, than even the narrative of the exploits which have acquired them the palm of immortal honour.

"Ah! what more glorious title can I add to that of Father, conferred on Turenne during his whole life, by his soldiers? What shall I add to the ejaculation of Saint-Hilaire? The same ball which killed Turenne, carried away his arm; when perceiving his son violently agitated with grief, 'lament not my misfortune, my child,' he exclaimed, 'but the fate of yon great man.'

"On the plains of Saltzbach, Turenne commanded the French army. Confident in his dispositions,

positions, certain of victory, he receives a blow; Turenne falls. Confidence and hope instantly disappear; France is in mourning; the enemy do honour to their own character, in deploring the death of the hero.

" The Germans, for many years, left untilled the spot on which he was killed; and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood exhibited it as hallowed ground. They held sacred the old tree on which he reposed a short time before his death, and would not suffer it to be taken down. The tree perished at length, in consequence of the soldiers of every nation having cut off small pieces out of respect for his memory.

" The remains of Turenne were preserved until now, in the cemetery of kings. The republicans have taken it from this vain-glorious oblivion, and have this day transferred his body to the Temple of Mars, where the history of his victories will be daily repeated by the veteran warriors who inhabit this edifice.

" Of what consequence are trophies without life and motion? Here, glory is ever in action. Marble and brass decay with time; but this asylum of French warriors, whom old age and wounds deprive of the power of fighting for their country, will exist from age to age, and our remotest posterity shall come here to listen respectfully to those who have finished their career on the field of honour.

" On

"On the tomb of Turenne, the veteran will daily shed tears of admiration, and the youth of France perform his vows to the profession of arms. If, after having embraced his monument, after having invoked the shade of Turenne, he should not feel himself inspired with a holy enthusiasm, if his heart should not swell, become refined, and impassioned for all the heroic virtues, he ought to rest assured that he is not born for glory.

"Had Turenne lived in our times, he would have been the first to rush into the career which our republican phalanxes have traversed. He never devoted his talents, nor sacrificed his time, to the support of the political system which then prevailed, but to the defence of his country, independent of all systems. The love of country was his actuating principle, as in our days it has animated the Dampierres, the Dugommiers, the Marceaux, the Jouberts, the Desaixs, the Latour-d'Auvergnés. His glory, therefore, must not be separated from that of the heroes of the republic; and it is in the name of the republic that my hands depose these laurels in his tomb. May the shade of the illustrious Turenne be sensible of this act of national gratitude, dictated by a Government which knows how to appreciate virtue!

"Citizens, let me not diminish the emotions which you feel at this awful funeral solemnity.

Lan-

Language cannot describe what is now displayed before your senses. What shall I say of Turenne? Behold him! there he lies! Of his triumphs? Behold the sword grasped by his victorious hand! Of his death? Behold the fatal ball which snatched him from France, and from the whole human race!"

Such was, verbatim, the discourse delivered by Carnot; not *quite equal* to the funeral oration of Pericles, but *là là* for a philosopher of the National Institute. I may, perhaps, be accused of a fastidiousness in respect to the fame of great men, but, with the exception of the great *military genius* which every one must admit that Viscount Turenne possessed in a transcendant degree, I cannot avoid agreeing with Carnot, that if he had lived in our times, he would have proved almost as great a rascal as the ex-director. For my own part, I have no other standard of judging of what men *would be*, but by considering what they *have been* under circumstances which bear some correspondence with those that are made the grounds of comparison. In this sense, therefore, Marshal Turenne must be condemned by every dispassionate enquirer, as a bad man, a worse citizen, a rebel, and an incendiary. He began his career as a Marshal of France, with the commission of an act of base ingratitude, perfidy, and treason, towards his Sovereign and the laws of his country. No sooner had he been raised to the ex-

alted rank of Marshal, than he suffered himself to be prevailed upon by an intriguing woman *, to persuade the army of his King, which he commanded, to revolt. Being unsuccessful in this attempt, he quitted, like a fugitive and a Bonaparte, the army of which he was general, to please this woman, who made a jest of his passion. From general to the King of France, he degraded himself by becoming the lieutenant of Don Estevan de Gamara, the enemy of his King and country, with whom he was defeated at Retel by the troops of France.

With respect to his policy, it was as merciless as that of those robbers and scourges of nations, who have since commanded the revolutionary armies of France. His glorious campaign in Germany, (as it is unjustly called by his panegyrists) was atchieved by inflicting unheard of calamities upon the defenceless inhabitants. After the battle of Sintzheim, he laid waste, with fire and sword, the Palatinate, a level and fertile country, full of rich cities and villages. From his castle at Manheim, the Elector Palatine beheld two cities and twenty-five villages, burnt before his eyes. This unhappy prince, in the first emotion of resentment, wrote a letter to Turenne, filled with the bitterest reproaches, and defying him to single combat. Turenne made no other return

* The Dutchess of Longueville.

to

to the reproaches and defiance of the Elector, than an empty compliment which signified nothing. This was agreeable to his general behaviour and style, for he always expressed himself in a cool and ambiguous manner.

In the same cold blood, he destroyed the ovens, and burnt all the corn fields of Alsace. He afterwards permitted his cavalry to ravage Lorraine, where they committed such disorders, that the Intendant, who, on his side, laid waste that province with his pen, wrote to desire him to put a stop to the excesses of the soldiery; he coolly replied, "I shall take notice of it in the general orders!"

Such flagrant atrocity, the criminality of which is enhanced by the consideration, that Turenne acted throughout this whole campaign, contrary to the orders of his Government, has been glossed over by his eulogist*, with the usual sanguinary levity of a Frenchman; "Turenne, says he, was better pleased to be esteemed the father of the men who were entrusted to his care, than of the people, who, according to the rules of war, are always the victims. All the evil he did, seemed necessary; his reputation covered every thing." This casuistical attempt to reconcile the breach of the most sacred rights of humanity, with the wanton desolation of one of the finest provinces of

* Voltaire, Siècle de Louis XIV.

Europe,

Europe, is worthy of the servile meanness of Voltaire, whose detestable practice of lavishing the most fulsome adulation on the most enormous crimes, provided they were committed by men of rank and power, must draw down upon his memory, as well as that of the illustrious scoundrels whom he has flattered, the execration of every honest mind. *Nihil honestum esse potest, quod justitiâ vocat.*

But to return to the philosophical tribune of France. If he had been desirous of imprinting on the minds of his auditors, the Invalids, a sentiment of respect for the name of Turenne, he would have succeeded better by stealing a few passages from the famous funeral oration of Flechier upon the same subject, which would have been excusable, since Flechier himself made use upon that occasion, of many passages out of the funeral oration of Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, pronounced by John de Lingendes, Bishop of Macon, in 1630 *. Had this solemn function been

* The following extract from Flechier's oration, will prove what I have advanced: "Who ever performed such great exploits, and who more reserved in speaking of them? When he gained an advantage, he himself ascribed it to the enemy's oversight, and not to his own abilities. When he gave an account of a battle, he forgot nothing, but its being gained by his own conduct. If he related any of those actions which had rendered him so famous, one would have

been committed to a Bourdaloue, a Bossuet, or a Massillon, instead of a mechanical cut-throat, the glory of the heavens would have shone out in all its divine majesty, and instead of an heathen apotheosis, real virtue and patriotism would have been represented in the act of receiving their reward, at the threshold of immortal life, instead of an eternal sleep in a storied urn of human architecture.

concluded, he had only been a bare spectator, and might doubt whether he himself, or Fame, were mistaken. When he returned from those glorious campaigns which immortalize him, he avoided all acclamations of the people; he blushed at his victories; he received applauses with the same air that others make apologies, and was almost afraid of waiting upon the King, being obliged, through respect, to hear patiently the encomiums with which his Majesty never failed to honour him.

"It was, then, in the calm repose of a private state, that this prince, divesting himself of all the glory he had acquired in the field, and shutting himself up, with a small company of chosen friends, practised in silence the virtues of civil life: sincere in his words, plain in his actions, faithful in friendship, exact in duties, regular in his wishes, and great even in the minutest things. He concealed himself; but his fame discovers him. He walks without attendance; but every one images him riding in a triumphal chariot. When people see him, they count the number of enemies he has conquered, and not the attendants that follow him. Though alone, they conceive him surrounded by virtues and victories. There is something inexpressibly great and noble in this virtuous simplicity; and the less haughty he is, the more venerable he appears."

The most curious part of the ceremony consisted in the tears of Carnot! Yes, he actually wept! Carnot shed tears!!! If it were possible to suppose he had drank of the waters of the oblivious lake, we might rejoice in this symptom of returning nature. But knowing, as I do, that a French philosopher of the Institute, like the reported crocodile of the Nile, can weep, when tears will give a dramatic effect, I cannot avoid considering it as a most ludicrous incident of this pompous ceremonial. Instead of sounding the praises of the present despotism of France, Carnot ought to have rehearsed the following lines of Chevreau, which were intended to have been engraven on the pedestal of the tomb of Turenne, had not the vanity of Louis XIV. forbidden their execution.

Turenne a son tombeau parmi ceux de nos rois;
C'est le fruit glorieux de ses fameux exploits.
On a voulu par-là couronner sa vaillance,
Afin qu'aux siècles à venir
On ne fît point de différence,
De porter la couronne ou de la soutenir.

When we reflect on the melancholy catastrophe which has befallen the monuments of the most distinguished men who have adorned the page of French story, it may be considered as a fortunate circumstance, that the mausoleum of Turenne has been at length rescued from the general devastation. As the abbey of St. Denis is totally de-

stroyed, and there is no longer a burial place for the illustrious dead, except the Pantheon, in which their bodies would be commingled with the sainted ruffians of the republic, the Temple of Mars is unquestionably the most honourable asylum for the body of one of the greatest Generals of France. May it remain in security, till valour, prompted by virtue only, shall be held in estimation by mankind!

From the account which I have given of the Hospital of the Invalids, you will readily perceive that it maintains its pre-eminence over every other charitable institution of France. The funds assigned for the disbursement of its expences, are paid with great exactitude, and its internal organization is conducted with such regularity and decorum, as to merit the utmost commendation. Whatever, therefore, the private or national opinions of men may be, let all praise be given to the power which authorized the structure of this beautiful establishment, and endowed it with liberality; to the genius which raised so glorious a monument of architecture; to the administration which executed, with so much honour to themselves, the wishes of their Sovereign; and even to that principle of benevolence which in an age of dilapidation, spoil, plunder, and confiscation, has reserved for the worn-out veteran, a comfortable retreat against want and infirmities. Had other institutions of France, not less useful

and

and extensive in their effects, been maintained with equal scrupulousness, my pen would not have found an opportunity of pourtraying the wickedness and foibles of a people, whose history, for the last ten years, is nothing else but a disgusting record of rapine, murder, and impiety.

## LETTER XXXV.

*Humane Institutions continued—Soup Establishments.*

DURING the last winter, the distress of the lower orders had risen to such an height, that it became necessary to open subscriptions for the distribution of soup to the poor. The most eminent members of the Society of Agriculture of the department of the Seine, by far the most respectable institution in France, were the foremost in forming an establishment for supplying the pressing necessities of the people; and by their active exertions a committee was formed of intelligent men, such as Cadet de Vaux, De Lasteyrie, Decandolle, Delessert, Parmentier, Duquesnoi, &c. This committee distributed one hundred and sixty-four thousand rations of soup, besides what was sold from different furnaces established by voluntary contributions.

Before I proceed, it will be proper to mention the circumstances that occurred previous to this distribution, whereby you will perceive at one glance, the melancholy state of egoism, to which the unfeeling people of this capital are reduced; at the same time it will give you an idea of their *patriotic* spirit, and their *wealth.*

The

The committee before mentioned commenced their useful labours with the names of only *one hundred subscribers.* The price of each subscription is eighteen francs, or fifteen shillings and nine pence sterling, and any person is allowed of course, to take as many subscriptions as he thinks proper. In consideration of every subscription, the subscriber receives 240 bonuses of soup from any establishment he may prefer, or he may leave the disposal of them to the committee, who distribute them among the most indigent quarters of the city. The subscriber signs a paper, in which he engages to take one or more subscriptions, and to pay in consequence their value. In addition to the above number, Madame Bonaparte, the wife of the First Consul, who is really a pattern to her sex for her benevolence, gave 600 livres towards the establishment of a furnace in her division. The committee solicited the public functionaries, "not only because they are wealthy, and live *in abundance,* but because the greater part of them were known for their philanthropy, and their example would give weight to any other applications *. How much would you suppose the committee gained from these rich philanthropists, who fatten on the blood and sweat of the people? The Conservative Senate, granted a sub-

* I give verbatim the expressions of Décandolle, the secretary of the committee.

sidy of 1800 livres to fit up a furnace in the division of the Luxembourg, the Council of State took forty-six subscriptions; the Bank of France sixty; the Mont de Piété twenty; the Administration of the Domains eleven; and the officers of the Consular Guard eighty-four, making a sum total of £. 252 15s. 9d. which for the credit of the government, I think the committee should have concealed from the public.

Besides the above, I find that the First Consul put down his name, that is, entered into an engagement to pay eighteen thousand livres, or £. 787 10s. sterling. But who shall make the Grand Sultan keep his word? Who shall enforce a bond against a chieftain with his sword drawn? There is no security for his payment, except his inclination. But mark how his servile vassals boast of his munificence, by which, at the same time, they court his approbation, and work their way into his good graces. No people are more dexterous than the French at these kind of side-wind compliments, without forgetting themselves. In the report made by citizens Everat and Petit, Commissioners of the Central Committee for the distribution of soup, they break forth into the following apostrophe: "Our eyes are turned with *complacency* on the one thousand subscriptions of the First Consul. Thus, the Conqueror at Marengo has made *humanity* the companion of his glory; this *astonishing man*, who with his tri-

umphant hand has repaired the edifice of social happiness, this hero, who seems to have attained the *summit of perfection and grandeur*, has proved that a good action may make him *still mount*, and lift him *above sublimity itself!*"

Now it happens most unluckily both for this *astonishing man*, and his no less astonishing trumpeters, that notwithstanding their extatic peroration, outsubliming sublimity itself, that this hero who has made humanity the associate of his glory, never has paid, nor to this hour has he paid one liard of the one thousand subscriptions to which he signed his name, and entered into a solemn engagement.

"If," says Decandolle, "at this time, benevolence appears to slumber, it must be ascribed less to the want of public spirit, than to the state of our circumstances; formerly there was an organized system of charity, but now, this branch of our administration is defective. Clergymen resident in every parish, whose profession gave them the privilege of asking charity from the rich, and of penetrating into the secret wants of the poor, possessed much greater opportunities of doing good, than the present board of beneficence, notwithstanding their zeal and activity. Among those religious orders, devoted to inutility, some corporations were distinguished for their zeal in affording relief to the poor, particularly the sisters

of

of charity *, who devoted the whole of their lives to the most fatiguing and least honourable details of beneficence †. These respectable associations no longer exist, but the sisters of charity still survive, and are animated by the same disposition ‡."

In addition to these evidences of the want of public charity, it is stated in the report made by Cadet de Vaux to the Minister of the Interiour, in the name of the Committee of Beneficence, that "of all the branches of political economy, the least advanced among us, is public beneficence."

Happily, the committee being composed of able and respectable men, the objects of their institution have been in a great measure accomplished. A number of private Soup Establishments united with the general one, and M. Molard, the President of the Conservatory of Arts, furnished a new mode of constructing the fur-

* Under the general name of *Sœurs de la Charité*, may be added those of St. Jean, St. Thomas, &c., whose lives were devoted to the service of the poor.

† As I am persuaded the passage above was well meant, I have only to observe it is badly expressed. The offices of the *Sœurs de la Charité* consisted in attending on the sick as nurses, which cannot be denominated the least honourable of social duties.

‡ Two sisters of charity were stationed at every soup establishment.

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naces which has been adopted at several of the establishments. It consists in constructing them not in a circular shape, but in the form of a parallelogram, whereby they are erected with greater ease, as it is not necessary to cut the bricks in forming the conduits of the smoke. A great consumption of fuel is saved by this plan.

The direction of these establishments is committed to a Commission of seven members, one of whom, at least, must be a member of the central committee; two are chosen from the inhabitants of the district, and the remaining four are members of the four offices of beneficence belonging to each municipal jurisdiction.

Every establishment has a different coloured card, on which the place and hour of distribution are inscribed; and in order to prevent the feelings of the poor from being wounded by the term Beneficence, it is excluded from the billets, and over the door of each establishment, the following words are written. "*Ici, on vend de la soupe aux Légumes, à deux sols la ration: Vegetable Soup is sold here at one penny per ration.*" As some persons purchase their rations, this intermixture of those who buy, and those who receive gratis, appears to be the most delicate mode of doing the greatest good without affronting the feelings of individuals *. The committee have

* This plan was suggested by M. Frochott, Prefect of the Department of the Seine; the billet is as follows.

*Vegetable*

been enabled to establish seven furnaces independently of one erected in another part of the city, by a person of the name of Colibert; and for the honour of humanity, the name of M. Delessert, a banker, ought to be recorded as the person who first commenced a Soup Establishment at Paris, and an anonymous lady gave a sum sufficient to establish a furnace near the Pantheon. For three hundred subscriptions an additional furnace is constructed.

Although seven furnaces were the whole founded by the committee, yet they have been attentive to distribute the soup in very distant quarters of the city; but to save the time and trouble of the poor people, their rations have been carried to the chief places of their divisions, in portable kettles. While this proves a great deficiency in pecuniary means, it demonstrates, at the same time, the greatest attention, on the part of the committee, to the situation of those whom they supplied. This cauldron, or large kettle, constructed on Count Rumford's plan, transported daily, 36 rations to the division of the Temple, and 87 to that of Finisterre. Each ration, though announced as

*Vegetable Soup.*
The bearer has paid a penny
For one ration of soup.
From noon till two o'clock.

The phrase *has paid* is inserted with the view which I have stated above.

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weighing 24 ounces, amounts in fact to 28, exclusive of a portion of bread, which almost always exceeds an ounce. In the course of six months, the committee distributed 162,000 rations, one half of which were given away, and the other half sold considerably below their value, to the different bureaux of beneficence. All the children who had been vaccinated received portions, the commission of Civil Hospitals has received directions to fit up in all the prisons of Paris, furnaces for the preparation of soup, and a kitchen has been established in each municipal jurisdiction of the city, for the benefit of the poor. In general, the cooking of a kettle, containing 300 rations, costs only 15 sous, and 14½ lb of water have been boiled with one pound of wood. The council who superintend the hospitals of Paris are about to introduce this method, whereby above 2000l. sterling per annum will be saved in wood.

In several other parts of France, these charitable subscriptions have been encouraged. At Bordeaux, the Prefect, and the Society of Sciences, Arts, and Belles Lettres have opened a subscription for a soup establishment. At Strasbourg, the Agricultural Society, seconded by the Prefect, distributed daily, 335 rations; at Agen, 200 rations are daily distributed under the management of the *Sœurs Hospitaliers de la Charité*, who are assisted by the ladies of the town; at Brussels,

Brussels, three kitchens have been established, which distribute 300 rations daily; the same has been done by the Agricultural Society of Montpellier, and above twenty other towns.

To the example of these benevolent subscriptions Paris is indebted for the re-establishment of that admirable institution, called the Society of Maternal Charity, *Charité Maternelle*, whose zeal and humanity contributed so extensively to the advancement of its morals and population.

This accouut of a very useful institution will enable you to form some estimate of the internal administration of this capital, in relation to paupers; for there are neither parochial rates, nor workhouses in the sense we attach to them in England. For idle, disorderly, or viciously disposed persons, there is no midway between the high road and the prison; and no kind of provision exists which affords employment to persons, who from sickness, misfortune, or any other cause, have been thrown out of work. Hence the poverty of a French pauper is the consummation of wretchedness; rags, filth, and disease waste his constitution and deform his body, while despair for ever settles in his soul. If he have strength enough to carry a musket, he is instantly transformed into a soldier; and if this means of subsistence should fail, he has no other alternative, but to steal, or to assume the office of a beast of burden,

burden, and to perform that labour which, in other countries, is executed by horses and asses. If it be possible to convey an idea of misery more deplorable than this, the lot of the female beggar exceeds it an hundred fold. Objects of loathsome corruption and horrible aspect, they seem planted in the streets of this capital, only to laugh to scorn the revolution, and to rebuke the gaudy and sumptuous magnificence of the upstart great. As you traverse the streets, particularly if they suspect you are a stranger, they follow you with frightful howls, conjuring you in the name of God, and with entreaties that are enough to petrify a heart of flint, to give them some charity. The police takes very little interest in these affronts to human nature; in these plain confessions of the degradation of the French character. Its object is chiefly to guard the approaches to usurpation, to shield from sudden assault the fabric of despotic rule, to spring on the political free-thinker, to crush the rebellion of honest minds, and to maintain in the center of Asiatic pomp, the monotonous silence of Asiatic slavery. Hence, the charitable are deprived of the power of discrimination; they must attend to the cries of beggary, or submit (as I have done twice since I have been here) to be pursued for half a mile by the same forlorn wretch, imploring heaven and you for mercy. This is, indeed, a wretched state

of

of society; yet we are told, the revolution was the work of philosophy, for the benefit of the people, to dispel the darkness of their prejudices, and to remove all the moral and physical evils under which they groaned.

## LETTER XXXVI.

*Humane Institutions continued—La Salpétrière—Hotel Dieu—Hospital of Jesus—of Charity—of Pity, &c.—The Foundling Hospital.*

IT would afford me infinite pleasure, if, from the abundant information which I have collected respecting the state of public charities in France, I could transmit you nothing else but details of numerous and well supported foundations of this description. But, unfortunately, every thing is doing, or about to be done, in this country. High-sounding promises, and admirable plans on paper, are eternally frustrated by the incessant demand of monies for other less useful purposes. The poor provinces are drained for the embellishment and luxuries of the capital, and their complaints are many and bitter. I shall therefore reserve minuter details until my return, and confine my observations at present to what relates to this city, and its department.

The Salpétrière, before the revolution, was employed as a house of correction; but since that event, it has been successively converted into a prison, an infirmary, and, at length, an hospital. It is an immense building, extremely well situated near the river, and is now appropriated as a re-

ceptacle for girls, above fifteen hundred of whom are maintained in it; but I cannot say much in favour of its cleanly appearance.

The Hotel Dieu, now called Hospital of Humanity, is an infirmary for the sick and diseased. It will contain four thousand people.

The Hospital of Jesus is not upon so large a scale as the former, and the Hospital of Charity is appropriated exclusively for males. The Hospital of Pity is somewhat similar to our Parish Charity Schools, for the maintenance and instruction of poor boys; this hospital is under a very good discipline. The Hospital of the Trinity, of St. Sulpice, and of the Incurables, are well regulated, particularly the latter, where the utmost attention and humanity are shewn to its miserable inhabitants.

The Foundling Hospital, now called the Hospital of Maternity, overflowed with little helpless infants, during those periods of the revolution, when the holy rites of marriage were treated with derision, and licensed vice was the order of the day. Paris, since the accession of the hero of Corsica, has not made much progress in virtue; it is as immoral and wicked as ever. Hence the endearments of social life are not much cherished; marriage is not an object of desire, and consequently, the number of foundlings exceeds that of all Europe.

Perhaps, I am not altogether correct in the denomination which I have given to this establishment;

ment; for it embraces two objects, provision for lying-in women, and maintenance for foundlings. It is, therefore, much more comprehensive than the old Foundling Hospital in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine; and the name of Maternity is, in every sense of the word, a more appropriate, just, and general term for this admirable institution.

I can dwell with complacency upon, and am proud to enumerate the advantages of this hospital. It is divided into two compartments, one of which is appropriated to the delivery of those pregnant women, who are received into the house at their eighth month, upon their presenting themselves for admission; the other, is allotted to those children who have been exposed or abandoned by their parents, and are here put to the breast; before which, however, they are first placed in wards, where they are fed with the milk of cows until the state of their health is ascertained. Nothing can be more interesting than the spectacle of so many infants in cradles, arranged in lines. They are afterwards put into the hands of wet-nurses provided by the institution, until women out of the country can be found to take them to their own homes. Each of these wet-nurses has the care of two infants, her own and a foundling.

This establishment, therefore, has supplied the place of that which was called the Foundling, and it is indisputably a most happy idea, by which humanity and moral duty are both consulted, by

blending the principles of the former with a provision for lying-in women, who had before no other place to which they could resort in the hour of labour, than to the *Hotel Dieu* amongst the sick.

The building for the lying-in women is part of the old house which belonged to the Society of the Oratory. It is spacious, airy, and has very large galleries leading to the respective apartments, in each of which, not more than six or seven beds are prepared for the objects of the charity.

The children are suckled in the Abbey of Port Royal, a convent formerly occupied by women, who were disposed of in a thousand little cells, and confined on all sides, by such additions as the whim or accommodation of the pensioners required. During the days of proscription and massacre, this edifice was converted into a prison, when the passages were blocked up, day-light shut out, and circular walls raised. The infernal demoniacs of this detestable city, with their accustomed cold blooded atrocity, changed the name of this Abbey of Port Royal, in which they had entombed hundreds of their fellow-citizens, to that of *Port Libre;* just in the same manner as the Royal Tyger was called the National Tyger, and in these times of adulation, at Neully, M. Triquet, the botanist, calls the Tulip, *le premier Consul, vrai chef-d'œuvre!*

But

But to return. Whilst it was used as a Foundling Hospital, 500 infants, 200 wet-nurses belonging to the house, 100 pregnant women, and 40 sick persons were all crowded indiscriminately together, besides the number of attendants, and the apothecary. The multitude of partitions impeded the circulation of the air, and retained an infectious effluvia, which must necessarily have been produced from so many children, always clothed in dirty linen; indeed, there was not in the whole building one apartment through which a thorough air passed. It was of course a difficult matter to inspect so many dark rooms detached from each other; it frequently happened that two women slept in the same bed; a general cleansing and whitewashing of the place was never known.

The institution was burthened with children left upon the hands of the charity; for the country nurses having been paid with paper money, and often kept a long time out of their wages, it fell into discredit, and nurses would not offer themselves. The great influx of children, required a proportionate number of house-nurses, and hence arose the impossibility of selecting them, the necessity of complying with all their demands, and a great want of management.

The food and the linen, in consequence of the low ebb to which the credit of the house was sunk, were left to be provided by contractors: the

nurses had no clothes found them, pregnant women who wanted clothing could get none, and the infants were not provided even with the linen that was absolutely necessary. All these evils did not originate in any misconduct of the governors, but in that want of economy, in that love of dissipation, costly shews, Consular pantomimes and parade, in that prodigal waste of the public treasure, diverted from its proper objects to gorge the insatiate rapacity of hungry favourites and parasites, for which the government of this infatuated people, is beyond all others distinguished *.

Every thing conspired to weaken the efforts of the Council General of the Institution; no event appeared to encourage, nor collateral aid to support them. The first thing therefore which they

* I dare affirm, and I am in possession of unanswerable vouchers to prove it, that to this circumstance alone, the shameful and dilapidated condition of almost all the hospitals is to be attributed. So forcible are the representations of some of the Prefects upon this subject, that they go so far as to assert boldly and roundly, that the duties assessed, and grants made for the support of the hospitals have been scandalously diverted from their original destination, and lavished without account, on less necessary purposes. This is strong language for Pro-Consuls, and might give offence if published. But these remonstrances are not permitted to be inspected by vulgar eyes. I refer to my political work for a fuller investigation into this subject, as well as of the employment of the National Revenues.

had

had to discharge, was, to secure and regulate the payment of the country nurses. In 1801, not more than 250l. sterling was due, yet it was unpaid, and the reason assigned was, that the nurses neglected to bring their certificates, which they must produce previous to the payment of their claims. However, the two first quarters of this year have been discharged, and it has been attended with a very striking effect. The infants have been sent to nurse much sooner, and the number of those who have died is considerably diminished; so many house-nurses have not been required; they have been selected with care, and kept under a regular management; persons who were of no use whatever to the institution have been discharged, and consequently, several indigent ones have been relieved.

These meliorations had been already effected, when the *Paternal Trust* was established, whose attention has been directed to four principal objects, salubrity, better provision, economy, supply of clothing and linen. The small out-buildings which were in a ruinous state, have been pulled down; the partitions that divided the wards, taken away; the number of windows increased, and cleanliness introduced throughout the whole. The walls have been close scraped; the dormitories and wards white-washed; contractors no longer are employed in the principal part of the work, but men whom the government employ in times

of difficulty, have been engaged to pull down for the repairs. The white-washing has been done by old workmen, who had retired to Beutre, and by boys belonging to the Hospital of Pity. In the course of the work, from the bad state of the buildings, many rotten timbers were discovered, and were repaired at an heavy expence; and almost all the window-frames had become unserviceable.

The inspectors had remarked that a portion of the provisions disappeared; and as the people of the house had an opportunity of selling the victuals, they were constantly complaining that they had not enough. To remedy this evil, refectories have been established, where they all eat together. The inspectors are very diligent in the lying-in part of the hospital, and propose to give equal attention to that wherein the infants are suckled. The food is there abundant, wholesome, and varied. The childrens' kitchen, in which bread, milk, panada, and vermicelli are prepared, has been fitted up apart from the others, and is under especial inspection. The place of apothecary has been suppressed. Plenty of linen has been provided for the children, and the servant girls and house-nurses, as well as the poorest of the pregnant women, have been supplied with clothes. The double beds heads have been removed; each woman and nurse have a separate bed, and the latter have two cribs for the infants they

they suckle. The principal part of these bedsteads and cribs have been painted, and the vermin which used to infest them have disappeared.

Two new regulations have been adopted, which on account of their important tendency, deserve notice. The pregnant women near their time were formerly suffered to be without any employment, in consequence of which, they fell into a languor and lowness of spirits, and not unfrequently, bodily indisposition. Work-rooms have now been established, in which they are employed on occupations suited to their sex, under the direction and instruction of a proper person belonging to the house. The charity might convert their earnings to the benefit of the hospital; but it has been thought preferable to pay them for items, there being no intention to constrain, but only to encourage them to moderate work. They have, therefore, been regularly paid, in order to enable them when they quit the hospital after lying-in to seek for employ, without being distressed by the painful uncertainty of not knowing how or where they shall procure subsistence for the morrow.

The second regulation establishes a course of midwifery for the advantage of female pupils from all the departments. There were generally four pupils under the chief midwife, whom she instructed in the practice of midwifery for three months. This has just given rise to a public school

school of midwifery in the Hospital of Maternity, to which are invited as many midwives as can be procured from the several departments; and upon a moderate sum being paid for each, either by themselves, by the departments, or by the communes to which they belong, they are to be lodged and boarded for six months in the hospital. The theoretical part will be taught by M. Baudelocque, principal accoucheur, and the practical by Madame La Chapelle, principal midwife. The school will open on Monday, the 23d of next August. France has for a long time stood in need of such an establishment on which the lives of so many individuals depend *.

All the improvements that have been made in the economy of this establishment are to be attributed

* I have here annexed a general view of its interiour direction, conformably to the statutes which have been within these few days enacted.

*Regulations relative to the course of midwifery, established in the Hospital of Maternity.*

Art. 1. The Office of Health belonging to the Hospital of Maternity shall be divided into two principal departments;

1. The direction of the midwifery cases, and the instruction of the pupils.

2. The direction of the childrens' food, and the treatment of the sick who shall be received into the infirmaries.

FIRST

tributed to the active and enlightened zeal of M. Camus, member of the General Council of Hospitals,

## FIRST DIVISION.

### *On the Direction of the Midwifery Cases, and the Instruction relative to them.*

II. Such a number of midwives shall be admitted as the extent of the building will accommodate. They shall all be able to read and write.

III. They shall be lodged and boarded, and provided with fire and candle, upon their paying 10l. 8s. 4d. for the half year.

IV. In case the prefects of the departments should recommend a greater number of midwives than the accommodations of the hospital will admit of, the committee of the governors shall take the necessary steps to procure them situations in the neighbourhood of the hospital, unless the pupils would rather lodge at their own expence.

V. The course of study shall begin on the 20th of June and 22d of December, every year, and continue for six months.

VI. The pupils who shall not deem themselves sufficiently informed in that period, may remain another half year in the hospital in the same capacity, upon paying a month in advance for the licence. They shall be obliged to appear before a Jury of Health belonging to the hospital, who shall determine whether such prolongation of their term of attendance be necessary, and whether they be likely to reap any advantage from it.

VII. Every half year a course of lectures on the theoretical part of midwifery shall be given, for the benefit of the pupils, and shall last six months. Two lectures shall be given every week on certain fixed days and hours.

VIII. Each

pitals; and citizen Bailly, the steward and store-keeper, has greatly contributed towards the establishment

VIII. Each lecture shall be an hour long; one half of it shall be appropriated to teaching the different branches of the art, and the other to conversations on the subject of the preceding lectures, in the course of which the pupils will be expected to answer such questions as shall be put to them, in order that some judgment may be formed of their abilities and progress.

IX. Besides these theoretical and elementary lectures, the pupils shall be exercised in the manual part of midwifery, by the principal widwife.

X. Every pupil in the hospital shall be desired to attend at the delivery, but no one shall be permitted to operate, except in the plainest cases, who has not been declared by the accoucheur, or the principal midwife, to possess the requisite skill.

XI. Two pupils only at a time shall be admitted into the chamber of each woman in labour, but care shall be taken that the less skilful shall as much as possible be associated with the more intelligent.

XII. Every pupil shall thus be employed in her turn, so that at the end of their half year, each shall have attended and assisted at an equal number of labours.

XIII. In this practical course they shall be under the immediate instruction of the principal midwife.

XIV. A list of instructions and rules to be observed in this practical course and process shall be drawn up, to which both the midwife and pupils shall be bound to adhere.

XV. Whenever the delivery shall be deemed impracticable to be effected by the mere efforts of the mother, or it shall be found necessary to proceed to an operation, such a number of

blishment of order, and the direction and accomplishment of the several kinds of work.

In

of pupils as the principal midwife may think proper shall be desired to attend.

XVI. In all cases of difficulty the principal midwife shall operate, provided she do not apprehend any danger likely to ensue to the mother or to the child, and she perceives no great obstacle in the execution of the business. In any one of these cases she shall give notice to the principal accoucheur, unless indeed delay may have a still more dangerous tendency.

XVII. The design of this institution being to bring up a number of pupils to the practice of midwifery, they shall be allowed to operate in some of these difficult cases, should the principal accoucheur and midwife think proper; but whatever they do shall be in the presence of one or other of these persons.

XVIII. They shall be desired to attend in their turns, beginning with the most skilful.

XIX. They, in all ordinary cases, shall not be allowed to leave the woman till two hours after delivery. One of them shall constantly stay with her, to provide against any accident, and to call in the midwife, if necessary; the other pupil shall remain to take care of the infant.

XX. The same pupils who delivered, shall be obliged to visit the different women in the morning and evening, that they may see every part of the natural progress of the lying-in, and to inform the midwife in time of the several symptoms that may occur.

XXI. Their visits to the sick women shall be more frequent; and, according to the severity of the disease, one shall be constantly in readiness, to take care that every thing proper

may

In order to complete this account, I send a statement of the proceedings in the different departments of the hospital.

N° I.

may be punctually attended to, and to observe the various symptoms that may arise in the course of the twenty-four hours, and also to advertise the physician, when he arrives, to visit the patient.

XXII. One pupil only will be able to attend on this business in several wards, and at the end of four hours shall be relieved by another. This attendance shall be given by all in their turns.

XXIII. Every day regular notes shall be taken of each labour that takes place in the practical ward, set apart for the pupils. They shall be arranged by the pupils themselves, or by the principal midwife, and deposited in a box, of which the chief accoucheur shall always have a key.

XXIV. The pupils shall undergo an examination every half year, in the presence of the Council of Health belonging to the hospital, and which shall consist of the physician and the surgeon in ordinary, and of the chief accoucheur: two commissioners shall also attend, one of whom shall be appointed by the Committee of Direction, and the other by the School of Medicine.

XXV. A certificate of skill shall be given to every pupil to whom it shall be adjudged by a majority of votes.

## SECOND DIVISION.

*Of the Childrens' Food, and the Service of the Infirmaries.*

XXVI. The treatment of the sick in the infirmaries, and the management of the childrens' food, shall rest entirely with the physician, and the surgeon in ordinary.

XXVII. The

## N° I.

*List of Persons belonging to, and maintained in the Hospital of Maternity, taken on the Mornings of the 21st of May, the 20th of June, and the 19th of July.*

| Months. | Pregnant and lying-in women. | Their children. | Children abandoned by their parents. | House nurses. | Nurses children. | Persons employed, and maid-servants. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| May 21 | 143 | 21 | 191 | 109 | 92 | 71 |
| June 20 | 125 | 18 | 145 | 106 | 89 | 74 |
| July 19 | 112 | 20 | 178 | 104 | 92 | 75 |

XXVII. The surgeon in ordinary shall make his visits every day, or at least two days in the week. The physician and the principal surgeon accoucheur shall attend him.

XXVIII. Independently of the regular visits, the physician and the principal surgeon accoucheur shall consult in all difficult cases with the surgeon in ordinary, who shall be obliged to call them in.

XXIX. The surgeon in ordinary shall be attended by a pupil brought up in the house, who shall reside in the suckling department. Another pupil of the same class shall also attend the principal accoucheur, and shall reside in the lying-in department.

## N° II.

*List of Persons received into the Hospital of Maternity, from the 21st of April to the 19th of July.*

| Months. | Children abandoned by their parents. | Pregnant and lying-in women. | House nurses. | Observations. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| April 21 to May 20 | 435 | 121 | 23 | The successive departures every day reduce the number of persons entered upon the books the day preceding. The difference between the total of departures and entries is given in List No. I. |
| May 20 to June 19 | 332 | 104 | 18 | |
| June 19 to July 19 | 330 | 105 | 27 | |
| | 1097 | 330 | 68 | |

## N° III.

*List of Deaths in the Hospital of Maternity from the 21st of April to the 19th of July.*

| Months. | Children abandoned. | | Women pregnant and lying-in. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | In the crib. | In the hands of the wet-nurses. | |
| April 21 to May 20 | 173 | 20 | 2 |
| May 20 to June 19 | 79 | 19 | 2 |
| June 19 to July 19 | 45 | 10 | 2 |
| | 297 | 49 | 6 |
| | 346 | | |

N° IV.

## N° IV.

*Account of Monies paid to pregnant Women for their Work, since the 4th of February, 1802, the Day on which the Work Rooms were first established.*

| Months. | Cash paid. £. | s. | d. | Observations. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Feb. 4. to Feb. 9 | 4 | 6 | 9¾ | The women who work, earn, upon an average, 1¼d. per day. The money, which has been distributed to the women, makes 6475 day's work, which divided by 165 days, the time that this distribution has been established, gives a number of 39 women, who have been engaged in earning something for themselves. Those who do not know how to work, are employed as helps in the kitchen, and house-work, in proportion to their strength. |
| Feb. 20 to Mar. 21 | 10 | 10 | 11¾ | |
| Mar. 21 to April 20 | 16 | 10 | 6¾ | |
| April 20 to May 20 | 12 | 3 | 9¼ | |
| May 20 to June 19 | 13 | 5 | 1¼ | |
| June 19 to July 19 | 10 | 11 | 8½ | |

## N° V.

*Account of Labours in the Hospital of Maternity, from the 21st of April to the 19th of July.*

| Natural labours. | Laborious, or preternatural labours. | Labours where instruments were used. | Lyings-in natural and without accident. | Lyings-in with accident or disease. | Died in childbed. | Delivered of twins. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 338 | 4 | 0 | 325 | 17 | 4 | 1 |

## N° VI.

*List of Country Nurses, from April 21 to July 19.*

| Months. | Number of nurses. | Observations. |
|---|---|---|
| April 21 to May 20 | 218 | |
| Mar. 22 to April 20 | 257 | |
| May 21 to June 19 | | |
| June 19 to July 19 | 194 | |
| | 669 | |

## N° VII.

*List of Children sent out of the Hospital into the Country to nurse, from the 21st of April to the 19th of July.*

| Months. | Children suckled. | Children weaned. | Observations. |
|---|---|---|---|
| April 21 to May 20 | 218 | 46 | |
| May 20 to June 19 | 237 | 38 | |
| June 19 to July 19 | 194 | 55 | |
| | 808 | | |

COMPA-

*COMPARATIVE VIEW of the INTERIOR EXPENDITURE of the HOSPITAL of MATERNITY, from April 21 to July 19, 1802, with that of the OLD PLAN, had it continued.*

| | | Account of day's work. | Expences. In the hospital on the old plan. £. | s. | d. | £. | s. | d. | Under the paternal trust. £. | s. | d. | Saving of the paternal trust. £. | s. | d. | Comparative amount. Under the old system. s. | d. | Under the paternal trust. s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| From April 21 to May 20 | Women . . . . | 8,130 | 406 | 10 | 0 | | | | | | | | | | 0 | 11 | 0 | $3\frac{3}{4}$ |
| | Children . . . | 9,488 | 137 | 7 | 4 | 573 | 15 | 9 | 408 | 14 | 7 | 165 | 1 | 2 | 0 | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | 0 | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| | Country people* | 684 | 29 | 18 | 5 | | | | | | | | | | 0 | $10\frac{1}{4}$ | 0 | $3\frac{3}{4}$ |
| From May 20 to June 19 | Women . . . . | 7,131 | 356 | 11 | 2 | | | | | | | | | | 0 | 11 | 0 | $4\frac{1}{4}$ |
| | Children . . . | 7,947 | 115 | 17 | $10\frac{1}{2}$ | 505 | 17 | $5\frac{1}{2}$ | 386 | 8 | 8 | 119 | 8 | $9\frac{1}{2}$ | 0 | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | 0 | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| | Country people | 764 | 33 | 8 | 5 | | | | | | | | | | 0 | $10\frac{1}{4}$ | 0 | $4\frac{1}{4}$ |
| From June 19 to July 19 | Women . . . . | 6,861 | 343 | 11 | 1 | | | | | | | | | | 0 | 11 | 0 | $4\frac{1}{2}$ |
| | Children . . . | 8,007 | 116 | 15 | $2\frac{1}{2}$ | 488 | 12 | $2\frac{1}{4}$ | 390 | 17 | 2 | 97 | 15 | $0\frac{1}{4}$ | 0 | $1\frac{3}{4}$ | 0 | $1\frac{1}{4}$ |
| | Country people | 647 | 28 | 5 | $11\frac{1}{4}$ | | | | | | | | | | 0 | $10\frac{1}{4}$ | 0 | $4\frac{1}{2}$ |
| | | | 1568 | 5 | $5\frac{1}{4}$ | | | | 1186 | 0 | 5 | 382 | 5 | $0\frac{1}{4}$ | 5 | 9 | 2 | $4\frac{3}{4}$ |

* The nurses, and those who bring them from the country.



I hope

[ 195 ]

I hope I have not been prolix in these details. It is impossible and unjust to applaud or to censure institutions without entering into very minute particulars respecting them; besides which, as the above statements have been officially communicated to me, I flatter myself you will receive them with a greater degree of interest. For, with a very few exceptions, the account of the condition of any one hospital, contains the history of every other. By this exposure of the disgraceful decay into which one of the most important establishments in France had fallen, you will be able to guess what little thought the government devotes to such subjects. In fact, such precision is to me an economy of time, and to you an abridgment of lassitude. There is more attention paid here to the organization of a *corps de chaſſeurs*, than to all the hospitals of the republic put together. Indeed, the very existence of these establishments depend chiefly on the personal industry of the few good and virtuous men who live in this abandoned city. I am aware, that I might have enlivened this letter (and it is certainly in my power to do it) with sprightly anecdotes, according to the practice of most travellers; but as I came here, neither with a view of recording sallies of wit, nor of being fascinated with raree-shews, but to scrutinize, and to profit by the improvements or follies of other men.

men, I am persuaded you will not require any further apology upon this head. As all the hospitals, and other establishments for the protection of the poor of Paris, are maintained exclusively by the Government, it is proper the conduct of that Government should be fully investigated, when complaints resound from every quarter against its inattention to the fundamental principle of its establishment. There are in Paris, above 22,000 objects of charity; and the whole annual expenditure in their behalf, does not amount to 185,000l. sterling. I cannot better support these remarks, than by presenting you with a summary of the observations and requisitions of the Prefect of this Department.

" Re-establish," says he, to the queries of the Minister of the Interior, " the former sisters of Charity, place them at the head of the hospital department, authorize them to choose others, that this useful institution may be perpetuated. Employ in sedentary labours the old men and the infirm; the produce of their work may be divided between themselves and the hospital. Provide for the necessities of the hospitals, by *securing on them national property, equal in value to the amount of what they formerly possessed.* This *restitution* will supply the place of assessments, whose produce is insufficient; in the mean time, let the produce of these assessments be paid into

the treasuries of the hospitals, in *order that they may never be diverted from their primitive destination.* Establish houses of instruction for the reception of foundlings, when they have passed their infancy, and habituate them to industry. Repair the buildings. Provide linen, &c. Discharge the debts of the hospitals, and confide to a single administration, the direction of the succour to be afforded to the whole department, and let it be distributed in proportion to the population of the Communes."

There is another circumstance connected with the hospital establishment, which merits the strongest reprobation; I mean the medical department. Never was there a more striking contrast between two countries, than between Britain and France, in this respect. In the latter, it is considered as a kind of *dishonour* to attend on the hospitals as a medical man; hence, the persons employed are generally of very inferiour abilities and reputation, and their pay is their principal object. In Britain, it is a matter of the highest honour, and of the supreme ambition of the most learned and experienced practitioners, to be attached to an hospital, where they rejoice to exercise their professional skill, without fee or reward. Indeed, the election of physician, surgeon, or apothecary, to most of the London hospitals, is sometimes contested with all

all the zeal that distinguishes the suitors of a parliamentary borough; with this superadded circumstance, that peers and ladies are allowed to take an interest, and to canvas and vote for the doctor. Which of the two nations is entitled to assume the name of the good Samaritan?

## LETTER XXXVII.

*Humane Institutions concluded.—National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, under the Direction of Abbé Sicard.—The Savage of Aveyron.*

IT is impossible to be present at one of the public lessons given by the Abbé Sicard to this unfortunate class, without being penetrated with the liveliest emotions of compassion, anxiety, and respect. Compassion and anxiety for the immediate objects of the institution, and respect for its classical, humane, and scientific director. The lecture at which I was present, began by the Abbé's explaining the *cause* of dumbness, *i. e.* the *privation of hearing*, which precludes the possibility of imitating sounds, forming what is denominated *articulation, or speech*—and not from any absolute defect in the organs, or, (as the Abbé expresses himself) in the instrument of speech. This instrument is as perfect in the deaf and dumb as in any other person; but, similar to the Piano Forte, or other musical instrument, it requires the aid of touch, or of scientific power, to produce harmonious sound. Such, however, have been the labors of the immortal

Abbé

Abbé de l'Epée, and of his successor, the Abbé Sicard, that they have initiated a very considerable number of these afflicted members of society into the arcana of mental communication, without the aid of speech, and by certain signs can carry on a conversation with them upon any subject. They have gone further—they have taught several the use and application of grammar, and brought them to comprehend perfectly, by the mere effects of mechanical operation, the signification of the whole language. They have even taught some to read and pronounce aloud any sentence written for them, but, as may be expected, the pronunciation, not being *imitation*, and being wholly *unheard* by the person who utters, is incorrect. This sort of pronunciation is the effect of a compelled mechanical exertion of the organs of speech, produced by the Abbé's placing his lips and mouth in certain positions, and appearing to the scholar to make certain motions, who, in endeavouring to imitate such motions, necessarily brings forth a sound, more or less like that required. The degree of force which it is necessary the scholar should apply to pronounce distinctly any word, is regulated by the Abbé's pressing his arm gently, moderately, or strongly! The whole art is curious and highly interesting.

At this meeting, the Abbé Sicard had an opportunity of shewing to his auditors the first mode of communication with the deaf and dumb. A boy about thirteen years of age, whom the Abbé had

had not even seen, had just been sent to the Institution. A sheet of paper was brought, on which were painted many of the most common objects, such as an horse, a carriage, bird, tree, &c. Upon the Abbé's pointing to any one of them, the boy immediately seemed delighted to shew, by signs, that he fully comprehended the representation, and these signs, attentively observed by the Abbé, formed the basis of their future communications.

To prove that *speech* is merely a matter of imitation, the Abbé produced a girl about seventeen years old, who had lost her hearing when she was about six. She had, therefore, acquired a small vocabulary of words and ideas, such as might be expected at six years of age. Her mode of enunciation and voice were also like those of a child. The *cha*, (in French pronounced *sha*) being not easily expressed by infants, they almost all say *sa*; and so it happened with this girl. She had learned the name of a cat, *chat*, and had not forgotten it; but she pronounced it *sa*. There had been, also, a dog in the house where she had been bred up in her infancy, whose name was Tootoo; she remembered this word, but not being able to discriminate why this name was given, she imagined it was the name common to the species in general, and consequently, she called every dog *tootoo*. This girl was a very curious instance of the primary effects of education, and the absolute ignorance in which mankind

mankind would inevitably remain without the sense of hearing, in which state, education, as usually conducted, must necessarily cease.

To give an idea of the perfection to which one of the scholars had arrived under the Abbé's humane direction, the following sentence was written from a book opened by a lady, who sat by accident near the Abbé:

" *Le zèle qui n'est pas selon la science, n'est pas celui, sans doute, que le Ciel avoue, qu'il benit, qu'il commande,* &c.—That zeal which is not regulated, is neither acknowledged, favoured, nor authorized by Heaven."

This sentence was read, construed, and grammatically divided, according to the Abbé's method, in a most surprizing manner. Even the errors of these interesting young men, could not fail of exciting much emotion, from the anxiety, suspense, and hope depicted in their countenances. After the grammatical exercise, the Abbé Sicard, willing to demonstrate how far the scholars comprehended the force of certain words, proposed, in writing, the following question: " Qu'est ce que c'est que zèle?"—" What is zeal?"

He was answered by Massieu, one of the deaf and dumb pupils: " C'est un amour brulant, ardent, prenant la flamme intellectuelle,—un desir très-ardent." " It is a burning, ardent love, partaking of the intellectual flame,—a very ardent desire."

The Abbé having explained, by signs, to his

pupil, that this was not a satisfactory definition, he instantly appeared to perceive his mistake, and wrote hastily, " C'est un grand amour pour le travail, pour l'étude, pour l'inspection, la guerre, *l'Institution*, &c. &c."—" It is a great love of labour, study, inspection, war, the *Institution*." (meaning the deaf and dumb.)

This answer led to a definition of the terms, " zèle et amour," and the question was thus proposed in writing: " Qu'elle est la différence entre le zele et l'amour?"—" What is the difference between zeal and love?" To which he wrote with great promptness: " Le zèle nous fait bruler avec notre cœur quelque objet qui lui parait agréable." —" Zeal makes us burn in our heart some object which appears agreeable to it."

The idea of *burning in our heart*; " *bruler avec notre cœur*," drew from the Abbé a short conversation, by signs, to prove that *bruler* was a word inapplicable; and Massieu corrected his definition, by writing, " L'amour nous fait approuver dans notre cœur, la présence de l'object qui lui paroit agréable—et non bruler."—" Love makes us feel in our hearts, the presence of the object which appears agreeable to it,—and not burning."

These exercises are open to the public, and they are extremely well attended, chiefly by persons of respectable appearance. Jérome Bonaparte, the consular sailor, sat by me at one of the Abbé's lectures, and his tongue went at such an incessant rate, that I totally lost the benefit of the

the discourse, in answering his questions. I have, therefore, been obliged to renew my visit. The various operations of the human mind are, perhaps, better explained by this practical method, than by the most laboured written productions, and I am not a little proud, that I have been an eye-witness of the practicability of the system, which I proposed for adoption in the culture of the mind of our youth, but which was treated as visionary at home.

At one of these lectures, the Abbé Sicard stated a very curious occurrence. After having observed, that our blind Sanderson, on being asked to describe the sound of a trumpet, compared it to the colour red, he stated, that a deaf and dumb pupil, having been desired to define his idea of red, he immediately answered, it resembled the sound of a trumpet.

I was present with two English ladies and a gentleman one day, when the Abbé explained the mode in which he instructed his pupils; in the course of which, he entered into a very elaborate discussion on the general principles of grammar. Perceiving that we were very attentive to what he delivered, he invited us, with the politeness of the old French school, to seat ourselves on the rostrum from which he was discoursing. As soon as we had taken our stations, he began with apologizing for the length to which he should extend his lecture, and observed, that as English persons were present, he should take this opportunity of

entering

entering fully into an explanation of his plan of instruction, and that he felt himself the more interested in doing so, as the English language was essentially a philosophical one, much more suited to abstract reasonings than the French, and that, without its assistance, it would be impossible for him to make himself understood by the deaf and dumb. This marked compliment, evidently pointed to us, was certainly very flattering to our national character, and the spectators welcomed it with rapturous applauses *.

In the course of his proofs, M. Sicard completely established the truth of his observations on the two languages, and in order to convince his audience, by ocular demonstration of it, he gave a lesson to Massieu, in which he made it appear, that without the use of English adverbs, that is, without employing the French language adverbially, according to our practice, he could not converse with the deaf and dumb. He has, therefore, found it necessary to form, (if I may be allowed the term) a new language, which succeeds admirably. I shall never forget the elegant commendation which he passed, at the expence of the French, on the general cultivation of the Greek language in Great Britain †.

As

* It is not a little extraordinary, that clapping of hands should be suffered at a metaphysical lecture; but it was repeated almost at every turn of a period.

† The Abbé Sicard is a member of the National Institute. Being a priest, he was imprisoned in the Carmes during the massacres

As soon as the lecture had ended, our party proceeded to the top of the building, in order to take a peep at the Savage of Aveyron. When M. P***, the gentleman who introduced me to the Abbé Sicard, made the proposal, I was not aware that he was going to shew us any thing human. Accordingly, I followed close at his heels, and after I had entered the room, perceiving only a man, woman, and boy, I enquired for the savage. "This is he," said M. P——, pointing to the boy, "kiss him;" and without waiting for me to recover myself, he actually pushed me on the lad, and in this attitude of kissing, was I discovered when the ladies entered the apartment, the little savage holding me at the same time by the arms. I was not a little confused at this involuntary fraternal buss, which I was obliged to make, and it has been ever since the subject of merriment. However, the savage no sooner saw the ladies at the door, (for they did not choose to advance far) than he sprung from me, went to the window, and after looking out a few moments, turned suddenly round, and moved (for it could not be called walking) very fast up and down the room, without seeming to pay them the least attention. I had by this time recovered myself,

massacres in September 1792; and after having seen seventeen priests butchered before his eyes, he was about to be put to death, when a person of the name of Monnot saved his life.

and

and grasped him firmly by the arm; but he took no manner of notice of me; neither did his eyes roll about, as happens with some idiots. He had the most vacant countenance I ever beheld, and continued to pace along the room. At length, I held him with such strength, that I kept him stationary, with his face turned towards the ladies. Once he gave me an idiot look, and ever after kept his eyes immoveably fixed on them; but when they withdrew, he broke out in a most extraordinary manner, stamping with both his feet, rolling his body to the right and left, like a pendulum, and howling in such a strange tone that I cannot describe it. The first two syllables of *ululare*, come nearest to it; or you may, perhaps, form some idea of his notes, by repeating in a louder, harsher, and more dissonant voice, each time, these syllables, *oulu*, *oulu*, *oulu*, and enunciating the *ou* after the French mode.

This savage phenomenon was found in the forests of Aveyron, and here his history begins and ends. He has not made the least progress in knowledge or speech, since he has been the associate of human beings, and with the possession of all his senses, he has not a common idea. Once he escaped from his wardens, and after a long search had been made after him, he was discovered perched on the top of a tree. I should conclude, from this circumstance, that his frequent and eager resort to the window, must arise

arise from an intuitive desire to revisit his native wilds. Civil society has no charms for him; and nothing has yet been known to attract his attention. Every effort has been made by his keepers and others, without effect, to impress him with some kind of sentiment, or to extract something from him. When a fork was put into his hand, and they endeavoured to shew him how to use it, he is said to have brought the handle to his mouth, and the bit of meat, stuck on its extremity, went to his ear. This anecdote created some suspicions in my mind of its truth; for in the first place, the putting into his hand a fork to eat with, and shewing him how to make use of it, imply that he was susceptible of instruction, and consequently, was not utterly destitute of the faculty of observing; secondly, unless this be admitted, the putting a fork into his hand, would be as dangerous as putting a razor into the paw of a monkey; and lastly, if my memory fail me not, there is a similar incident narrated in the account of Otaheite, given either in Captain Wallace's Voyage round the World, or in Captain Cook's. Rejecting, therefore, this, and many other fabulous reports concerning him, I am fully persuaded, from what I have been told by the Abbé Sicard, and from what I saw, that he is a downright ideot. A great deal has been published respecting this "child of Nature," as he has been foolishly nick-

named by the Parisian wits; and the wretched condition in which he appears, has furnished several philosophists with arguments, with which they have attempted to reason away the understanding and virtue of mankind. Thus, one or two solitary facts occurring in the history of man, are deemed sufficient foundations on which to build a theory, whereby the faith and moral principles of civilized nations are to be prostrated before the shrine of Atheism. But this is not a just mode of reasoning; and what Dr. Paley has said, respecting Peter the Wild Boy of Germany, in his Elements of Moral Philosophy, may be applied with equal force to this wild boy of France, and conveys at the same time, an unanswerable refutation of such fallacious doctrines.

The conversations into which I have been led, in consequence of my visit to this young savage, have been very interesting, because they were chiefly with avowed Atheists, members of the National Institute. It is really astonishing to what extremities they push their subtle sophisms; and while they affect to discard every thing that is not *material* and appurtenant to this globe, they are continually soaring *extra flammantia mœnia mundi.* Of the justice of this remark, you will be perfectly satisfied, when I inform you, that in a solemn discussion, which I had the other day with a man for whom I entertain the highest regard, on account of his private virtues, and who

who is justly considered as one of the first natural philosophers in the world; he told me, with a grave and serious countenance, that Lagrange, Lacroix, and several others of the Institute, whom he mentioned, had sent to a German *, now exploring the interior of Africa, to request he would make the experiment of a connection between a male ourang-outang and an African woman; and that he looked with the most eager expectation for the most favourable results from it!!!

Such a project is worthy of the philosophers of the National Institute; and I will venture to affirm, that it never could have been conceived by any other being, except the devil and themselves. It is a sublime stroke of modern philosophy; it is essentially, unequivocally, and exclusively, French. But one step more remains, to eternize the glory of the Institute, which is, when this new monster of their impious creation shall have been generated, to elect him immediately a member of the class of Natural History, belonging to that learned, profound, and virtuous confraternity of philosophers.

* Surely this is not Horneman! If it be, let that excellent institution which sent him, look to their responsibility to heaven and earth, if they suffer such an abomination of nature to be attempted by their agent.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

*Economical Establishments—Progressive Annuity Fund—Society for the Encouragement of National Industry.*

AT this time, a plan is in preparation to be laid before the public for the establishment of an Annuity Fund on a very extensive scale, and upon substantial securities. Having been favoured with a copy, I am able to present you with an outline of its constitution and objects, though they are rather complex.

It is to be named *Caisse de Placemens en Viager*, and is to be established at No. 440, rue Saint-Méry; and No. 435, rue du Renard Saint Méry. Its motto is *surety, stability, simplicity.* Those who hold shares are to enjoy, from the moment of their deposits, a progressive annuity, of which, the rate of their admission will be greater or less, according to their age. This annuity is paid according to their ages, and not to their shares; hence, all the holders of shares who have attained any particular age, receive the same rate of interest, whatever may have been the price of their shares. The *minimum* or rate for the first age is six livres per share, and is assigned to the first class

class only; the primitive rate of the subsequent classes rises gradually until the twelfth, which comprehends the holders of shares who have attained their sixtieth year. By reckoning from the first rate, assigned to the first class, the annuity increases at certain fixed epochs, and rises by 35 gradations to the maximum of 5000 livres, which belongs to all the classes, and is paid to all the holders of shares who have attained the age to which this last term of the progression relates. All the intermediate terms determine equally what is to be paid, without any distinction to the holders of shares in each class, in proportion as they arrive at the different ages, which correspond to each rate of annuity. These holders are divided into twelve classes, and each class into twelve series, each of which has a separate and distinct account. When the holders of shares belonging to the same account are reduced to four in number, they receive in proportion to the number of shares which each of them possessed, four-fifths of the capital or final residue belonging to their account.

At first view, this plan seems to resemble a Tontine, but it is a very different thing. A Tontine divides annually, amongst the survivors, the shares of those deceased; but in this fund, the probabilities of human life have been calculated, and by making them agree with the decrease of the capitals invested, which, together

with their interest, serve to augment the annuities; the movement of the funds, and the death of the holders of shares are so combined, that every holder knows, at any given point, the benefit he will derive from it, at the different periods of his life. The principle of this establishment consists therefore, in an *equality of annuities payable to the same ages, whatever may have been the time of investment of the share, combined with an equality in the number of survivors among such holders of shares as have attained the same age, whatever may have been the time of their becoming such.*

To effect this, the holders have been distributed, as above stated, into twelve classes, the first of which is fixed at the number of 3200, which directly corresponds with the most esteemed tables of the probable course of human life. It comprizes only such individuals as are under a year old, and serves as a regulator of the decreasing numbers of each subsequent class. Every one of the latter is determined by the age of its sharers, whose number in each class, is the same as that to which the first class, at the same age, is reduced, and which serves as a common point of departure. Thus, the numbers decreasing of the sharers of each class are as follows:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| First | 3200 | Fifth | 1940 | Ninth | 1200 |
| Second | 2400 | Sixth | 1792 | Tenth | 1020 |
| Third | 2242 | Seventh | 1648 | Eleventh | 838 |
| Fourth | 2102 | Eighth | 1438 | Twelfth | 656 |

In

In order to make the annuities equal for all ages, it has been necessary only to reproduce in each class, the same capital which belonged to the first class at the age wherein each of the subsequent classes are introduced; an operation that consists simply in dividing this capital, the same for all the classes which have attained the same age, by the number of sharers in the class in question, which number, is the same as that to which all the former classes are reduced.

The twelve classes comprize from one year to sixty five years; each class contains different periods of five, six, or seven years; all the individuals comprehended under these periods, are considered as being of the same age, and paid as such, until the extinction of the amount to which they belong. Their absolute age, proved by the certificate of their birth, determines the class in which they are inscribed; but this inscription communicates to them a relative age, which being the *maximum* of the age of their class, gives to the least aged an advance of five, six, or seven years, the progressive annuity which they acquire being paid to them according to their relative, and not according to their absolute age.

The total number of shares cannot exceed 245712, and the ages and price of the shares of the respective classes are thus regulated:

 1. Those

| | Price of shares. Livres. Cent. |
|---|---|
| 1. Those who have not completed their first year | 140 — |
| 2. ——— eighth year | 199 78 |
| 3. From 8 to 13 years of age | 223 26 |
| 4. From 13 to 18 | 242 39 |
| 5. From 18 to 24 | 260 91 |
| 6. From 24 to 30 | 279 98 |
| 7. From 30 to 36 | 301 52 |
| 8. From 36 to 43 | 335 65 |
| 9. From 43 to 50 | 383 28 |
| 10. From 50 to 55 | 427 27 |
| 11. From 55 to 60 | 479 84 |
| 12. From 60 to 65 | 552 84 |

In consideration of these payments, and of three centimes per franc for the administration, the sharers are to receive a progressive annuity, as follows;

| | *Annuity.* Livres. |
|---|---|
| Until 8 years of age | 6 |
| From 8 till 13 | 8 |
| From 13 till 18 | 10 |
| From 18 till 24 | 12 |
| From 24 till 30 | 13 |
| From 30 till 36 | 14 |
| From 36 till 43 | 16 |
| From 43 till 50 | 19 |

From

| | *Annuity.* Livres. |
|---|---|
| From 50 till 55 | 23 |
| From 55 till 60 | 28 |
| From 60 till 65 | 34 |

A person may hold as many shares as he finds convenient, and each class is closed as soon as its fixed number of shares shall have been completed, or at latest on the 30th Frimaire, year XI. As soon as a series of each class is closed, a new one is opened, which is closed in its turn, as soon as the number of its shares shall have been completed, or at latest, six months after the date of its opening, in the state in which it stands at the time. When 144 series of a class are closed, no further investments are admitted; and after the 1st of Messidor, year XVI. the whole will be closed. Besides the above annuity, the four last survivors of each class, and of each series, will divide between them. Whenever their number shall be thus reduced, the four-fifths of the residue of their account, in proportion to the number of shares possessed by each of them, and the remaining fifth, belong to the administration.

The funds are to be laid out in mortgages on good security, and in the purchase of immoveable property, as the administration shall judge most beneficial. The administrators, and their successors, give a security on land to the amount of

of 100,000 livres, for the safety of the fund during their functions.

The first administrators are to be, *De Mirbeck*, formerly commissioner to the French islands in America, *Geffrier*, formerly a banker at Marseille, and *Davelouis*, formerly commissary of provisions of the Army of the Rhine; there are eight members of the Council of Administration, among whom, I find the names of *Deséze*, the eloquent advocate of the late king, *Delisle de Sales* of the National Institute, and *Naurissart*, the banker of the public treasury. Besides these, there are twelve notaries, members of the Council of Investments.

The object of the institution, like the one I have described at Chaillot, is to make a comfortable provision for old age, by giving encouragement to an habit of economy; and if it be honestly administered, it is impossible it can fail. It is open to foreigners as well as to Frenchmen.

*The Society instituted for the Encouragement of National Industry*, is held at the Louvre, and is open to all the world. Any person may be admitted a member on being presented by a member, received by the council of administration, and on paying annually, *at least*, the sum of thirty-six livres. The objects of this society are, to propose prizes for the invention, improvement, or execution of machines or processes advantageous to agriculture, arts, and manufactures;

to

to introduce into France, the methods beneficially pursued in foreign manufactures; to diffuse information respecting agriculture, arts, and manufactures, either by printing, engravings, the construction of models of machines, whose utility has been demonstrated by experience; to enable young persons to be brought up in those useful branches of industry which it may be proper to extend over the Republic; to make experiments in order to ascertain the degree of utility which the public may derive from new inventions; to afford pecuniary assistance to artists who do not possess the means of trying the effects of their inventions, when they shall be deemed likely to be attended with useful consequences.

The administration of this society is composed of men of the first-rate abilities in France, who are distributed into five distinct committees. The Committee of Mechanical Arts is filled by Baillet, Bardel, Conté, Costaz the elder, Molard; the Committee of Chemical Arts, by Berthollet, Collet, Descostils, Guyton-Morveau, Perrier, Vauquelin; the Committee of Agriculture, by Cels, François de Neufchateau, Huzard, Silvestre, Tessier; the Committee of Economical Arts, by Decandolle, Benj. Delessert, Lasteyrie, Mongolfier, Parmentier; and the Committee of Commerce, by Arnould, one of the Tribunes, Bertrand, Magnieu, Regnaud de Saint-Jean-d'Angély, one of the Councillors of State, and Saint-Aubin. Chaptal, the

the Minister of the Interiour is President, and J. M. Degerando, the Secretary.

I have been the more particular in the enumeration of the names of all the members of the committees, both on account of this being a most excellent institution, and because all these gentlemen, with two or three exceptions, are perfectly competent to fill their respective situations, as well by their extensive knowledge, as by their patriotism and private virtue.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXIX.

*The Agricultural Society of the Department of the Seine—General View of the State of Agriculture in France.*

OF all the institutions that are to be met with in Paris, the Agricultural Society has afforded me most satisfaction. Its original, composition, and objects, are all unexceptionable and praiseworthy in the highest degree, and partake of the innocence and simplicity of a regulated system of Rural Economy. The formation of such an establishment in such a licentious and criminal city, is an anomaly in its politics; and what is equally extraordinary, the members are, in general, men of the best character, fortune, and talents. This society supplies the place of the old Royal Society of Agriculture, and by the statutes which it enacted, on the 16th Pluviose, VIIth year, its members are limited to sixty, resident in the department of the Seine, and not more than one hundred and fifty corresponding associates, one of whom, at least, is chosen from each department. It also elects foreign associates.

The society assemble for the present in the place Vendôme, at the office of the Prefect of the Seine,

Seine, M. Frochot, who is a member. At the last meeting, there were about sixteen members present, among whom were my excellent friends Lasteyrie, and Grégoire, also François de Neufchateau, Huzard, Tessier, Parmentier, Silvestre the Secretary, &c. When we were all seated round the table, the Secretary read the communications, after which, they proceeded to the order of the day, which consisted in attending to those memoirs that had been announced at the previous sitting. Every member then present was called upon successively, to know if he had any memoir to read or to communicate. There were three very interesting papers read, and a subscription proposed, to give encouragement to an experiment that was in contemplation in a distant part of France. In the course of the readings, the members proposed questions to the reporter, and he often explained without any solicitation, the meaning of any difficult or provincial terms that occurred, which happened very frequently, a long article respecting a peculiar kind of culture in the French East Indies having occupied the attention of the society.

It was with extreme pleasure I perceived the zeal manifested by all the members of the society, for the promotion of the great and important science, which is the object of their association and their labours. The nature of the institution indicates that *their* hands have not been dipped in

in the spoils, either of their own or of foreign countries; selfishness and corruption have no share in their exertions, and it is evident, they are serving the cause of virtue while they are extending the cause of agriculture. In Old France, the business of the husbandman was considered as the lowest and most groveling condition of vassalage. The order of nature, and of sound policy was thus reversed. But the present society, profiting by the events of the revolution, have raised it from obscurity to the rank of science, and have interested in its behalf, the government, as well as the man of property and the philosopher. Agriculture in France may now be said to be progressive, and if it be allowed time, and be spared from vexation, it will enrich the Republic, not only with abundance, but with virtues.

> Fair Queen of Arts! from heaven itself who came
> When *Eden* flourish'd in unspotted fame:
> And still with her sweet innocence we find,
> And tender peace, and joys without a name,
> That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
> Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

When the immense extent of France, the varieties of its climate, and the fertility of its soil, are considered, together with the vast resources that it contains within its own circumference, if properly explored, one cannot avoid looking with affection on an establishment so well adapted to

collect into one focus, all the experiments, details, and improvements, native or foreign, by which these natural advantages may be rendered more politically beneficial to the country. In addition to these circumstances, the names of the members of this society, as well as the Departmental Associates, are enough of themselves to give it celebrity; and there is nothing perhaps, which contributes more to give currency to useful projects, than the sanction and countenance of able and honourable men, whose situations in life place them above the sphere of suspicion, or the charge of egotism.

But, independently of these views, there is another point, on which this society keep it eyes constantly fixed; to find occupation for the population of France, to employ that numerous but unhappy class of men, whom misery drives to the commission of desperate deeds, or forces from their homes to fill the ranks of indolent and rapacious military bands. Hence, their enlarged and comprehensive plans, necessarily imply and require an uninterrupted state of peace, and a reduction of the public expenditure. The progress therefore of this society, is the progress of general tranquillity, and its best guarantee against the frauds, and gambling ambition of aspiring men.

The condition of the labouring classes of France, especially those engaged in the pursuits of husbandry,

bandry, is not in the least bettered by the revolution; they are yet in the same pernicious, abject state, for which they were heretofore distinguished. That scission, or mutual hatred, which existed between the inhabitants of populous towns and the country people, still prevails; notwithstanding that liberty and equality have been written in characters of blood throughout every district of France. Sensible of the fatal influence of these divisions, and of the absolute necessity of speedily opposing an effectual remedy for them, the Agricultural Society have endeavoured to connect together the labourer and the artizan, by pointing out their reciprocal obligations to each other, and by giving rewards to such persons as shall point out the most effective methods of rendering their common exertions serviceable to the state. A variety of publications, some ingenious and lively, others grave and argumentative, have been circulated to shew the immense importance of Rural Economy to a state, and to exalt the character of the Agriculturist. By these provident measures, those impolitic and unnatural prejudices which the two classes of men have so long cherished against each other, will gradually pass away, and each will become sensible of its relative importance. At the same time, by directing their inquiries to the improvement of Rural Architecture, of which no country in Europe stands in greater need than France; by devising

methods of building, whereby the hovel or pig-stye of the peasant may be converted into a cleanly, comfortable, and wholesome dwelling, by introducing and encouraging the meliorated culture of their neighbours, and by rejecting the imperfections of their own, the Agricultural Society will pave the way for the gradual growth of that tower of national strength, a bold and independent yeomanry, an order of men unknown and unseen at present, in the Republic, but the pride and glory of Great Britain and America.

> Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
> With daring aims irregularly great;
> Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of human kind pass by;
> Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
> By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
> Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
> True to imagin'd right, above controul;
> While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
> And learns to venerate himself as man.

The members of the Agricultural Society are well aware of the many difficulties which they have to encounter, and the obstinate prejudices to remove, before they can expect to bring the Rural Economy of France to that point of perfection of which it is susceptible. I have paid particular attention to this subject, and have made many minute inquiries, which have been answered with the utmost candour and liberality by

by those intelligent members to whom I addressed myself at different times. From the whole, I think I am now competent to give you a tolerable account of the present state of Agriculture in France; to point out the principal causes which have hitherto retarded its progress, and the prudent measures which are in agitation for removing them. As this is a subject, in which I know you take a greater interest than in any other circumstance relative to the French, I have endeavoured to place it in such a light, as to afford you a full view of it, in a very short compass.

In the first place, the same obstacle which interposes itself in the way of agricultural improvement in other parts of the world, exists in a much stronger degree in France, from the astonishing multitude and diversity of local customs, which even the violence of the revolution has not been able to eradicate: I allude principally to the misapplication and misconception of agricultural terms in different departments, which are of such magnitude and intenseness, that two farmers inhabiting contiguous provinces, cannot understand each other. I have several times experienced this difficulty; and when I could derive no instruction from Rozier, I have applied to several distinguished members, both of the Institute and the Agricultural Society, and they have all frankly confessed they were as ignorant as myself of the terms in question. So that unless I could

meet with an inhabitant of Britanny, in which province particular terms are employed, it would be of no use for me to apply elsewhere. I am sensible, that English agriculture lays under a similar imputation, though not to so great an extent.

Now, this impediment at the very outset, shews the difficulties which the society must experience in making known the result of their observations, experiments, and discoveries; while the chief cause of the great progress made in mathematics and chemistry, must be ascribed to the clear and thorough comprehension which every one engaged in those pursuits, has of the terms employed. The best and most useful part of Mr. Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, is, the commencement of his work, wherein he displays the absolute necessity of acquiring the precise meaning of words. Hence, so long as one man remains entirely ignorant of the precise meaning of the words that are employed by another, he cannot possibly be benefited by the acquirements which he has made; so that here the line must be broken, and each individual must begin with the knowledge that his own observations furnish; nor is he able to communicate the knowledge he has acquired to others, unless it be in a very imperfect degree to his own immediate descendants, or nearest neighbours, to whom he can point out the identical objects themselves, with which he has been

been conversant, and whose qualities he has been able, in part, to ascertain.

In this way we are enabled to account for a fact that must have attracted the notice of every agricultural observer, namely, that striking improvements in this line have ever been of a local nature; and that though these may advance rapidly for a certain time in a particular district, it has always been found to be a matter of no small difficulty to extend them into other districts, or to make them be adopted in other countries. To give an example *: every person who has but entered on the study of agriculture, has heard of three or four grand divisions of soils, viz. clays, sands, loams, and gravels; and to each of these terms he annexes an appropriated idea, which particularly corresponds with the qualities of such soils as have been denominated clays, sands, loams, and gravels, in his native place; so that, whenever a soil of any of these denominations occurs to him, whether in conversation or in writing, he thinks it must be somewhat similar in its nature and qualities to the soils which he has been accustomed to discriminate by those names. But, as the clays of one region are extremely different from the clays of another region, some of the soils so called being endowed with almost inexhaustible fertility, while others are

* From Dr. Anderson.

as justly characterized by that of insuperable sterility, and as there are innumerable shades between these two extremes; as it also happens, that there is a diversity equally great in regard to every other peculiarity of clay, as that which respects its vegetative power; it must follow that, whenever a clayey soil is mentioned among any number of farmers, that single word must convey to each of them a separate idea; and as each of them thinks he understands the word perfectly well, they are not prepared to guard against the fallacy to which this gives birth, or to correct the errors which originate in this source. If it be likewise adverted to, that a similar undefined diversity takes place in regard to soils of every other denomination, it will appear very obvious to every considerate person, that so long as deficiency of language shall be unadverted to, agriculture, as a science, must be at a stand.

To remedy this evil, several plans have been projected; among others, Grégoire proposed in the National Convention, to simplify the language as far as it related to arts, and reduce it to elements common to all. But this could never be effected, without first obtaining the terms, with their definitions, which are adopted in the different departments. In the Agricultural Society, a paper has been read on the propriety of establishing a general system of Agricultural instruction, and of introducing professors into all the central schools, who, by receiving

receiving their diplomas from the society, may diffuse the knowledge of it more scientifically, and act at the same time as recorders of those obscure and local terms, in their respective departments, which the Society themselves avow they do not comprehend.

For the present, however, the Society have confined themselves to the republication of the *Théatre d'Agriculture et Ménage des Champs*, by Olivier de Serres, to which they intend to subjoin additional notes, and a *Vocabulary*. This work is already far advanced, and will make its appearance next year. The whole strength of the Society has been mustered, in order to render it more perfect; this union of talents and experience cannot fail to be more serviceable, than if the whole revisal were committed to the charge of a single individual. What the Society have said respecting this author, is too good to be lost, and it will demonstrate their ardent zeal in the cause of agriculture.

There are a great many treatises on rural economy, the greater part of which are written merely on detached parts of this science, and in general, the works which have been published on the subject, consist only of a small number of compilations, more or less worthy of notice. The writings of the ancients upon it, are praise-worthy, especially for the practical truths which they contain. If they are disfigured by

prejudices, which in their time prevailed respecting natural philosophy, their authors possess, nevertheless, a most signal advantage over most modern works, namely, in never wandering into fanciful theories, and in treating only of what experience had taught them. It never came into their heads to invent an art, since become too common, of writing on subjects which they did not understand, and to believe that well-turned periods are preferable to useful truths. The work of Olivier de Serres, was first printed in 1600, and has been often reprinted. "This great and excellent work," said Haller*, "is the production of an able man, who prefers simple methods, to expensive ones." Notwithstanding the number of editions, there are not copies enough to supply the demand for them. There are few farmers who have not heard of the rustic house of Liger, or some other treatises by the same author. Indeed, his antiquated style has prevented him from being known in modern times as much as he deserves; but the greatest difficulty attendant on the ancient style of writing, will disappear by altering the orthography, which may be done without changing an author's text, and this is an indispensable sacrifice in works which are meant for general circulation.

* Bibliotheca Botanica, Vol. I., p. 396.

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The Theâtre of Agriculture is a model of precision; an immense collection of good principles. It should be read with attention, if the reader desire to be instructed by it. It is divided into eight books, which he calls *places*, at the head of which are tables of their contents. The subdivisions of these tables give the titles of the chapters, or rather, the chapters themselves are only subdivisions of the tables. This mode, too rarely followed, though extremely useful, of analyzing one's own work, shews a sound head, which has deeply studied its subject. These subdivisions are one hundred and ten in number; they treat principally of lands; the mode of enriching them; of labour, manure, harvests, grains, and the means of preserving them; vines, wines, and other liquors; of every species of domestic animal, including bees and silk-worms; of all the different kinds of gardens, trees, natural and artificial meadows, waters, woods, rural buildings, food; remedies for the diseases of men and animals, hunting, fishing, all the various branches of rural economy, &c. The whole science is embraced within the plan of his work, in which few objects of importance are omitted, though it does not make more than one folio volume of about one thousand pages. It is full of excellent rules and exact observations, of which several modern writers have not disdained to profit. It is written with haste, in a dry style, and scattered with proverbial maxims of sound sense.

sense. This is a sure method of fixing in the memory of the generality of persons, those useful truths which it is their interest to retain. Far be it from us to consider as trivial this mode of describing so faithfully the simple manners of our forefathers, and to vilify one of the resources of which we stand greatly in need, to effect the regeneration of agriculture. If the inhabitants of towns had made use of the authority of this language, peculiar to the country people, they would have been more attended to and better understood. They would have obtained advantages for the melioration of this art, which places the felicity of man beside nature and innocence.

In consequence of the patronage afforded by the Prefects of the Departments, the Mayors of towns, and the public in general, to this undertaking, it is certain of being of great utility, and will most probably make its way into every farm-house of any consideration. The annexed vocabulary will go a great way in preparing the mind of France for salutary reformations in its rural economy. Thus far, the society have acted in a manner becoming a body of learned men, assembled for the sake of being useful, and of propagating over their country, the improvements of other states.

The next object which they have thought likely to promote their design, is the distribution of prizes for such essays, written or experimental, which may advance the cause of Agriculture,

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and the publication of all papers and documents which may serve to enlighten the cultivator. Thus, independently of its own collections, it gives encouragement to every undertaking, literary or otherwise, which has agriculture for its object. There are now several valuable periodical publications in circulation over France, as *Annales de l'Agriculture Française*, by Tessier and Huzard; and the first number of an admirable performance, entitled, *Annales de Statistique*, which is conducted under the patronage and assistance of the patriotic and benevolent M. Duquesnoy, one of the Mayors of Paris. The reports and answers of the Prefects, to the questions of the Minister of the Interiour, would prove of essential service, if they were made known to the public, but the government seems to be ashamed of exposing the backward condition of the state. In every department, there is attached to the Prefecture, a Commission, or Council of Agriculture, whose business it is to represent the actual state, present and future wants of their province. If these councils be composed of intelligent men, who are not overfond of doing every thing by rule, and who are not of opinion, that the operations of nature can be directed with the same mechanical facility as a battalion of soldiers, their researches will render an incalculable support to every measure that may be adopted for extending the progress of agriculture.

Many

Many other considerations present themselves for the exercise of the faculties of experienced men, and for the serious attention of a protective government. It will suffice to mention what is wanted, and what should be done, in order to develop the causes that retard the progress of French husbandry. The rural code ought to be revised, if not wholly abrogated and new modelled, that it may be the guarantee of land-property, and countenance the meliorations that individuals may project. The home and foreign commerce of territorial productions should be unshackled; long leases encouraged, as well as those exchanges which will create enclosures, artificial meadows, and the increase of cattle. The buildings, and the neighbourhood of the inhabitants of the country should be made more salubrious, and erected in a more commodious manner than heretofore; the consumption of fuel diminished, and its production augmented by the use of turf; the farmers should be less troubled by gleaners and beggars; the waters should be drained off, navigable canals cut, and above all, the public roads must be put in such a state of repair that the farmers may drive their teams to and from the markets, without endangering their property, or running the risk of breaking their own necks. Perhaps, in addition to these indispensable articles, it might not be amiss to establish a fund in every department, which should be under the superintendance

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of the Agricultural Council of the Prefect, and from which, small loans, at a moderate interest, should be occasionally made to such farmers as may stand in need of them for the improvement of their lands. If also, pecuniary rewards, presents of valuable animals or arable instruments neatly executed, were given as encouragements to such cultivators as had carried their labours to an high degree of perfection, the emulation which would be thus excited, would lead to the most serviceable and happy consequences for agriculture. But, with respect to the establishment of central schools for the education of youth in the business of husbandry, on which the French seem to place great reliance; it appears to me an idle and an impracticable measure. I should have greater confidence in published Agricultural Reports, were I a practical farmer, than in all the lectures upon Rural Economy which I might have received in my youth. It is much to be regretted, that in France, as well as in Great Britain, a column or two of every Country Paper is not set apart for the communication of agricultural intelligence; and I have often thought, that if the clergymen of our parishes were to record in a Parish Register to be kept for the purpose, a plain narrative of all the facts relative to husbandry which occur within their parishes; if they were to subjoin a meteorological statement of the weather, &c., compared with the progress of vege-

vegetation and the crops, *we* also should be a little wiser than we are at present in the practice of this most useful, most honourable, and most delightful occupation.

Upon the whole, notwithstanding the present unfavourable appearance of the general state of husbandry in the Republic, I entertain little doubt, that a peace of ten years will wonderfully alter the face of things. The means of giving efficacy to the zeal and ardour of the French, I am sensible, are wanting; nevertheless, as long as zeal prevails, a well-founded hope exists, that in defiance of the poverty and the extravagance of the government, much will be done by the people themselves. Unfortunately, a general sentiment at this time predominates in France, that nothing can be done or undertaken without the government. It is true, the latter listens with attention to every scheme, and so far it merits the highest praise. The only way to prevent all things from going to decay, is by continually aiming to better them in some respect or other, and to afford an attentive ear to every project for this purpose. I am sensible that it must frequently happen, that many of these projects will be chimerical in themselves, and offered by people of an appearance and manner not very prejudicing in their favour. But then I am satisfied too, that these men must in the nature of things have something odd and singular in their character, who expose themselves, and

and desert the common and certain roads of gain, in pursuit of advantages not certain to the public, and extremely doubtful to themselves. It is equally true, that if such people are encouraged a number of visionary schemes will be offered. But it is the character of pride and laziness to reject all offers, because some are idle, as it is a weakness and credulity to listen to all without distinction. But, surely, if judgment is to have any share in our conduct, it is the province of judgment to sift, to examine, to distinguish the useful from the foolish, the feasible from the impracticable; and even in the midst of the visions of a fruitful and disordered brain, to pick out matter which a wise man will know how to qualify and turn to account, though the inventor did not. Cromwell, partly from his circumstances, but more from his genius and disposition, received daily a number of proposals of this kind, which always approached him in a fanatical dress, and were mixed frequently with matters the most remote from probability and good sense; and we know that he made a signal use of many things of this kind. Colbert spent much of his time in hearing every scheme for the extending of commerce, the improvement of manufactures, and the advancement of agriculture and the arts; spared no pains or expence to put them in execution, and bountifully rewarded and encouraged the authors of them. By these means France advanced during the reign

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of Lewis XIV., and under this minister, more than it had done in many reigns before; and by these means, in the midst of wars, which brought it and all Europe to the brink of destruction, amidst many defaults in the royal character, and many errors in his government, a seed of industry and enterprize was sown, which on the first respite of the public calamities, and even while they oppressed that nation, rose to produce that flourishing, internal and external wealth and power, for which France was afterwards distinguished.

## LETTER XL.

*The Post Office—Halls of the Legislative Bodies —Courts of Justice—The Judgment of Solomon revived.*

IF a person who had paid a visit to Lombard Street, and observed the multitude of persons employed in every department of our General Post-Office; the extraordinary bustle, united to the utmost precision visible there, should happen to alight on a sudden in the *Rue Coqueron*, without knowing in what part of the world he was, he would immediately conclude, that the Post-Office, belonged to some small trading town, instead of the capital of the *greatest* nation upon the earth. But, should he contrast the revenue of the one with that of the other (I can scarcely hold my pen with laughing) he would be naturally led to believe that Great Britain must contain, at least, one hundred million of souls, and France about two or three millions. It does not require much skill in the science of Political Economy in order to resolve the cause of this remarkable disparity.

Commercial nations, should they even bear no proportion in their numbers to the population of military states, necessarily have a greater number of artificial wants, and, consequently, a more ex-

tensive circle of correspondence. To them the expence of postage is so far from being burthensome, that it is a source of real pleasure. A merchant exults in the number of his letters, because he expects that each will afford him some occupation, if it be only the trouble of writing an answer to his remote correspondent. Hence, the duties imposed on this mode of communication, are never paid with reluctance; and you rarely see in the General Post-Offices of such countries, piles of returned letters, which would suffice to set a city on fire. Amsterdam, at the period of its glory, received more letters in one day, than the citizens of Paris in a whole week. Nothing remains therefore, but to compare the former with London, in order to form a true idea of the inequality to which I have alluded.

But I shall endeavour to demonstrate this reasoning by two circumstances, which have afforded us more entertainment than any other in Paris. Having occasion to write to the Mayor of Chatillon in La Vendée, upon a subject which required an answer by return of the post, I was obliged to go frequently to the General Post-Office to make the necessary inquiries after it. Of course, I made every reasonable allowance for bad roads, and worse vehicles, but I was punctual to the day that the clerk desired me to attend. On presenting myself at the office, I inquired whether the post had arrived? "No." "When do you expect it?"

"To-

" To-day." " But you desired me to be here at one o'clock." " Eh! Monsieur, one cannot be so *precise.*" " Well, when shall I call again?" " Suppose you call again about this time to-morrow." On the next day, thinking that I had been too *precise* before, I was at my station about four in the afternoon. " Now what say you?" " The post is not arrived." " This is very extraordinary, be so good as to fix the latest time for its arrival." " To-night, or perhaps about noon to-morrow." How do you account for this irregularity?" " A wheel may have broken, or the Courier may have broken his neck, it is impossible to say what may have happened, one cannot be particular." " But the post from England is in general very regular." " *C'est une autre affaire,* the roads are *superb* from Calais." I then departed; but being anxious to receive the answer I expected, and desirous of being satisfied, I called in the Evening, and found the post *had at length* arrived. But I could not refrain from asking the reason of the delay? to which he answered, with civil, but immaculate *sang-froid,* that he did not know! A precious specimen this, of the admirable regulations adopted in France! Had there been a passage even of a league by water, it might have been excusable. But knowing that the whole route was by land, aware too of the wretched state of the public road, they ought to have cal-

culated from these circumstances, and ascertained, at least, within *three hours*, the time of arrival. For, allowing an interval of three hours, I apprehend, any reasonable being may determine this point as well upon a bad as upon a good road.

If I had been a merchant, what fatal consequences might have ensued from this delay, had I been under the necessity of making up any considerable payment? Is this the way to rival the commerce of England? In short, is it the way of doing or encouraging business at all? Such an occurrence in our country, would have been noticed in every journal.

The other circumstance, though certainly inadmissible as an evidence on which a general deduction may be drawn, is, nevertheless, so ludicrous, that I cannot forbear from giving it. My *valet de chambre*, who fortunately for me cannot read, brought me one afternoon, a letter, which after an hundred apologies for the liberty he was taking, he begged I would read to him. It came from his father, who is a renter in the environs of Besançon, and the style (as I have uniformly observed even of the lowest classes of the French) was good, but the writing I was obliged with difficulty to decypher. After the usual expressions between a parent and son, he proceeds to *four* distinct questions, every one of which implied an instantaneous answer. But that upon which he laid the greatest stress, was,

whether

whether his daughter had been safely delivered? —The letter closes with these emphatic words, "*In the name of God, don't answer this letter, because of the expence of Postage!*"

Now, without any invidious allusion to Ireland, and fully conceding to every thing that may be urged in favour of a peasant's simplicity; yet, permit me to observe, that a father, feeling for a daughter in similar circumstances, never would grudge a few *sous* upon such an occasion, unless the most pitiable poverty were the motive *. Is there one English labourer who would finish his letter with such a corollary?

However, I shall make no use of this fact, but content myself with observing, that this disinclination to correspond, extends to men in better circumstances. Amidst the most sumptuous festivities, and the oriental style of living of a number of the consular satraps, there is throughout the mass of the Parisians a chilling penury that would excite compassion, if we could forget that they had been the voluntary authors of their own wretchedness. The extensive operations carried on, and the numerous armies maintained by the Republic in different quarters of the Continent, have rendered it extremely difficult for persons to know the destination and circumstances of their

* For the expence of internal postage in France is cheaper than with us.

relatives. Hence, a new species of egoism has been introduced into society, which bereaves those who are possessed of it, of all the kindred virtues that formerly infused the balm of consolation into the souls even of the Parisians in other days. The social chain is dissolved, and every one lives on conjecture, and thinks for himself alone. In a moral sense, Paris is the image of a great city thrown down by a tremendous convulsion of nature, whose miserable inhabitants traverse the ruins to glean materials wherewith to begin the world again. The charms and joys of friendship cannot subsist in such a state.

In addition to these considerations, it must be observed, that trade is at a stand; not on account of its being ill-understood, or for want of opportunities, but wholly for want of *means*. Property has not yet made its appearance from out of the holes in which the spirit of fear, fraud, or rapine had deposited it. Concealment of spoil is the universal adage; for with all the fulsome panegyrics on the central government, which originate with its subaltern agents, and are dispatched by the Prefects of the departments; doubt and anxiety are pictured on every countenance, except the military, and the immediate counsellors of the consular authority. If a merchant be disposed to make a venture, the next moment his fears deter him. He hesitates who to trust, and least of all, is he inclined to trust his government.

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Under such disadvantageous prepossessions and circumstances, we cannot wonder at the little comparative business done at the General Post-Office. The affairs in the West Indies, have indeed increased considerably the correspondence between the maritime ports of the ocean and the capital; which is a proof what this people *can* do, when their ingenuity and commercial pursuits are well directed. But, even this increase, under all the circumstances belonging to an ardent nation, is not of such a nature, as to give an extraordinary appearance of activity in any department of the Post-Office.

I have stood for hours in the court yard, in order to see the arrivals of their different couriers. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the contrast between them and our Mail Coaches. Huge, unwieldy machines, drawn by little cart horses, harnessed with ropes, moving at a slow pace, with the couriers announcing their arrival by tremendous cracks of their whips; compared with the dress and horns of our coachmen and guards, the elegant neatness and convenience of our Mail Coaches, the beauty of our horses, and the expedition with which they are received, dispatched, and pursue their different routes, almost *to a minute*; have induced me, with the most profound deference to the *Master of the Earth*, to entertain *not quite* so humble an opinion of the little

*nation of shopkeepers*, as in servile submission to his sublime will, I ought to do.

The interior administration is entrusted to a Commissary General, five Post Masters, (the brother of Sieyes is one of them) a Secretary General, an Inspector General, and *thirty sorters*. If a Parisian could take a morning peep at Lombard Street, he would immediately conclude that the whole business of the animated world was transacted there. Returning to his native hell, what would he think of Satan?—He would pronounce him to be the *Father of Lies*.

I shall conclude this account of the Post-Office with observing, first, from official documents on my table, that I could sail with a light wind all the way to Jamaica, before a letter would arrive at some of the cross posts; and between several of the great towns there is no post at all. For instance, between *Bourges* and *Sancerre* in the department of *Cher*, there is no communication. Private individuals have offered to the government to establish one, *provided they may be allowed to take the receipts accruing therefrom.*

Between *Orléans* and *Montargis*, in the department of *Loiret*, there is no established mode of correspondence, but the Prefect thinks he shall be able to accomplish the matter, by a *gentle* tax on *all the inhabitants*.

There is no communication between *Langogne* and *Genouilhac*, in the department of *Lozere*; none between *Roquefort* and *Bordeaux* in the Lower Pyrenees,

Pyrenees, although the merchants of *Pau* have proved that it would be a shorter route than through *Toulouse*.

In the Eastern Pyrenees, the correspondence of the department with that of *Aude*, takes up *five* days, when it might be done in *one*.

The most egregious villainies having been perpetrated in the administration of the post of the department of the Upper Rhine, it has been found *wise, prudent*, and *politic*, to *suspend it altogether*.

In the Upper Pyrenees, there is no post between that department and Spain, *although*, the principal objects of the commerce of the former, consisting of cattle and fat sheep, pass into the latter, and the exportation would be greatly increased if the communications were more facilitated. These will suffice for the present *.

Secondly, unless all letters addressed to the ministers, members of the legislature, and different officers of government are *paid for*, they will be consigned to the office of *returned* letters. One would suppose, from this facetious mode of swindling, that a member of the National Institute had crept into the administration of the Post-Office, but the contrary is the fact †. The ministers make

* But should I pour out the vial of wrath in another volume, I have in reserve a long list to add to the above.

† I beg pardon of the Institute. I had nearly forgotten that *two* of the ministers (the virtuous and impracticable *Aristides* Talleyrand, and *Sully* Chaptal) belong to that au-gust,

make an annual charge for the expence of postage, and cabbage the difference. At first sight, this perquisite may seem too trivial for the fingers of a minister of state, but it must be recollected they are *French* ministers, not gentlemen, they are new in office, and have their fortunes to make. Hence, every little helps: no mortals ever understood how to practise better, our north country adage, that *every little mawks a mickle.* However, you ought to be informed, that the perquisite of postage amounts to a very considerable sum in the course of the year, because the principal correspondence of France is actually absorbed by the ministers. Nothing is done or undertaken without previously consulting them. Mounted on their respective tripods, they pronounce their oracular edicts upon every subject, from the cutting of a canal to the erection of a water-closet. The world never beheld such an august evidence of the primitive ages of man, and of genuine patriarchal government, as France now exhibits. Its all-seeing eye penetrates into every corner of the political fabric, and watches over all its children, as the pot-boiling minister Chaptal, justly calls them. From a custom which has long been rooted in the minds of Frenchmen,

august, enlightened, and philosophical body. This accounts for every thing stated above. Now we go on smoothly. I thought I could not be mistaken.

they

they look for every thing, whether good or ill, from the hands of government. Even from a maker of matches to a projector, every one calls on government for its assistance, and makes the success of his enterprize to depend more or less on its favour. It should seem that circumstances, times, places, persons, and things are more in the power of government in France than elsewhere. This was also a common mania under the old government, but as they had *then* great resources in commerce, in arts, and in the wants of a great number of rich proprietors, who no longer exist, the error was of less consequence. But it is still the prevailing opinion, that the government can command the harvest, make those buy who have no money, or sell to people whom the war had ruined.

The business, however, of the government is to correct itself by experience, to secure itself against the mistakes and bad measures of commercial administration. For no private industry, no knowledge of commercial affairs, can secure individuals against the folly of a bad minister, or the pernicious effects of his administrative regulations. This reasoning has no influence in France; government is required to invent, build, manufacture, in short, to do every thing but consume; and yet, this latter is the precise article in which the present government excels, and takes the greatest delight.

From

From this explanation you will perceive in a moment, that the perquisite of postage must be immense; and where dispatch is required, as each solicitation is generally accompanied by a little pecuniary compliment, by way of expressing *la plus haute consideration*, it necessarily follows, that these *port-folio* personages must amass enormous sums during their ministry.

If this representation be not sufficient to satisfy your mind respecting the Public Economy of this *happy* land, I refer you to one of the *Moniteurs* lately published, wherein you will find the following *magnificent* act of the legislature passed after *grave* and *sober* discussion.

" The Legislative Body, having heard the report of the citizens —— members of the Tribunate, on the petition of the Municipality of —— for permission to purchase the out-houses near the Market-Place of the said town, now occupied by, and belonging to citizen —— for a valuable consideration, in order that the same may be converted into *public necessaries*, for the accommodation of persons residing in, or resorting to the town; decree that there is *urgency*." Urgency having been decreed, this assembly of wise men proceeded to the *appel nominal*, when every member respectively quitted his seat, and threw a ball of approbation into the urn. The President then, with becoming dignity, pronounced from his fauteuil, that the Legislative Body, having decreed

decreed the *urgency* of the petition of the municipality of —— had unanimously voted its adoption into a *law of the Republic*, and referred to the *executive power to* SEE *it duly executed* !"*

This delicate and sapient decree, induces me to give you some account of the places in which these modern Solons, Lycurguses and Justinians assemble.

The tribunate meet in those departments of the *Palais Royale*, which are opposite to the *Rue Saint Thomas.* A few shabby-looking invalids compose what is called here, their guard of honour. As I had never seen this new council (which will most probably exist as long as any of their predecessors) I shall describe what passed at my first visit. Having obtained an order of admission, we were ushered into the seat appropriated for the friends of the members, which is exactly opposite to the chair of the President, so that we had a full view of the whole representation. Immediately behind us, were the reporters, who took notes for the different newspapers; beyond them is the place reserved for the audience, which on that day consisted of eight persons. The room itself is small and mean, with a few pillars and benches covered with blue. After we had waited about twenty minutes, during

* The above will be found *verbatim* in the *Moniteur*, which is the official paper of the French, as the London Gazette is of the English government.

which,

which, two or three individuals peeped through the folding doors opposite to us, much in the same way as a head is sometimes seen through the green curtain at Drury Lane, in the act of exploring the house, a sudden crash of drums as a signal was heard, and the folding doors vanished with the velocity of a touch from the wand of Harlequin. The drums instantly beat a salute (music before the performance) and the scene that opened presented us with a *very fine* perspective of a line of soldiers with arms presented. In less than two minutes, the procession commenced with six men in fancy dresses, which, from their appearance, must be intended as a burlesque upon the French legislation. It is difficult to describe them. They were dressed in grey coats and pantaloons, with scarlet waistcoats, and half boots, a round hat turned up in front, with a blue feather, a red or blue sash round the waist, and a good sized stick in their hands, typical of Diogenes. Next came the President, wearing his round hat turned up like the former, but with three feathers tricoloured; he was dressed in a mazarin blue coat, embroidered with silver, breeches of the same colour also, embroidered at the knee bands, and a white silk waistcoat, with a silk tricoloured sash fringed with silver at the end. This is the proper uniform of the tribunitial regiment. Behind him followed the secretaries, and a motley groupe of tribunes, whose fantastic appearances provoked

the

the greatest merriment among us. Most of them were in their full costume (like the President) but some with worsted, and others with black silk stockings. Many wore pantaloons and half boots, and several habited in this elegant dress had whole boots on, with dirty brown tops. There were but three among them, except the President and Secretaries, who wore a clean pair of shoes, and looked like gentlemen. These three were Lucien Bonaparte *, the First Consul's next brother, who was not only in full uniform, but appeared in silk stockings, and clean linen, and had, in every respect, the manners and address of a gentleman, with the countenance of an Italian Jew assassin; Chauvelin, formerly resident from the late unfortunate King of France to our court, though not dressed in the habit of the corps, and Carnot, the Ex-Director, who was dressed in a suit of black, and had the manners of a courtier, though he seemed very surly, and during the whole time, employed himself in reading a pamphlet. All the rest looked like blackguards in masquerade;

* Brother *Lucien* wore spectacles, and was altogether *comme il faut*, which surprized me. He stepped gracefully to the urns whenever his name was called, made smart bows *en passant*, returned to his seat in good style, and looked big. He must have learnt to dance before he went to Spain, whence he came back laden with *pistoles*, and now keeps the most splendid house in Paris. More of this rascal hereafter.

at least, such is the opinion of the English ladies who were with me, and their opinion upon this subject, I conclude to be decisive.

My motive for particularizing these frivolities, is, not that I think them important, but because they prove that the *gout* in republican France for dress, is not practised by the state bashaws. Boissy D'Anglas looked like a butcher *.

As soon as the President had mounted into his tribune, he rang with great violence an hand-bell, not quite so large as the watch-house-bells in England, while the members were taking their seats; immediately after which he took off his hat, and observed, "*la séance est ouverte.*" The six masks in grey, whom I have already mentioned, and who, it seems, are the *huissiers*, or gentlemen ushers in waiting, now began to set up a hissing, exactly resembling geese. This was to obtain silence. The order of the day was then read, and the orators called in their turn, who successively ascended the tribune beneath the President, and *read* their speeches. No debate took place. After each law was proposed, they went to the *appel nominal*, and every man, as his name was called, left his seat, advanced to the tribune, and put his balls into the urns.

* Though an handsome man with an English face. His father was a cook, which perhaps, is the cause of his looking so well fed.

As

As this ceremony was repeated a number of times, and four or five members were called at once, it seemed that the whole ordinary business of the Tribune consisted merely in going down the middle of the room, up again, casting off, crossing over, turning round, and sitting down. Dancing Fakirs or Dervishes were never more entertaining. The figuring continued without intermission for above three hours, when the President rang the bell again, and declared that "*la séance est levée.*" Instantly, the folding doors, which had resumed their original place, disappeared once more with a crash, and the same scene was discovered as before: with a flourish of drums, exeunt President, Secretaries, and Tribunes, into their anti-chamber, where having taken off their fine theatrical dresses, and put on their shabby great coats, they went their different ways.

I have since attended what is here termed a *debate*. But you must not attach the same meaning to it as in England. In the latter, it is a *deliberation*; in France, it means nothing more than the members reading their different compositions on any subject, for each other's amusement. A reply, on which the vigour, strength and *acumen* of the human intellect are disclosed and employed; and on which alone the whole soul of deliberation depends, is so much unknown here, that it is impossible to remove the persuasion which the French entertain of the members

of both our Houses of Parliament, reading their own *set speeches*. Some time ago, indeed, after the Tribunes had severally read their discourses, they generally had an extemporaneous combat for about a quarter of an hour; but this was when there was an opposition. It was found that this spoiled business. Since the purification of the Tribunate, there prevails such an *happy unanimity* upon *every* legislative question, that they *all now think alike*, which is an high proof of the advantages of wholesome correction and discipline. Brother Lucien was expressly planted in this assembly as an overseer.

The Tribunate does not possess either the initiative power of legislation, or the *veto* of the ancient Roman Tribunes with whom they are pleased to compare themselves. So that I cannot possibly discover for what purpose they form a constituted power, unless it be to enable the government to silence an hundred fellows, who might otherwise be troublesome, by retaining them as state pensioners; for each tribune *touches* near one thousand pounds sterling per annum.

According to the military general orders of 1799, called here, "the Constitution of the French Republic," it is enacted in article 25, that "no new laws shall be promulgated, unless the plan shall have been *proposed by the government, communicated* to the Tribunate, and decreed by the Legislative Body." Thus it appears, that if the government do

do not think proper to propose *any* law, or if it propose none but bad laws, the only privilege enjoyed by the Tribunate, is that of *talking*. Another evidence that the whole legislative power centers in the executive government.

Having described the nature and object of this body, I shall now carry you to the most extraordinary assembly that ever existed since the creation of the world, the Areopagus of France, the perfection of human ingenuity, whose constitution is a model of civil wisdom and liberty—whose contrivance is eminently calculated to create sages, but which, I am afraid, will be severely condemned by every female, not only of the present, but of the remotest generations.

I mean that assembly of MUTES, which goes by the name of THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF FRANCE; in which three hundred choice spirits are collected together to be dumb by law, for four months in every year. According to the code of *Minos* Bonaparte, article 34, we find the following sublime effusion. "The Legislative body enacts the law by *secret* scrutiny, and *without the least discussion on the part of its members*, upon the plans of the law debated before it, by the orators of the tribunate and the government." This is exquisite. The legislators of antiquity travelled far and near to explore the genius of different nations, to investigate the manners of men, and to collect from their diversified

customs and institutions, such laws as might prove conducive to the happiness and prosperity of their fellow-citizens. A man was never esteemed a legislator, unless he could be qualified as one who,

*Mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.*

It is not a little remarkable, that all these great men considered *Egypt* as the point of attraction, in which all human knowledge was concentrated. Hence, throwing their cloaks of sackcloth over their shoulders, and taking up their staffs, they journeyed singly thither in quest of wisdom. Solon, Pythagoras, Lycurgus, Charondas, and a number of other founders or reformers of states, did not search in vain; but carried back with them to their native land, among many fooleries, some useful instruction. But none of them ever dreamt of such a grand refinement in human policy, as a Council of Dumb Legislators. Pythagoras indeed, did enjoin his disciples, by way of growing wise, and being decent, to be dumb for seven years, and to abstain from eating beans. But these important and sublime precepts were calculated only to qualify them to be philosophers of an higher order, not to legislate for their fellow creatures. Besides, he did not transport these ideas from Egypt, but from India, to which country he is said to have travelled. It was reserved *by destiny*

*destiny* for the greatest genius that ever lived, or ever will live, to travel into Egypt and sojourn there for the benefit of the *greatest nation* upon the face of the earth. Aware of the disadvantages which attended the peregrinations of former *wise men* to that country, he carried with him forty thousand of his disciples, that they also might learn wisdom. In the course of many learned and profound conferences which this illustrious legislator entertained with the *philosophers* of Egypt, sometimes amidst the mouldering monuments of a mystic age; sometimes in the dark chambers of the ancient pyramids; and at others, in the great mosque of Cairo, that city, over which the star of wisdom shines with unbroken light, he discovered that a close tongue maketh a wise head. Inspired with this sudden flood of wisdom, which rushed upon his philosophical mind; and struck with the majestic appearance of those bearded and venerable mufti whom he had called around him, and whose mournful silence he interpreted as the test of wisdom, he resolved, on his *flight* out of Egypt, to establish, in the center of a nation too much given to *talking*, a sedate council, upon the model of an Egyptian Divan, whose *unspeakable* gravity should form the theme of universal admiration, and confer upon him the palm of the First of Legislators.

Accordingly, after having escaped the British fleet (Allah! be praised!) he landed in France,

with the Cheik Monge, and other *poor* followers of his fortune, and proceeded without ceremony, to execute the lofty project, but not until he was "called by the will of the French nation to the office of Executive Magistrate*." However, recollecting the shrewd observation of his precursor Solon, that he had not given the Athenians the best laws, but such only as they were fitted to bear; and knowing that his subjects were intolerable talkers, he determined to constrain his new council only during four months of each year, and to compensate them for this uncommon trial of their nature, and for the introduction of a rigid law; the idea of which he derived from a country, which the old traveller Homer had characterized as πικρος, bitter, he graciously allows each *mute* the sum of 436l. sterling per annum, with permission to talk the other eight months of the year.

Such is the best account I can give you of this marvellous assembly. Other legislators, you find, have travelled to make their fellow citizens *happy*, but this philosophical member of the National Institute has travelled to make them *dumb*. I assure you, it is worth the while to come to Paris, if it be for no other purpose than to cast one look on this political prodigy, especially as it is not probable they will be of long endurance. They

* See his letter to the King, which begins with the most palpable lie ever uttered.

have

have so astonishingly improved in wisdom, that they can tell by the first glance at the face of an orator of the government, what is right or what is wrong, that is, whether they should take up a black ball or take up a white one. They look so grave and knowing, that I may say of them with the *greatest of poets*,

> To seem exceeding wise, we know,
> Is half as good as being so.
> A noodle, with a well-tim'd shrug,
> May any time the world humbug.
>
> HOMER TRAVESTIE. Book 9.

This subject is so *interesting*, that I cannot yet take leave of it, for it is really a pleasure to dwell on a theme of such an exalted nature. As I before observed, this *mute* Divan, is called a Legislative *Council*, but with much impropriety. In the French as well as the English language, this word is derived from the Latin *concilium*, which signifies, a body of men met together for the purpose of *consultation*. Now, I never have heard of an instance of a number of men assembled only to *think* *, not even at a Quaker meeting; nor is it common sense to affirm, that a consultation of any kind, can take place without some conversation. The very etymology of the word *Council*, implies the *delivery* of an opinion, and

* Except in Dean Swift's Voyage to Laputa.

as this does not take place among the three hundred *mutes*, either by hand telegraphs or by the fingers, it is obvious that the term, (unless the members of the National Institute have invented some new mode of communication to supply the power of speech, but which it may not be proper to explain to any but the *enlightened* French) is by no means applicable. We know that this illuminated nation have already made the tour of the vocabulary in search of names; they have had their Councils of Elders and Youngsters; why not call this body, the Assembly of *the Inexpressibles?* It is a pity, the First Consul does not send an order to the Institute to devise a new name. In less than twenty-four hours, they would return such a magnificent appellation, that the *learned* world would receive with raptures and acknowledgment, particularly, a certain class of the German *literati*, who would comment upon it, certainly in not less than twenty-four sheets in folio. I only suggest this as an humble hint to the Members of the Institute, of whose *private* and *public* characters I entertain the most *awful* and *conscientious* opinion.

But to return to the inexpressible congregation. Their hall (what strange vicissitudes happen in this capital of the civilized world!) was constructed for the *express purpose* of affording *the greatest scope to the human voice*, as it was appropriated to one of the councils of the Directorial

torial Constitution. It is pompously called, "the Palace of the Legislative Body," and it merits the name of Palace, for it is one of the most elegant, and beautiful rooms in Europe; ornamented with consummate taste, and as I have more than once observed, is a visible demonstration of the incomparable superiority which the French possess over every other nation, in the arts of embellishment and decoration. It is semicircular with benches rising one above the other, for the accommodation of the members. Close by the uppermost bench, and extending along the semicircle are a number of arcades (if I may be permitted the use of the term) of fine marble, the capitals of which are composed of bronze ornaments. Within these, persons who have obtained cards of admission, are stationed, and considerably above them, nearly at the top of the ceiling, there is a gallery for the *spectators*, for such I call them, because, you know, here is nothing but dumb shew. Opposite to the benches of the members, and in the middle of its diameter, is the chair of the President, a little below him the place of the secretaries, and the tribune, from which the orators of the government (namely, the Councillors of State) and those of the Tribunate, harangue the assembly. These are all made of solid mahogany, inlaid with gold, and the pedestal of the tribune has a beautiful relief in white marble, filched from Italy. On the right of the President there are three niches, within which

which are, the statues of Lycurgus, Demosthenes, and Solon; and on the left, three others, wherein Brutus, Cato, and Cicero are fixed. There is no vacancy left for the founder of this institution. But, is it not singular, that the prince of eloquence, Demosthenes, that Solon, whom we are taught also to believe, possessed the *facundia loquendi*, and that Cicero, who loved talking, and was enamoured with every thing of the kind should be planted in front of these unfortunate beings, who, with a natural inclination and *gout* for *speechifying*, are doomed by a *rigid philosopher*, to hold their tongues? Men should not be punished and tormented at the same time.

The floor which forms the area between the tribune and the benches of the members, is of marble, divided into compartments, and extending from the two mahogany folding doors, each of which is at one extremity of the diameter.

We were never present at the opening of the *séance*, therefore I cannot say, whether the drums beat as at the Tribunate, but I think it likely, as this assembly also has a guard of honour, selected from the Consular guard, and the same ceremonies are observed as in the former. There is a semicircular bench on the floor, opposite to the President, appropriated for those tribunes and orators of government who are detached for the purpose of discussing the laws. They are preceded by Huissiers at their entrance into

into the hall, and the doors are always opened by magic, and with a crash. The mutes are habited in the same uniforms as the Tribunes, except that their dresses are embroidered with gold; but they are by no means so slovenly in their appearance. A great many General Officers are members of this Assembly.

The Palace to which this hall is attached, was formerly the *Palais Bourbon*, and belonged to the Prince of Condé. It is situate on the other side of the river Seine, opposite to the *Place de Louis XV.*, now called *Place de la Concorde*, on the middle of which, the late unfortunate monarch was put to death. The beautiful bridge that leads to it, (*Pont de la Concorde*) and the triumphal portal between two noble pavilions, to which it is connected by a double row of lofty columns of the Corinthian order, add to the splendor of its appearance. We must not forget, while admiring so many noble specimens of architecture, that not *one* of them is the work of the genius of republican France; on the contrary, they were raised and embellished by the liberality of Princes, whose descendants this ungrateful people of murderers have driven into exile. The only pieces of architecture produced by the refined taste and skill of the republic, are several wooden houses erected upon barges on the river, for shews, brothels, and bagnios, where the lascivious and polluted Parisians may at any hour of the day

day or night, regale themselves with girls, liqueurs, coffee, dainties of all kinds, and hot and cold baths. This is a fact, that you should always bear in your mind, whenever you read any of the narratives of those enraptured eulogists of *regenerated* France, who would fain persuade the world, that every thing grand and beautiful in Paris, arose out of the Republic.

In the interior of the *Palais du Corps Legislatif*, there are several halls dedicated to peace and victory, and to those funny divinities of France, Liberty and Equality. I believe I have now described whatever is interesting in it, and shall therefore proceed to the Courts of Justice.

The Palace of Justice is another magnificent edifice, which must be added to the catalogue of the beauties of French architecture. It is inclosed within a grate of 120 feet in length, which forms the boundary of a large area. The facade presents a very dignified appearance, at the middle of which, after ascending a flight of steps, the people enter through a vast opening.

Among the different courts, there is one, which cannot fail to attract the attention of a foreigner; I mean, the hall in which the Revolutionary Tribunal, or rather the Jury of Satan assembled, to murder the innocent by wholesale. It is now called the Chamber of the Court of Appeal, and is completely altered since I last saw it in 1793, when a set of drunken cannibals, selected from the

the filthiest styes of this metropolis, with red caps upon their heads, made human nature tremble, inundated France with blood, and caused every honest man to envy the days of Nero and Caracalla. The person who was with me, gave a very minute account of the trials of the Queen and the virtuous Princess Elizabeth, where they were stationed, how they behaved, &c. &c. But these are tearful details, and I will not revive the painful recollection of them.

The chamber of appeal is now arranged with much the same degree of sober elegance as any of the chambers of the old Parliaments of France; and business seems to be transacted with decorum, but by no means with impressive solemnity.

In the Criminal Court, four young men were to be tried for their lives, in consequence of which, I hastened thither. The room, the seats of the judges, advocates, jury, and spectators, made me fancy I was in one of the Circuit Courts of our own country. Every person was uncovered, and a respectful French silence prevailed. With the greatest politeness, one of the judges permitted me to sit within the tribunal, so that I was enabled to see and hear what passed distinctly.

There were three judges, who wore the same gowns as our Masters of Arts. The prisoners were seated on their left, attended by two *gens d'armes*, and their counsel on a seat below them.

To

To the right of the bench, the jury and public accuser were stationed; the latter habited like the judges, and the former very respectable in their appearance.

After the evidence for the prosecution had closed, the counsel for the prisoners addressed the jury in a long written speech, which he read. But the public accuser, and the judge, who summed up the evidence, delivered themselves extempore. The testimony of the witnesses is taken down word for word. One of the prisoners completely established an *alibi*; the others succeeded so far as to render the evidence against them ambiguous, in consequence of which, they were all acquitted.

Upon the whole, the forms of our English Criminal Courts are imitated as much as possible with this marked distinction, that the jury are not only judges of fact and of law, but they also pronounce the punishment, which is afterwards promulgated by the President of the Tribunal.

The revolution has caused such havoc among the corps of lawyers, that the profession is scarcely deemed reputable. Every advocate of the old monarchy, who entered into the spirit of the times, has become a member, either of the Tribunate, the Mutes, or the Conservative Senate. But, the most lamentable circumstance of all, is, the mean salary granted to the judges, the principal of whom, do not receive more than 400l. sterling,

sterling, per annum; and when the importance of their functions, and their relative rank in society are contrasted with their pay, one cannot avoid thinking, either that there is an intention of degrading the very name of justice in this country, by rendering it infinitely below the scale of military authority, or that its principles are not, in the least, understood.

If any thing can more strongly corroborate the opinion relative to the latter, it is what took place a short time ago at the Thuilleries, while the civil code was under discussion. The second Consul Cambacéres, had persuaded Bonaparte, that in England there were no juries in *Civil* causes. Upon further inquiry, he was assured by St. Jean D'Angely of the contrary. The First Consul shortly after turning to Cambacéres, exclaimed, "How is this, Cambacéres, I am told the English always have juries in civil causes as well as criminal?" The latter still persisting, Blackstone was appealed to. But as the Grand Mogul understands no more of Blackstone than he does of any other law-book in the world, he extricated himself from the dilemma, with a dexterity peculiar to himself; and with the oracular wisdom of Solomon, observed, "Oh! as to these matters, one says one thing, and another says another; there appears to be no certainty at all about what is the practice in England, nor is it

of

of any consequence, therefore we will have no juries in France, in civil causes!"—*Ainsi soit il.* With this stupendous effort of human judgment, I finish my account of the mode of administering justice in this enlightened Republic.

LETTER

## LETTER XLI.

*Newspapers—Characters of those concerned in them.*

IN the inaugural oration of the celebrated Montesquieu on his admission into the French Academy, in the room of M. de Sacy, he says*, "You look upon talents, *without virtue*, as fatal presents, only proper to add strength to our vices, or to render them more conspicuous." There is not, throughout the writings of that great man, a more just passage than the one I have cited; and I regret that I had it not in my recollection when I was giving you an account of the enlightened sages of the National Institute. It would have been an admirable preface to any observations on that groupe of rascals. But it will serve my purpose in the present letter. Had Montesquieu lived to this day, I am sure, whatever his prudence might have suggested, he would have thought in the same spirit. But he never could have survived the revolutionary storm; for I remember well the awful rebuke I once received from Robespierre, while extolling "the Spirit

* January 24, 1728.

of Laws." "The Spirit of Laws," said he, "it is the production of a fanatic and a weak mind, (*imbécille*) replete with dogmas and prejudices. If Montesquieu were now alive, he would have been either an emigrant, or very soon *less by a head*, for he was *un parlementaire, non pas un bon republicain.*" It is impossible to do justice, by an English translation, to this truly sublime effusion of *republican wit.* The word "*parlementaire*" means strictly, a round-head or a whig, but this description of person was not sufficiently divested of *prejudices* to be a good republican, in the eyes of Robespierre. Besides, Montesquieu was a President of the Parliament of Bordeaux, which was of itself a ground of condemnation, in as much as it proved, that he was a man of respectability and consideration in the state. This, therefore, is the acceptation of the term; or in other words, we may interpret the sentiment of the tyrant thus, "being a member of the ancient Parliament of France, he was *necessarily* an enemy of republican government, which did not exist when he lived, nor was ever dreamt of; for which reason, notwithstanding his dogmas and prejudices in favour of public liberty, I should cut off his head as an aristocrat and a conspirator;" to which might be added, "and for the sake of the vineyards of La Brède *."

* Had I suggested to Robespierre, that he himself had formerly been *un Parlementaire*, though of an humble degree, that

I need not here tell you the effect, which this stroke of criticism wrought upon me, for when I heard that Montesquieu would have been less by a head, had he fallen into Robespierre's hands, I felt such an unpleasant tickling in my neck, that the argument *convinced* me in a moment. Accordingly, knowing that the extremes of servility and opposition were alike obnoxious to the tyrant, I endeavoured to appease him, with observing, that it was very true, the author of the Spirit of Laws groped in darkness, especially in the article wherein he treats of the Influence of Climate, as it was now *clear*, that the *enlightened* principles of the revolution were equally applicable to the whole race of man, and that there would most

that is, one of the *corps elite*, called *avocats*, from whose fertile genius, a great part of the miseries of Europe are to be attributed, I should have been guillotined in less than eight and forty hours, for a conspiracy against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic. Yet, it is remarkable, this man, who was actively engaged in chopping off the heads of the ancient nobles, was extremely anxious the world should believe that he had been one of the privileged cast. This vanity, or rather this envy, still prevails in France. Since my return to England, one of my correspondents, a member of the Conservative Senate, and *one of the founders of the Republic*, as he calls himself, in a letter which I have preserved, actually chides me, for not giving him the title which he anciently held, and even enters into a dissertation on the subject. They are like Justice Shallow's Sir John, without his humour.

 probably

probably be a National Convention very soon in China; but still I could not avoid considering Montesquieu as well as Machiavel in the light of pioneers of liberty. " Machiavel, a pioneer of liberty," exclaimed he, (giving me a fixed look with his two large tyger eyes, and clenching his fists, the usual preliminaries of a warrant of arrest) " you are not up to the true principles. The doctrines of Machiavel established tyranny over the whole of Europe."

Every one who has read Machiavel with attention (which I am persuaded Robespierre never did, if he read him at all) must be satisfied, that his Prince was written solely to expose the machinations of tyrants, and thereby to caution the people of free states against their wily intrigues. His Discourses on Livy, attest the fact. But, the popular opinion was, and still continues to be, as much in disfavour of this writer, as in the days of the National Convention, against the Spirit of Laws.

I have been led to these remarks, in order to prepare your mind for a thorough insight into the literary claims of those *political* writers and orators who affect a great deal of information when they possess none. No people upon earth possess greater facility than the French in setting themselves off to the greatest advantage, especially in persuading the world they know every thing, when, in fact, they know very little or nothing. The following

lowing circumstances, will illustrate my assertions better than a volume of arguments.

When I was about to depart for France, I was requested by the Proprietors of a long established daily Paper in London, to procure, if possible, some intelligent person, in whom they might confide for authentic information of what was transacting in France; and as it was left entirely to my judgment to select a proper correspondent*, I addressed myself not to any of that secondary swarm of literati, whose existence, like that of reptiles, depends on depredation and injury; but to men of approved talents (as I knew) in science, and of sound information, as I had been informed, in politics. The sum I offered was so captivating, that they buzzed around me, as so many paupers about an overseer of a parish, in

* At that time I was one of the Proprietors of the Paper alluded to, and consequently had a strong interest in its prosperity. Although I have no longer any personal interest in the concern, I cannot avoid noticing to the public, the great exertions that were made to afford instruction and entertainment to the readers of that Paper. I know not, whether other Journals adopted a similar measure, but it is probable they did, from the uncommon industry, exertions, and laudable emulation which prevail among them. However, the salary, which we agreed to allot for communications *only twice a week*, was so advantageous to any literary Frenchman, that I feel no hesitation, in thus stating publickly, he might have lived in Paris, not only at his ease, but in comparative opulence.

the act of distributing bread. With respect to operas, plays, masquerades, concerts, balls, and all the other equipage of folly and pleasure, information respecting them was the least part of my object, for we had more of that trash than we knew what to do with at home. I wanted such communications as should prove useful to men of understanding; to the politician, the manufacturer, and the merchant. It was wholly indifferent to me, whether the First Consul slept at Malmaison, or at the Thuilleries; but who was the last person robbed, banished, poisoned, or otherwise murdered by his order; what measures were in agitation to sap the foundations of any kingdom; what independent community was next to be overthrown or enslaved—these were points on which accurate information might have been productive of incalculable advantage to the British public.

Accordingly, I stated distinctly to those with whom I entered into negociation, that we required *facts only*, and that they would be made use of in England, agreeably to the inclination of those concerned in the business. In the course of several interviews with different individuals, *politics* were the principal subjects of conversation; and I must profess my utter astonishment at their profound ignorance of the subject. None of them seemed to have any just notion, either of the state of Europe, or what is more extraordinary, of the state of their own country. After a very short intercourse, I discovered

covered that with the little information I had gained in France, I knew more of its affairs than they did, and one of them (which is a miracle for a Parisian) actually told me so; for this very reason, it struck me forcibly, he would be the man for our purpose.

However, that I might not be led away by my own opinion, I suggested to each, that as I was only a third person interested, it would be adviseable for him to take up his pen, and give a specimen of his manner of treating things, that I might forward it immediately to the other two gentlemen in England, and let him know the result of their decision, which (I told each separately) I doubted not would be satisfactory. I requested the subject should be chosen by himself, and that he would do it at his leisure. Two of the persons to whom I applied, were *Members of the National Institute*, and one, a very celebrated *professor* in the ****; two others were *Savans*, but not of the privileged order.

In less than five hours after the conversation, I received an estafette from one of the Institute men; and before two days had elapsed, dispatches arrived from the rest, with the exception of the other member of the Institute, who never sent any, and afterwards declined the undertaking.

After having read them over, with repeated attention, I resolved, for the sake of my own credit, not to transmit them to England. They

were so puerile, that I will stake the honour of my country, upon a boy at Eton or Westminster, writing more to the purpose. They were full of flowers, tropes, and metaphors, but contained nothing solid; one theme abounded with citations from *Tite* *, and all of them overflowed with the common-place metaphysics of the new philosophy. It was evident, they would bring *no grist to the mill*; therefore, I forwarded the best, which was the one written by Mr. Professor, and as it was on Public Instruction, which was then the subject of discussion in the Tribunate, it had, at least, the merit of novelty, or rather, of being *well timed*; besides which, he was acquainted with all the principal actors on the theatre of the Republic, and had gone through the usual routine of the revolution, such as imprisonment, &c. &c. This dissertation, he read to me, with great self-satisfaction, exclaiming every now and then, "You see that it is *une opinion soutenue*;" "Here are principles! philosophy!" "This shews *un raisonnement approfondi!*" "When will you send it?" said the Professor; to which I replied, "by this post; but I cannot refrain from observing, that I am apprehensive it is much *too philosophical for an English reader.*" "Oh! not at all, it is *exactly what will suit the taste of your nation; for they are all reasoners.*" "Ah! Monsieur le

* This is the way of citing Livy.

Professeur,

Professeur, you mistake the character of my countrymen; they are all very fond, perhaps too fond, of reasoning *for themselves*, but canot bear that *other men* should presume to *reason for them.*" "*Est il possible! n'importe! il faut toujours commencer.*" Here he began with the enumeration of a long roll of English reasoners, to wit, Bacon, Newton, Locke, M'Laurin, &c. &c. &c. It was in vain that I endeavoured to convince him, we were not a nation of philosophers, and that *facts* were the only matters that interested the Paper; he persisted in his original opinion, and persevered in his biographical excursions. At length, after having lectured me for two hours, he made me enclose the *raisonnement approfondi*, insisted on carrying it to the Post-Office himself, and giving me a *fraternal kiss*, scampered off, like a school-boy going home for the holidays.

It is needless for me to observe, that I had anticipated the answer I received from England. I was informed, the paper in question was so trivial and ridiculous, that they had not even condescended to *translate it* *. My embarrassments now

* This philosophical theme, if not destroyed, may still be seen, among the records at the office of the Journal alluded to. Should these volumes fall into the hands of its conductors, they would do well after what I have said to translate and publish it (though without mentioning the author's

now increased, for the club of *sages* whom I had collected about me, besieged my residence day after day, like suitors in the anti-chamber of Talleyrand; and notwithstanding their courteous carriage, and apparent indifference, it was evident to any one at all acquainted with the French character, that they were under the greatest anxiety for the *arrival of the Post.* One of them suggested to me, that the salary was the *least* object with him, that *half* the offer would be sufficient, but that as a literary man, his pride would be extremely gratified in seeing his lucubrations inserted in an English Journal of so much merit. I took the hint, bowed respectfully, and lower than usual. *We kissed at parting.*

The aukward situation in which I now found myself, compelled me to set all my wits to work, how to extricate myself from it with delicacy. At length, I formed the resolution to say, that my colleagues had altered their plan, and determined to confide the correspondence to an English gentleman now in Paris. This was not, in fact, a falshood, for, in the interval, I had entered into a treaty with a person of that description, with whom I finally closed. However,

thor's name) both as a justification of their judgment, and as a proof, that the English know how to *reason*, without receiving lessons from French philosophers. The other dissertations are still in my possession.

with

with kind words, and a few good dinners, the paper was rescued from all *raisonnement approfondi*, and I retained my philosophical acquaintances; who, however disappointed, never disclosed the least symptom of it, appeared *toujours gai*, and continued to hug and kiss as before.

But, although these philosophers did not obtain any ulterior benefit from my offer, I was enabled to derive considerable information from the inquiries they made for me, respecting the state of the Press in Paris; which, together with intelligence from other sources, furnish sufficient authority on which we may rely.

I begin with Newspapers, because they have the greatest circulation in France as well as abroad; are under the immediate controul of the police, and are edited principally by some of those illuminated children of science, better known under the title of *Members of the National Institute.*

The *Moniteur* is the first in order, in baseness and infamy. It is considered as the official paper of the government; but as all the papers are under the superintendance of the Police, it follows, that they are *all* official. This, however, is by way of eminence, termed *the* official paper, and consequently, it has an immense circulation. It has been generally supposed, that the principal proprietors are *Rœderer* and *Hautrive*; but this is a mistake. The profits belong to a club, consisting of the Ministers of the Interiour, Finances, Foreign

Foreign Affairs, War, and Police *, and of a small junto of Bonaparte's Privy Council, called Councillors of State, whose particular department is to watch over *public opinion.* Of this junto, Rœderer is a member, and as he undertakes, in consideration of a stipend of *eight hundred pounds sterling per annum* (which, with his income as Councillor of State, qualifies him to spend to the tune of *three thousand five hundred pounds* sterling annually) to inspect the whole, he is, of course, considered as the responsible person.

All the expences of paper, printing, and publication are defrayed by the Treasury, but not charged as such. The minister of that department throws them into various items expended for the public service; among which, the extra charges on embassies constitute a fertile resource; so that upon the whole produce, admitting their obligation to account for the *timbre* or stamp-duty, we shall find that each minister and councillor pockets a considerable sum every year from this mass of fraud and peculation, and may keep with it an additional girl very genteely, or two with economy, especially if they should happen to be *sisters* †.

* Since this was written, the Ministry of Police has been suppressed, and Fouche, the Grand Inquisitor, absorbed into the Conservative Senate, with a promise that he shall be called into active service again, when circumstances shall render him necessary.

† This will be understood in France.

It

It is out of my power to ascertain whether *Hautrive* is a stipendiary or admitted into the club; but I know that he writes in the *Moniteur*, and has an handsome salary. The First Consul, whose surprizing literary abilities none can doubt, sometimes sends an article *gratis*; but there is great circumspection observed at the printing-office, and it is impossible to procure any of their manuscripts. The decemvir Barrere receives 1000l. per annum for his literary assistance; but he is paid this sum in consideration of his acting also as a private spy of the First Consul's, on the operations of the Jacobins, and keeping himself quiet. He is likewise engaged by way of reaction, to spy the Grand spy Fouche, Minister of Police. The different ministers too, frequently employ the pens of their subalterns in office, and expectants. Indeed, it is their *interest* so to do, when we consider, how deeply their selfish passions are involved in the receipt of every *petit ecu*.

You cannot be mistaken respecting the authors of the pieces, as their style will immediately convict them. The following, however, may serve as general rules, for the discovery of the several distinguished *literati* engaged.

*Ferocious and blustering passages on the power of the Republic, in the style of epic prose*—TREILHARD, Ex-Avocat, Ex-Director, Ex-Negociator, and Councillor of State.

*Religious*

*Religious homilies and pious incantations, with much whining about the restoration of the Catholic faith, but written in a very good and pure style,*—PORTALIS the elder, Councillor of State; who, from a professed atheist, having read the Bible through, over and over again, as he says, during his exile at Hamburgh, and in Holstein, was himself converted; and, on his return, converted Bonaparte to believe as he believes, and is now a saint as well as his disciple.

*Gasconades, calambours, diatribes, bombast apostrophes to nature, shivering, weeping mothers with infants at the breast, hard-hearted men who never had children, heaving bosoms of humanity, and all the impure verbiage of the Tribune of the National Convention,*—BARRERE, Ex-Member of the Committee of Public Safety, Poetical Reporter of all its atrocities, who signed the death-warrants of above forty-thousand of his countrymen, avowing in the Committee that "dead men tell no tales;" afterwards sentenced to transportation; turned Christian in jail; won the good opinion of his jailor, at whose table he said grace before and after meals; afterwards jilted and escaped from him; secreted himself until the usurpation of Bonaparte, to whom he sent a fulsome address, declaring that he was the reporter who made known to astonished Europe the exploits of the hero of Italy; liberated by the com-

miseration and sympathy of his master, he now licks his feet, and is his humble servant; though retired (as his profession requires) he lives in good style near my residence, sees Duroc often, keeps a girl of his own, and is allowed by the First Consul, to share in the profits of a bawdy-house.

*Comparisons between Great Britain and the Great Nation; between porter and burgundy, coals and wood, roast beef and bouillé*—CHAPTAL the Chemist, Minister of the Interiour, Member of the National Institute, one of the basest of servile slaves.

*Surly remarks on the tyrants of the ocean, the insolence and intrigues of the British government; the cravings and jealous disposition of the nation of shopkeepers, the national debt of England, its exhausted resources, bad faith, and the sincere integrity of France, satiated with conquests, together with many flourishes on morality, in strong and blunt language*—RŒDERER, Councillor of State, Member of the National Institute, in the class of Political Economy; Ex-Avocat; has always sided with every party, in order to illustrate practically, his valuable treatise on making loans, and on solving the question, whether any state should pay its debts? He was procureur-general-syndic of the department of Paris, during the expiring moments of the monarchy.

*The*

*The same in more fluent language*—HAUTRIVE, a pensioner of the Consul, and the mechanical editor.

*Sallies respecting Malta, and hints concerning Egypt and the Mediterranean*—REGNAULT DE ST. JEAN D'ANGELY, Councillor of State, in great favour with Bonaparte; formerly an *Avocat* of *Saintonge*, a furious royalist as long as the court of Lewis XVI. continued to fee him; intrepid royalist editor of the *Journal de Paris* in 1791; violent jacobin editor of the *Gazette of Milan*, under the auspices of Bonaparte, in whose army he acted as Commissary, in 1796; Member of the Constituent Assembly, in which capacity he was *pensioned* by the order of Malta, to plead in behalf of its rights; in return for which he betrayed his clients, went to that island, as the Commissary of the Directory, and superintended the administration of its plunder; completely sacked the Palace of the Grand Master, Baron de Hompesch; pilfered all the plate and money he could lay his hands upon; composed a revolutionary Gazette for the Islands of the Archipelago; returned to France, laden with an immense booty; therefore will soon be elected a member of the National Institute in the class of Political Economy; is a married man with a family, keeps a girl, but is saving, and takes care of the main chance.

*Barefaced*

*Barefaced lies and swindling propositions*—TALLEYRAND, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ex-Bishop of Autun; renounced the Christian Religion and his Order; went to England in 1793 to assist Chauvelin or Maret in lulling the English government asleep; trembling for his head, remained there after the war had broken out; took lodgings at Mrs. Colpus's, near Highgate pond, during which, he made a point of eating boiled beef on Fridays; departed for America, whence he humbly sued for permission to return to France; the Directory being in want of a dexterous rascal to manage the pillage and sequestrations of the German Abbeys, and other ecclesiastical possessions, permitted him to come home, and gave him the port-folio of Charles de la Croix; since which, he has been actively engaged in the decomposition of Europe, and in converting the Germanic empire into a State Lottery for himself and his masters; listens with marvellous condescension to the complaints of all parties, takes bribes from all, and cheats all, with the placid composure of a veteran in iniquity; feels a great reluctance to enter into negociation without a preliminary douceur (the American Commissioners, to wit); the greatest swindler in Europe; rich as Lucullus; has lately resumed Christianity, and sent to request the Pope will unfrock him, and give him absolution for all his sins, past, present, and to come, which the First Consul will take care that his Holiness shall execute, and in

return for which special grace, Talleyrand will draw a checque with interest on the Pontifical Ambassador, for the expences incurred in the negociation of the business; keeps Madame G—— at the Hotel of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and a young tit at a little chateau, where he transacts private business, for which he will also get absolution, and charge it to the account of the Pope; was originally a man of rank and education; possesses uncommon abilities; is the greatest liar and rogue in Christendom, and therefore a Member of the National Institute, in the class of Political Economy.

*Sensible data on the Public Law of Europe, afforded, though not written for publication, but digested by Rœderer and Hautrive for the Press,* —Rosenstiel, formerly principal Secretary of Legation to the French Ministers at the farcical Congress of Radstadt in 1799; the pupil and friend of the celebrated Pfeffel; long employed in the diplomatic department under the old monarchy; devotedly attached to his king, detesting the revolution, and on that account dismissed from his employment by Dumourier, when minister of Foreign Affairs; having been imprisoned, proscribed, and ruined, and father of a large family, he was constrained, from the necessity of his circumstances, by way of subsisting them, to accept of the Consulship of Elsineur in 1796; whence, being the only Frenchman profoundly

versed in the history and practice of public law, he was again transferred to the department of Foreign Affairs; modest, mild, virtuous, and learned, he is therefore, *not* a member of the National Institute.

*Incomprehensible bombast, and downright nonsense* — NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE, Saint, and Apostle of the Gauls, Sovereign of France, and Dictator of the Continent of Europe; originally a Lieutenant of Artillery; afterwards, one of the Spies of the Police of Paris; but having married the cast-off mistress of his patron, in consideration of her fortune, and of a promise of preferment in the army, he became a General; defeated armies always inferiour to his own in number; over-ran Italy by the means of numberless successful frauds; became a hero; revolutionized it, and then became its legislator; committed a thousand military blunders, for which, as a general, he deserved to be shot; robbed and massacred its inhabitants, for which he deserved to be hanged; promised to revolutionize England in six months, wherein he lied; set off for Egypt at the head of 47,000 choice thieves like himself, to ransack it and butcher its inhabitants, for which he deserved to be bow-stringed; avowed his perjuries, for which he deserved to be put in the pillory; contrived to rid the Republic of a whole fleet of men of war, for which he deserved the guillotine; poisoned his own sick soldiers, for which he deserved to be

put in a boiling cauldron, conformably to the old statute in such case made and provided; became a Mussulman, for which he deserved to be circumcised; murdered his defenceless prisoners, for which he deserved to be buried alive; ran away from his distressed army, for which he deserved to be put to the halberts; subverted the constitution he had sworn to observe, and made himself master of France, for which he deserved to be sent among wild beasts; cheated all his former associates, and lashes his people of slaves with a rod of scorpions, for which he deserves praise; made himself President of the Italian Republic, for which he deserved the gallies; disturbs the peace of Swisserland, for which he deserves to be drowned in the lake of Geneva; the eternal enemy of the British nation, for which he deserves their thanks; a Member of the National Institute, for which he deserves to be whipped at school; the implacable enemy of God and man, for which he deserves to go to ——.

With the exception of *M. de Rosensthiel*, these are the principal workmen who furnish the leading articles of that vehicle of lies, blustering, and imposture. Their names are enough to stamp the publication with infamy, if its contents did not sufficiently render it execrable in the eyes of every liberal reader *.

* These volumes will certainly reach Paris, and had they been published during the peace, they would have been translated

The next in rank and circulation, is the *Journal des Defenseurs de la Patrie.* In this paper, there are often very good articles, and occasionally, useful criticisms on literary productions. But as to political reflections, one might as well look for them in a Turkish Gazette, if such a paper exist. We often meet with fragments of the kind in this Journal, and whenever they occur, if well written, you may depend on their being the production of *Joseph La Vallée*, who, without appearing to have any interest in the Paper, is nevertheless, paid 260l. sterling per annum by the government, for looking after its concerns in it.

I have seen a great deal of La Vallée, and know him to be endowed with considerable acquirements. He is a very modest, inoffensive man, extremely anxious to oblige, not loquacious,

translated and published there; by whom? by a poor author? No! by a legislator, Member of the National Institute! His Highness will pardon me, I hope, but before the club give directions to Barrere to criticize the work, I request their attention to the following questions, on which the credit of the Moniteur is at stake.

1. Who offered an Englishman, besides an establishment in Paris, the sum of 750l. sterling a year, if he would remain in that *virtuous* capital, and write for the government and the Moniteur, which offer was scouted with indignation?

2. Who, last year, after he had quitted France several months, authorized the insertion of not less than *six columns*, at different times, in the Moniteur, of fulsome compliments on him?

but interesting in his conversation. Though ranked in this capital, in the first order of its *literati*, he is *not* a Member of the National Institute, which, perhaps, may be accounted for from his integrity. In one of our conversations, he complained bitterly of the English Newspapers for their animadversions on the French government, and particularly on the First Consul, expressing at the same time, his fears that they might create ill blood between the two countries; and on my desiring him to name the papers he alluded to, he mentioned, *the Porcupine* and *the Morning Post*, "but the Porcupine," said he, "is horrible." Now, it happened, that the Porcupine was not at the time in existence, which convinced me, that I was hearing merely the echo of the sentiments of the Thuilleries. I therefore did not scruple to tell him of his error; and to explain to him, that the Porcupine had been several months before merged in the True Briton, a paper, which since the cessation of hostilities, had refrained from any personal invectives on his government, and had even sunk the name of the former altogether. He seemed quite confounded at hearing this, for he had no idea, that the Porcupine had been relinquished. The True Briton, he then observed, was the only pacific paper of the whole, but that they were all extremely violent. "Why then, my dear friend," I returned, "do not you answer them with equal vehemence?" "We do, but

but then we cannot enter upon the subject as they do. "Why?" "Because these political discussions are not agreeable to the government." "Are you then restrained from writing what you please in defence of yourselves?" "Not so; but it would be impossible to reply, without also translating their arguments." "Then why not translate them?" "The government has laid an injunction on all the papers against it!" "Ah! *vive la liberté*, I thought I was in a free Republic!" "You must be sensible, that such discussions would tend only to unsettle the minds of people, and shake the government." "Now you have explained yourself, I candidly confess I am of your opinion."

Such was nearly word for word, what passed upon this occasion, and you may judge from it, in what an *enviable* state the press of the Republic is, at this moment. If therefore, you should see hereafter, any flourishes against England in the *Journal des Defenseurs*, you may be assured they come unwillingly from the pen of La Vallée.

Before I quit this good-natured man, I must inform you of a curious incident, which took place here a few days ago. It was the common talk, that the Conservative Senate intended to pass a decree confirming Bonaparte in the Consulate during his life. A printed paper, written and circulated by a Chef de Batallion, with his name affixed to it, having been put into my hands, con-

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taining remarks on the meanness of the project, and calling upon the national gratitude to proclaim the Corsican Emperor of the Gauls, and to make the throne hereditary in his race; I took an opportunity of animadverting upon it to La Vallée, and suggesting the propriety, if it were adopted, of abolishing all those idle names now in vogue, such as Liberty, Equality, Republic, Sovereignty of the People, &c; otherwise mankind would not give due credit to the repentance of the French, who had shed so much blood, and made such vast sacrifices for the privilege of using them.

The next day there appeared in the *Journal des Defenseurs*, a brisk, well written article, in the true spirit of a Republican, not only against the Imperial project, but even against the Consulate for life, the very mention of which, was sacrilege against the Republic. Soon after I had read it, La Vallée called upon me. "Well, M. La Vallée," I observed on receiving him, "you see, Frenchmen can write as they please!" "*Ma foi!* said he, we must never suffer matters to go to such a length." "I am glad to see so able a writer take up the question with so much zeal. A week hence, when the English news-papers shall have arrived, you will not be quite so angry with them, as you were the other day; for I'll lay my life, as soon as the intelligence reaches them, they will batter away all the steps of your Emperor's throne. They will send you plenty of ammunition,

munition, if you will but load, prime, and fire." "Nothing shall deter me," exclaimed the indignant Republican; "I never disliked the late king, nor shared in the events of the revolution; but rather than see any one of my fellow-citizens upon the throne of France, I would burn this hand, if I did not write against him." "Bravo! I admire your principles and courage."

*Two days* after this animating declaration, a short two days! taking up the same journal, I read a long and laboured dissertation on the innumerable advantages the Republic would obtain from conferring the Consulate for life, "on the genius of victory and peace!" The sacrilege against the Republic, and the burning of the right hand, rushed instantly into my mind, and I became extremely desirous of another interview with the intrepid Republican. But he never came near me for several days. At length he made his appearance, just as we were about to sit down to dinner with a large party. That was neither the time nor place for throwing him into confusion; for indeed he betrayed at his entrance, sufficient confusion and sheepishness. But shaking him heartily by the right hand, as I led him to a chair, I whispered in his ear, "I am happy to find it is not burnt." I regret now that I went so far, for he was visibly dejected all the while he remained with us. But, I took care never to revive the subject; nevertheless, he told me

me some time after, with a sorrowful countenance, that he had received instructions to prepare the public mind for the event, upon which I made no comment, but gave another turn to the conversation. Think on these things.

It was much more gratifying to me, to attend the annual meeting of the Polytechnic Society, of which La Vallée has lately been elected perpetual Secretary *. I heard his inaugural speech, replete with eloquence and simplicity, and which, notwithstanding his timidity, and unfavourable appearance † as an orator in a tribune, drew down unbounded applauses from a numerous and enraptured assembly of both sexes.

The *Clef du Cabinet*, the best printed of the Parisian journals, is compiled with care, and gives, in general, a faithful account of continental news. One of the occasional writers in this paper, is *Garat*, Member of the Conservative Senate, and being a notorious rascal, is also a Member of the National Institute ‡. I must trouble you

* The public meetings of this society, intended to supply the place of the old Academy of Belles Lettres, are holden in the Louvre. The Members enter on one side, and the folding doors fly off with a crash, as in the Tribunate and Legislative Body.

† He is very deformed, and not more than four feet in stature.

‡ I am not altogether certain, whether he wrote in this paper, or *Le Publiciste*.

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with a few words concerning this high priest of Baal, who veers about like a weather cock, with every zephyr that blows from the point of power. Before the revolution, he was, what the French call, *homme de lettres*, that is, a poor lawyer without practice. But the expression, "man of letters," has not the same meaning in France as with us. In England, a person of this description is regarded as a man of good classical education, and cultivated talents; but in the great nation the case is different. A smattering of Latin (but no Greek) which they learn through the medium of translations, of which there are many excellent ones in the French language, Rollin's Ancient and Roman Histories, with Crevier's continuation, the Abbé Barthelemi's Travels of Anacharsis, the Four Books of Justinian's Institutes, superficially read, Raynal's History of the European Settlements in the East and West Indies (particularly the gun-powder passages written by Diderot) Rousseau and Voltaire, constitute their principal studies; and after they have become well versed in these writers, they instantly fancy themselves qualified to be *hommes de lettres*, to think for mankind, not forgetting themselves, to scribble pamphlets, and to assume the *philosophe*. This is in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, the stock of knowledge with which a Frenchman of letters tries his fortune in the world *. It was

* *Garat* tells us himself, that when he was twenty-five years old, without a six-pence in his pocket, and with the title of *avocat*

not so, however, with the *practising* lawyers of the old times; for the nature of their practice required a very enlarged share of reading and study. But they were not the founders of the Republic. That illuminated fabric was the work of such poor *avocats* as the Senator *Garat*, who disdaining the pedantry of books, science, and historical light, would get you up an *imperishable* constitution for the government of twenty-five millions of men, in *five days*.

This fellow's biography may be detailed in a few lines. He began his august career with writing paragraphs for the *Mercure*; he was next a Member of the Constituent Assembly, in which his talents were considered in so contemptible a light, that he was never noticed. At the same time he was not wanting in *prudence*, but wisely held his tongue, lest he should betray his ignorance. But the insufferable vanity of the *important* personage, induced him several years after, to attribute his silence in that assembly, to his *philosophy*. "On convenoit," says he, "que *je n'étois pas sans vues et sans talens*; on doit croire que j'aurois eu quel-

*avocat* at *Bordeaux*, he used always to walk about the fields, with Virgil in one pocket, and Locke and Montesquieu in the other, (a good load, and tight work in a field promenade) and *forgot that he was upon the earth*. See p. 210 of his Memoirs. One would have thought that Locke and Montesquieu, two famous *pastoral* writers, and quite in the *cowslip* style, *light, gay*, and *airy*; would have induced him to have cast one glance upon that world, of whose welfare they treated.

ques

ques unes de ces distinctions tant recherchées, si je n'avois pas été sans ambition et sans intrigue *."

However, notwithstanding the *sage* was devoid of the spirit of ambition or intrigue, we shall presently find him clambering up the ladder of preferment with uncommon agility. While he was dumb in the National Assembly, in order to turn a penny, he scribbled as the Editor of the *Journal de Paris*, and with the money his luminous genius obtained from its labours, he saved 32,000 livres. The French papers must have yielded vast profits to pay only *one* of their editors so handsome a sum in so short a time. But, though he was enabled to purchase a house and a little land with this money, it was not enough for him, for says he, "a garden supports its master only in the Georgics of Virgil, and the Seasons of Thompson." He was, therefore, at a *nonplus*; but, "experience makes one wiser," continues the legislator, "my *fatal star* condemned me to forget that I was born poor."

In April, 1792, the philosopher arrived in England in the suite of the French embassy; and

* "Every one will admit that *I possessed knowledge and talents*, and that I might have enjoyed *any of those distinctions* so much sought after, if I had not been devoid of ambition and the spirit of intrigue." See this *modest*, this very modest philosopher's Memoirs of his Public Life, written by himself.

during his residence there, he wrote an answer to the circular proclamation of the government of the Low Countries, which he caused to be translated into English. "It had," *he* says, "a most splendid success." Accustomed as I have been ever since the year 1792, never to suffer, if possible, a paper upon the affairs of France to escape my hands, I must here acknowledge my utter ignorance of the *splendid success* of any publication of M. *Garat* in our country.

After the memorable 10th of August, he intended to have gone "*into a corner*," to finish his "*Art social*," which had occupied his profound investigations for two or three years before, "*mais ce qu'il y a de plus difficile à un homme entièrement dénué de fortune* (what then had become of the 32,000 livres, the house and land?) *c'est de se retirer dans un coin* *." In consequence of which

* "But it is the most difficult thing in the world for a man, wholly destitute of any fortune, to retire into a *corner*." Diogenes was contented with a tub, why should our *philosopher* be dissatisfied with a snug little *corner* at *Auvernau*, only thirty miles from Paris, especially as his friend *Legrand* lent him 26,000 livres to purchase the lands adjoining to his château, "*objets de mon ardente ambition*;" objects of his ardent ambition, and which he avowed, that if he could have obtained them, they would have sufficed to have established him there as a colonist. "Si j' avois pu gagner avec *le Journal de Paris* quelques mille livres de plus, il y avoit à coté de mon jardin quelques terres et pas très-chères, qui

which, he opened his afflicted soul to *Condorcet*, who procured for him the editorship of the article *Convention* in the *Gazette Nationale*. This function, he is of opinion, he executed with uncommon ability; "qu'on y jette les yeux, &c."

On the 9th of October, in the same year, he was appointed MINISTER OF JUSTICE. There was a leap!—This thing was not done in a *corner*. Hide, blushing Rome! the statue of thy Cincinnatus; whilst thine illustrious annals can boast but of one solitary individual raised from the culture of his garden to imperial sway; behold! in the fertile soil of regenerated France, hundreds spring up like mushrooms in an autumnal morning!—I do not recollect whether it was Belial or

qui *auraient suffi pour m'établir là comme un colon.*" As all his thoughts were "exclusively occupied on the happiness of the human race," how comes it that for the *benefit* of the human race he did not remain where he was? He had obtained every thing his *unambitious* mind desired, why did he covet more? Where did he get the money to repay Legrand? Is it not well known, that with the original 32,000 livres *plus* 26,000, a valuable estate might have been acquired at that time in France, considering the depreciation of the value of land. The aggregate sum of the philosopher's fortune was, 2538*l.* sterling, which would have purchased an estate of the original value of 7000*l.* sterling, at least. How many truly learned Englishmen would have been contented with colonizing such a freehold, and have considered themselves in Elysium with it, instead of being discontented with the *little corner!*

Mammon

Mammon which Milton nominates to the office of Minister of Justice in Pandemonium; but I am sure the rapidity of his fall from Heaven could not have been more swift than the astonishing spring which this paragraph-writer made from *a corner*, to the first rank in the Republic.

During his short, but *virtuous* ministry, he truckled to every faction; and courted the good-will of every demagogue. At length he was proclaimed to be *un imbécille*, deposed, arrested for a day, released; he next writes a book, in which he compares himself to Sully, Turgot, and Jesus Christ; and is appointed *Commissary* of *Public Instruction!* he is cashiered again; then sent as French ambassador to the Court of Naples, in order to pave the way for the irruption of a Republican army; recalled and nominated a Member of the Council of Ancients, he displays the soul of *Ravaillac* on the *festival* of the 21st of January; dismissed by Bonaparte with contempt, he retires into a *corner*; quits his lurking hole again, for a seat among the mute legislators; increases in duplicity, baseness, and adulation; becomes the apologist of the tyrant, as he had been before of Robespierre and Danton; is absorbed into the Conservative Senate; touches 3000l. sterling, per annum, of the public spoils; joins in the common opinion of every Senator that "*we are very well as we are*;" talks about publishing a *History of Antiquity* (mercy on us!) on which account, and in consideration

of

of his rural walks with Locke and Montesquieu in his pockets, instead of his brains, he is—*a Member of the National Institute*, in the laughable class of *Analyse des sensations et des idées!!!*

But to complete the character of this hypocritical harlequin senator, of this analytic metaphysician of the Institute, he shall speak for himself. In page 50, 51, 52, and 53 of his *honest* memoirs of himself, he calls *Robespierre* by the following epithets: *un monstre, un fou, scélérat, étranger à une bonne logique*, having a soul filled with hatred, *du soupçon, de la terreur, de l'orgueil & de la vengeance* *. His elocution he pronounces to be, "*le bavardage insignifiant, rabachage éternel sur les droits de l'homme, sur la souveraineté du peuple, sur les principes dont il parloit sans cesse, & sur lesquels il n'a jamais répandu une seule vue un peu exacte et un peu neuve* †." Mark these expressions, before you read the following epistle from this same Socrates to Robespierre, found among the papers of the latter after his execution,

* "Monster, madman, scoundrel, deficient in the power of reasoning, filled with suspicions, terror, vanity, and vengeance."

† "Senseless babbling, eternal and tiresome repetition of the same sentiments on the rights of man, the sovereignty of the people, on principles of which he incessantly harangued, without having propounded a single correct, or new idea respecting them."

and with which I shall leave M. Garat to his conscience, and to the execrations of mankind.

*30th October*, 1793.

" I have read your report on foreign powers, and the extracts of your last speech delivered to the jacobins; and as I have not at this time any opportunity of making my sentiments known to the public, I hasten to acquaint you yourself with the impressions they have made upon me.

" The report appears to me, *a magnificent piece of policy, republican morality, style, and eloquence*. It is with such *profound* and *exalted* sentiments of VIRTUE, and I will add, with such *language*, that the nation one represents, is honoured in the eyes of all mankind. For my own part, I have no more respect for good style than any other man, when it is only an empty ornament of language; but I consider style to be the art of seizing the objects of our reflections in their most extensive and genuine relations, and of expressing them in such a manner as to strike the imaginations and the minds of all men. If such be the property of style, it must be acknowledged that such a talent is the most essential instrument of a revolution, whose object is, to ensure the *perfectability* of government by its enlightened principles, and of the human race, by means of government. The style of the Report on Foreign

Powers

Powers is *neat* throughout, *dignified, pointed* or *elegant;* and whenever it rises *to the tone of the highest order of eloquence,* it is always by the *grandeur of your sentiments and ideas.*

" Your speech to *Louvet,* your speech on the trial of *Louis Capet,* and this report, are, in my opinion (remember the *bavardage insignifiant,* the *rabachage éternel* above) *the most exquisite pieces which have appeared during the whole revolution.* They will be *studied* in the schools of the Republic, as *models of classic eloquence,* and they will be transcribed on the pages of history, as *the most powerful causes that have operated on the destiny of France* *."

*Le*

* I have here given the original in his own terms, that it may remain a lasting evidence against the venal swarm who fill the National Institute.

*Décadi de la* 1re *décade de Frimaire.*

" J'ai lu votre rapport sur les Puissances etrangères et les extraits de vos derniers discours aux Jacobins; et dans ce moment où je n'ai aucune manière de parler au public, je cède au besoin de vous entretenir un instant vous-même de l'impression que j'en ai reçue.

" Le rapport m'a paru un magnifique morceau de politique, de morale républicaine, de style et d'éloquence; c'est avec ces sentimens profonds et élevés DE LA VERTU, et j'ajouterai avec un tel langage, qu'on honore aux yeux de toutes les nations, la nation qu'on représente. Je ne fais pas plus de cas qu'un autre du mérite du style, lorsque ce mérite n'est qu'une vaine parure du langage; mais j'appelle

*Le Citoyen François*, is the most independent paper of any published in Paris, if it be not an abuse of language, to appropriate this term to gazettes under the inspection of the Police. Before the usurpation of Bonaparte, *Thomas Paine* frequently furnished it with articles; but since that event, he has withdrawn his assistance, and wholly relinquished European politics. Several other well known Republicans have followed his example, and the only person of note, who has been mentioned to me as its proprietor, or as

style l'art de saisir les objets de ses pensées sous les rapports les plus étendus et les plus vrais, et l'art de rendre ensuite les rapports qu'on a saisis sous les expressions et sous les formes les plus frappantes pour toutes les imaginations, les plus sensibles pour toutes les ames. Si tel est le talent du style, on est forcé d'avouer qu'un pareil talent est l'instrument le plus nécessaire dans une révolution, qui a pour objet de perfectionner le gouvernement par les lumières, et l'espèce humaine par le gouvernement. Le style du Rapport sur les puissances étrangères est par-tout net, ferme, piquant ou élégant; et lorsqu'il s'élève au ton de la plus haute éloquence, c'est toujours par la grandeur des sentimens et des idées.

" Votre discours à Louvet, votre discours sur le jugement de Louis Capet, et ce rapport, sont, à mon avis, les plus beaux morceaux qui ayent paru dans la révolution. Ils passeront dans les écoles de la république, comme des modèles classiques de l'éloquence, et dans les tableaux de l'histoire comme les causes qui auront agi le plus puissamment sur la destinée de la France."

GARAT.

having

having any concern in it, is, the senator *Lanjuinais*, not a member of the National Institute; which is the reason, perhaps, that it is not in the pay of the government.

The *Journal de Commerce*, is under the direction of *M. Peuchet*, member of the Board of Commerce attached to the ministry of the Interiour, and of the Commercial Council of the department of the Seine. He is a respectable man, and possesses the most enlarged and enlightened views of the principles and operations of Commerce, as well as a scientific and practical knowledge of its numberless details.

The *Publiciste*, the *Gazette de France*, *Journal des Débats*, and other inferior papers, are not edited by any Republican *personages*, and are besides, unworthy of notice. They may all be read at the *cabinet littéraire*, in the *rue de la Loi*, where you will also find the principal journals of every country in Europe.

When I contrast this wretched state of the French press with the freedom, vigorous reasoning, and often eloquent composition, which appear in the London Journals, I become hourly more enamoured with my country, and disgusted with this Republic. During the whole reign of Lewis XVI. the French press was never reduced to such a degrading state as that in which I now find it. But with respect to scientific productions,

the case is otherwise. It is in these provinces, the French shine with uncommon brilliancy; and as no man is more ready than myself to do them justice when they deserve it, I shall reserve my observations upon the subject, till my next letter.

## LETTER XLII.

*Philosophical, Literary, and other Periodical Publications.*

IN my last letter, I observed, that notwithstanding the ignorance and cowardice displayed by the French writers upon political subjects, their scientific productions are justly entitled to the most exalted degree of praise; and it requires a very prejudiced mind indeed, to be insensible to this important truth. During the old monarchy, this nation had made great advances in practical philosophy; but knowledge of this class was confined within very circumscribed limits. The revolution, by enflaming the ambitious views of scientific and literary men, has enabled them also, to diffuse their acquirements over the surface of the Republic. If any individual now feel a disposition to cultivate Natural Philosophy (and this is the branch of science in which they excel) he may obtain assistance and information cheaper and better in this country, than in any other state of Europe. The reason is obvious: the philosophers of France take delight in making their investigations and discoveries known to the mass of mankind. But, it must be acknowledged, that

many of the periodical works of the present day, have sprung from the ashes of past times, and others have been engrafted on them. A short review of their respective objects will demonstrate this fact.

The first periodical work, in point of time, respectability, and talent, is the JOURNAL DE PHYSIQUE, edited and conducted by one of the ablest and most virtuous men in France, our excellent friend, *Dr. De la Metherie.* This work has maintained its reputation with undiminished lustre throughout every country of Europe, for nearly thirty years. There is scarcely a philosopher in the vast Republic of letters, who has not, in some way or other, contributed to its use and celebrity. Independently of a multitude of original papers, furnished by *De la Metherie*, and other naturalists, it contains an admirable selection of whatever has been done, or is doing throughout the philosophical world. You are no doubt aware, that this journal was continued by *Rozier*, whose dictionary of Agriculture, notwithstanding many inaccuracies and omissions, I cannot too forcibly recommend as one of the best productions of modern times. *Parmentier*, one of the members of the National Institute, but as upright a man as ever trod the earth, and my friend *Lasteyrie*, the President of the Board of Agriculture, have informed me, that it is in contemplation to publish a supplement, and that they shall contribute their talents towards

wards it, which will be a sufficient recommendation of the undertaking to every lover of husbandry and virtue. But, as the principal management of the *Journal de Physique* is entrusted to the good *De la Metherie*, I must say a few words (though too much cannot be said) of this modest philosopher.

I have already mentioned in a former letter that he had been imprisoned during those days of persecution, when it was the fashion to oppress every man of worth and talents. But to this hour, he cannot possibly surmise on what specific ground he was arrested. He never held any situation under the government, and the only public function that he now fills, is that of Professor of Mineralogy in the College of France, which does not yield him 100l. sterling per annum. This, together with less than 300l. sterling, which he receives annually as editor of the *Journal de Physique*, constitutes, I believe, the whole income which he derives from his literary labours. The Doctor is not an inattentive spectator of the events that are passing, but he keeps his opinions within his own breast; nor is he, in the least, solicitous of an employment under the government, or a seat in the Institute, though he has often told me, it is coveted less as a distinction, than as the direct road to preferment. His brother is a member of the Legislative Body, and possesses a sound head, with an excellent heart.

The

The *Annales de Chimie*, is the next periodical publication which merits attention on account of its rank and circulation. I have remarked, that the French chymists have, almost universally, been the most enthusiastic agents in the revolution; perhaps, they flattered themselves that mankind are capable of being composed and decomposed after the model of a chemical process. It certainly is not irrational to ascribe their revolutionary zeal to their habitual fondness for *experiments*. However, they fill almost all the best places under the government. Chaptal is minister of the Interiour, Fourcroy and Monge are Councillors of State, besides holding several other lucrative appointments. The same may be said of Vauquelin, Guyton, Berthollet, &c. &c. As you must be better acquainted than I can pretend to be, with the merits of this work, I have only to add, that it has arrived at the twenty-eighth volume, and that De la Metherie, with his usual modesty, placed it at the head of the catalogue of French periodical works, with which, at my request, he obligingly wrote me an account. Besides the persons, whose names I have already mentioned, Deyeux, Sage, Brongniart, and I believe every eminent chymist in France, contributes to its contents and reputation.

*Annales de l'Agriculture Française*, published by *Tessier*, member of the National Institute, in the class of Rural Economy, and the Veterinary Art,

Art. A number of these Annals of French Agriculture appears every month, and the work is now advanced as far as the twelfth Volume. It is one of the best and most valuable publications extant in the Republic, and has afforded great encouragement and information to the cultivator. The Society of Agriculture of the department of the Seine not only exerts its influence to extend its circulation, but its members generously and gratuitously furnish it with occasional documents. You will often find papers written by Cels, Lasteyrie, Tessier, Huzard, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, Silvestre, the secretary of the Agricultural Society, and Parmentier, who has the immortal honour of having introduced into France, the culture of potatoes *. Although the work

* Since my return to England, I accompanied Parmentier and Huzard, to the house of a distinguished nobleman, in the hope, that the well-known liberality of that personage would permit them to view the valuable editions of some of the classics which are amongst his collection. Accordingly I addressed myself to the Librarian (a foreigner) and after having represented that it was to oblige two members of the National Institute, who had shewn the greatest civilities to our countrymen in Paris, that I had made the application, he very politely *refused permission*, assigning as a reason, that the noble Lord was in the country. Now, as both my visitors were about to depart for France on the next day, I stated the impossibility of their waiting until the return of the nobleman in question, and consequently the hardship of their case. My

work is known under the name of Tessier, by whom it was originally undertaken, and who still contributes

My petitions were unavailing. At length, I began to apprehend, that I had committed a great crime in mentioning the National Institute, and that the gentleman to whom I had addressed myself, entertained much the same opinion as myself, of the *generality* of its members; and might have been fearful of *missing* some of his precious volumes, if he had acquiesced in my request, although there are not two better men living than Parmentier (no friend of the revolution) and Huzard. I therefore took my leave. But I had also waiting in the carriage at the door, two other visitors, the Duke de St. Simon, and another foreign gentleman, but not a Frenchman, the intimate friend of the Abbé Sieyes. I reported to the latter the dilemma into which we had all fallen, and every thing that had passed. "Pshaw!" said he, "why did you say a syllable about the Members of the Institute? You should have began with *Monseigneur le Duc*, that word would have admitted us all. Let *me* try." Immediately putting on his spectacles, he presented himself to the Librarian, and in less than *two minutes*, we were all in the Library! In the course of the conversation which took place, a very extraordinary discovery was made. The Librarian addressing himself to Parmentier, inquired with great earnestness, "whether M. Parmentier were alive and well?" "I am he!" The surprize of all present was great beyond description, every one conjecturing what was to come next, when the Librarian informed us, that many years ago he had translated into his native language, an admirable treatise of Parmentier's on the Use and Cultivation of Potatoes. This interview between men so closely connected in the literary world, would never have occurred, had not my ingenious visitor smoothed our admission by making use of a high-sounding title,

contributes to it, yet, M. Huzard, a Member of the Institute, in the same class with the former, has acquainted me, that the principal management of it has devolved on him; and I am confident, it cannot be entrusted to a more honest, indefatigable, or learned man. He was brought up as a Farrier in his father's shop; to which circumstance the Republic is indebted for all those excellent treatises, which he has published upon the education, diseases, and treatment of horses, and other cattle. There is nothing French in his appearance; for with a sound and vigorous intellect, and singularly acute in the power of discrimination, he looks as plump and jolly as John Bull himself, and possesses all his good nature *.

*Annales*

title. I cannot too often repeat, that there is never any hesitation in France on similar occasions. On our return home, we all agreed, that a title is a desirable thing, and that M. de St. Simon ought never to lay aside so useful a passport into the libraries of great men, with which he promised to conform, *provided the First Consul would permit him so to do.*

* Since M. Huzard's return to France, he has sent me a copy of his "Notice" on the Agricultural Society of Sussex, holden at Lewes on the 4th of August, at which he and Parmentier were present, by an invitation from Lord Egremont. It is so extremely flattering to the English nation, that I had translated and meant to have inserted it in this note, notwithstanding its length; but as I have since received the 2de Cahier of Tom. XIII. of Tessier's Annales de L'Agriculture Française, in which it may be found, I refer my reader to that excellent work. Huzard has also sent me a very useful

*Annales de Statistique.* This periodical work commenced a few days ago. Several distinguished writers have avowed their intention of giving their assistance to it, and M. Duquesnoi, the Mayor of Paris, is at their head. The name of this excellent man is a sufficient recommendation of any work *; and if I may judge from the first number, it will prove one of the most valuable productions in France. Independently of its containing a digest of all the statistical reports of the Prefects; it will also exibit more minute details of the topography, population, and resources of the Republic. It is extremely

useful treatise of his composition, published by order of the Board of Agriculture of the department of the Seine, which deserves an English translation. It is entitled, "*Mémoire sur la Péripneumonie Chronique, ou Phthisie Pulmonaire qui affecte les Vaches Laitières de Paris & des environs, avec les moyens curatifs, & préservatifs de cette Maladie, & des observations sur l'usage du lait, & de la viande des Vaches Malades.*"

* Notwithstanding frequent appointments, unforeseen circumstances (unfortunately for me) prevented my having had the honour of an interview with M. Duquesnoy, the Mayor of Paris. I mention this with the deepest sentiments of regret; for surely to make acquaintance with a truly GREAT AND GOOD MAN, himself an honour to human nature, is, at all times, a most enviable gratification. But, my misfortune has been, in some measure, compensated by his friendly correspondence with me, since I have left France. Although I profess myself to be a most impassioned advocate for the present war, and think it incumbent on every Englishman, to contest the independence of his country to the last inch

extremely well printed, on good paper, and a number is to appear every month.

*Bibliothèque Commerciale*, is also a new work, destined to diffuse information upon subjects of commerce, navigation, and the establishments dependent on them. The first number has been recently published, and there will appear two numbers every month. It is well printed, and from the character of its editor, M. Peuchet, I will venture to predict, that this periodical production will render as much service to the mercantile interest of France, as the annals of Agriculture have unquestionably done to the husbandmen, unless the government *spoils the business*, which its foolish and contradictory decrees concerning the colonies, promise very shortly to accomplish, in despight of M. Peuchet, and all the commercial men of the Republic. I have before mentioned M. Peuchet in terms of approbation; the present undertaking will establish his reputation. He is a Member of the Council of Commerce attached to the Ministry of the Interior, and also a member of the Board of Commerce, belonging to the department of the Seine; he has also published an useful Quarto Dictionary of Commercial Geography, and a

inch of ground, yet, I cannot avoid personally regretting an event, which has necessarily cut me off from a correspondence with a man, whose peculiar province it is, to be the patron of useful learning, the friend of humanity, and the benefactor of the poor.

Vocabulary of terms of commerce, bank, mercantile navigation, and mercantile Finance, several excellent treatises on the commercial relations of France, in which he has treated the subject scientifically, (that is, experimentally) and with the courage of an honest citizen. A member of the National Institute, in discussing this subject, would have commenced his operations with the history of commerce, ancient and modern, made up from Rollin, Goguet, and Huet; have continued with positive assertions on the maritime and commercial superiority of France; and ended at length, with sinuous compliments on the First Consul and himself. As M. Peuchet has adopted a very different course, the reverse of what I have stated, his book may be considered in a most favourable point of view.

*Annales des Arts et Manufactures, ou Mémoires Technologiques sur les decouvertes modernes concernant les arts, les manufactures, l'agriculture, et le commerce.* This periodical publication, accompanied by a number of engravings, has been established, and in repute for some time, but the author is not much known. I have however unkennelled him. His name is O'Reilly, an Irishman, a Jacobin refugee in Paris, and distinguished for his *civisme bien prononcé.* A few words respecting this *enlightened* friend to liberty and equality, will form a proper episode in this letter.

Citizen

Citizen O'Reilly, is the same energetic Republican, who in the year 1792, seconded Colonel Oswald's motion for expelling two Englishmen from White's in the *rue des Petits Pères*; because, they opposed the maniac Irish propositions of citizen Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the two Sheares, both of whom soared *too high*, and, as the event has proved, much higher than ever they wished or expected to go*. O'Reilly, however, remained

* Now that I am occupied in writing Republican anecdotes, I must treat my reader with two very extraordinary circumstances, respecting the younger Mr. Sheares, whom I have already described as a very elegant young man, and the admirer of Mademoiselle Therouane. On the trial of the king, he sat very near me, and was so extremely affected that he shed tears, observing at the same time, that the French nation would dishonour their name, and the cause of freedom, if they did not restore him his liberty, and leave the question of monarchy or republic, to the fair decision of the people. Some days after, we went together with several other gentlemen now in England, to spend a day at Versailles. As we were contemplating with delight the beautiful scenery of the English garden at Petit Trianon, which had been laid out according to the directions of the late Queen, he went to the top of the Lookout, fell on one knee, and exclaimed, "By heaven, I'll thrust this (drawing a dirk from his bosom) into the heart of the man, who shall dare to propose the least injury to Marie Antoinette!" His brother, who was of a more cool, and less enthusiastic temper, immediately observed, "You had better set off post to Paris, and take her out of the Temple." It may appear incredible, to those who have been unconnected with any of

 the

remained in France, and thereby saved himself from an elevation equally exalted, to which his deserts

the agents in those convulsions, which have disturbed the peace of the world for the last twelve years, that men who had been previously distinguished for the sensibility of their nature, and who were so humane that they *would not kill a fly*, have always proved, when immersed in the revolutionary whirlpool, the most cruel and inexorable devils incarnate. There never was a milder or more tender creature upon the earth than Carrier, before he was a revolutionist; but every one knows, that from the period of his immersion, a greater monster never existed. The same may be said of Robespierre, Barrere, Fouquier-Tainville, and most of those exterminating furies who have thinned the best part of the population of France. Notwithstanding the more phlegmatic temper of the English nation, I am sorry to add, that I have remarked a similar tendency in the greater part of those, who under the name of Reformers, have agitated questions on political government, with a constancy and ability, that would have levelled long since any other constitution than the good old system of this land. While pleading the cause of *Justice*, as they affirmed, the wild spirit of *Revenge* raged within their breasts, and the acquisition of other men's property was, I am more and more convinced, their predominating motive. I allude here, to that class of reformers *only*, who adopted Jacobin principles. But can the others, who were actuated by the purest motives, undertake to say, after the experience we have had of so many excellent men in France converted into butchers, what *they* would have become, had events constrained them to encourage the projects of the former? It is the fatal quality of this political pestilence, to hurry those who have been contaminated by it, into a vortex of excesses; and as the cause-

deserts justly entitled him; Colonel ******* when commandant of T*** in Ireland during the rebellion,

cause of Liberty, naturally invites the zeal of generous minds, atrocities are committed, from which, as spectators, their minds would revolt with horror. But as agents, they conceive that *any thing* may be done for freedom; they gradually become callous to every feeling beyond their own sphere of action, till at length, the moral sense being extinguished in their breasts, they are open to every crime. The impetuosity of the torrent on which they are borne, is so great, that there is no retrocession, no time even for reflection; but forward they rush spreading desolation in their progress, unmoved by pity or compunction, and encouraging each other with the contemplation of their numbers, and the apparent grandeur of their cause. If any among them should by any fortuitous occurrence be snatched from their columns, and reach once more the bank of safety, he becomes confounded with the immensity of his dangers. Looking fore and aft, he trembles at what he has passed, and is petrified with the idea of what he had to go through. Eternal sorrow and repentance, cloud the remainder of his days, and the untamed barbarian becomes an object of envy in his eyes. During my intercourse with persons of this description both in France and in England, I have never yet had reason to doubt any of these truths. The only distinguishing characteristic of the two people, is, their religious determinations. In France, they vaulted at once from dogmatic Catholicism, into the darkness and vanity of Atheism; and they persecuted and proscribed even the believing Jacobin. In England, political heresy was combined with religious toleration; the Christian faith still maintained its predominance. The tabernacle and the established church, sent forth their respective soldiers of

bellion, informed me that the citizen had been hanged. I was therefore not a little astonished, when about to sit down to dinner one day, with a party where I visited, to behold O'Reilly enter the room, quite débonnaire, and dressed or rather masked *à la Française*. I had been so much accustomed to see ghosts, or men risen from the dead in this land of magic, that I eyed him a considerable time, before I ventured to believe him alive. At length, hearing my name mentioned, he addressed himself to me, with "God bless me, is it you, Mr. Yorke? Do not you recollect me?" "Upon my word, Sir, you are so much like a gentleman of my acquaintance who

liberty; the Saint and the Deist were marshalled beside each other in one common cause; and while the former sang hallelujahs in this procession to universal perfectability, the latter laughed in his sleeve, and said Amen. These days of alarm and dissention are happily gone by, and England is itself again. May the superintending Governor of the Universe, prevent their afflicting recurrence, and continue to inspire the people with sobriety, judgment, and good sense! But this disease of the human understanding, this rapid transit from humanity to fierceness, merits the most serious investigation, and if executed with care, will render permanent good to the subjects of this realm. Metaphysicians may write whole volumes in attempting to account for it, but unless they had been actors in some of the scenes, they cannot develope them with fidelity. It is an undertaking that belongs exclusively to experience, and I am happy to add, that such a work will soon appear from the pen of an agent.

was

was hanged four years ago in Ireland, that I could almost swear you were the man." After some explanation, I found that he had escaped the hands of Jack Ketch, and is now, as he expressed himself, *an Irishman, and a French citizen, but not a subject of the king of England.* In the course of conversation, he insisted that the French armies had always beaten their enemies, particularly the English, by superior tactical skill. This produced considerable warmth in the company, among whom was a Colonel in our service; but the dispute was fortunately allayed by a judicious remark of an Englishman present, who, after having admitted the skill of the French, observed, that there could be no doubt of their successes, when as soon as one army had been routed, they brought up another to its support, and thus exhausted the strength of their adversaries. As O'Reilly could not dispute the fact, the debate ended; but he seemed desirous of taking every opportunity to affront the English, and to asperse our government. I was at length obliged to tell him, that unless he changed the subject, if the Colonel and myself remained, we should be liable to be tried on our return home, for misprision of treason. You will no doubt be angry with us, for not kicking him out of the room, which would certainly have been done, had not I felt a desire to hear all his allegations against us.

This man would not have occupied so much of this letter, if I did not know him to be one of the

rankest conspirators, that the spirit of rebellion ever hatched against our country. He ran away from England, on account of the debts which he had incurred as one of the proprietors or managers of the Opera-house, and set up in Paris, as a *persecuted Irish patriot.* From the year 1792, to the present hour, he has been unceasingly engaged in plots against England; and his hatred increases daily against the country, to whose genial soil he knows he never can return. He has fought against us in the French armies, and glories in it. He had an interview with Bonaparte, and was favourably received by him, in consequence of his suggesting a new plan for the construction of gun vessels, to transport his bloodthirsty satellites on our shores. He is an active member of the club of Irish traitors in Paris, and he boldly avows, that he will never relinquish his views of *emancipating* Ireland. After he left the army, he returned to Paris, and commenced the periodical work, I have already mentioned. It is in high estimation, and its sale must be great, or his means of subsistence must be derived from other sources, for as he himself told me, he began it without a guinea in his pocket, but now he has a press of his own, lives in good style, and keeps his girl *.

*Bibliothèque*

* Since my return to England, the ghost of this man has not ceased to haunt me. Happening one day to be walking with a gentleman in Bedford-square, who wished to be introduced

*Bibliothèque Britannique*, though printed at Geneva, has a great sale in Paris. It is a work of

troduced to M. Coquebert Montbret, the French Commissary General, we proceeded to Great Russel-street, where M. Coquebert then lived; and just as I was in the act of knocking at the door, the ghost of O'Reilly, attended by an *English* gentleman, appeared not ten yards distant from us. The moment O'Reilly perceived me, he started and was quite confused. I believe the devil himself would have appeared more acceptable in his eyes, than my presence, at that unlucky *time* and *place*; for *he* also was going to M. Coquebert's! I saw in his manner, an evident disposition to pass the house, but there was no receding, nor time to consult with his friend what was best to be done. They mounted the steps, therefore, before the door was opened. He was greatly embarrassed, and never answered my exclamation, "You in England!" nor did a single syllable further pass between us, although we were shewn into the same room, and remained together several minutes before Coquebert made his appearance. I never saw two men look so awkward in my life; they neither conversed with us, nor with each other. The whole dialogue was absorbed by my companion and myself. But my eyes were immoveably fixed on the gentleman who was with O'Reilly, and whom I presently recollected to have seen ten years before in Paris. Immediately after Coquebert came in, I retired with him into an adjoining apartment, and in the course of conversation, asked him if he knew those gentlemen in the next room? To which he answered, with his usual sang-froid, *that he had no knowledge whatever of them*; and concluded they were my friends. Whether this were true or not, is immaterial; the official situation of M. Coquebert might justify his telling a lie for the benefit of his government, and it must be recollected, he had just been

of great reputation upon the continent, is edited by Messrs. *Charles Pictet, and Maurice,* and contains

elected a member of the National Institute. But I do conceive it to have been a most extraordinary adventure, that O'Reilly should have presumed to shew his face in London, and that the person with him, whose name I know, and whom I read (*verbum sat*) should have been seen in his company in England! Before I close this note, I shall put three questions to those whom they may concern:

1. Is the name of O'Reilly to be found among any of the passports at the Alien Office?

2. If not, did he not come with a false passport, and have not many other persons of the same stamp done the same?

3. Did not Joel Barlow come to England, under a false name, for the purpose of bringing a new translation of Volney's Ruins?

The first and second questions may be resolved partly at the Alien Office; the third, by a bookseller not one hundred miles from St. Paul's Church-Yard; and in order to refresh his memory, I here present him with what may be called *presumptive evidence.*

Volney himself told me, that he was about to send to England for publication, a new translation of his book entitled "The Ruins," and also another work, the name of which I have forgotten. He also told me, that this translation had been executed by Joel Barlow.

The Senator Grégoire, when with me in London, having read in our newspapers that Volney was in England, went with me to this bookseller's shop, where I inquired for Volney and Barlow, but was answered that he *knew nothing about them.* Upon which, we went successively to Coquebert Montbret, and to General Andréossy, but no such persons, *we were told,* had come from *France,* (they might have

contains a digest of the most valuable philosophical treatises in our language.

*Magasin Encyclopedique, ou Journal des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts;* edited by *A. L. Millin,* keeper of the antiques, medals, &c. in the National Library; since the cessation of the *Journal des Savans,* it is considered as one of the most valuable periodical journals of France.

*Journal des Mines par plusieurs Francais;* although no person's name is affixed to this excellent work, it is well supplied from the pens of Hauy, Desmarest, Duhamel, Lelièvre, Sage, all members of the Institute. It contains a treasure of knowledge, for the use of the mineralogist, and is in great repute among the French engineers.

*La Décade Philosophique, Littéraire et Politique,* appears three times in every month, as its name imports, and has the greatest circulation of

have come from *Holland,* which was perhaps the saving clause,) and that it was impossible for the Senator to be in London, without calling on one or the other of them. The business would have ended here, had it not been for a little slip of intelligence which fell from Grégoire. After having expressed his astonishment at the circumstance of his being denied to them, he told me, that while he was changing horses, at a post-house between Paris and Calais, Joel Barlow actually drove up in a sorry cabriolet, and told him *he was going to England for a few days, but incognito.*

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any periodical work in France; but this is no evidence of its superior claim to public notice. I am at a loss in what manner to describe its contents, it is such a farrago of modern philosophical trash, and impiety. It is a Critical Review, a Poetical Repository, a Novelist's Magasine, a Political Register, a Literary Advertiser, a Theatrical Reporter, an Herald of Folly, a base and servile Declaimer in favour of the Ruling Power, and a Recorder of Obscenity and Atheism. The criticisms, as they are called, are furnished by various writers, who generally subscribe the initials of their names at the end of their *learned* lucubrations.

*Ginguené*, Member of the National Institute, and of the Conservative Senate, was the avowed editor of this philosophical decade, as long as it was distinguished for its furious declamations against religion, kings, priests, and public establishments; but since it has become the fashion here, to treat these subjects with respect, this versatile publication has altered its tone, and even Ginguené has polished his periods. This person, who before the æra of the Republic was employed as a scribe by Madame Necker, on the recommendation of Marmontel, very soon became a man of consequence. He published criticisms and eulogies on two men of most opposite qualities, the infamous *Champfort*, and the unhappy *J. J. Rousseau*; he next became the tool of Mirabeau, was a royalist, then

then a Republican, then the spaniel of Danton, then a first-rate Jacobin, then an hireling of the Directory, and now the humble servant of the First Consul. Such an uniform career in baseness and venality, could not long be without its reward in such a Republic as this. He was accordingly preferred to the post of Director of Public Instruction, and during his enlightened administration, he contrived to introduce into Public Instruction the worst species of revolutionary gibberish; a regular course of atheistical science; and an intolerable proscription of every rational endeavour to extricate France from the barbarism into which it had been plunged. The deserved contempt which this Director General of the Human Understanding soon incurred, led him to solicit a more brilliant destiny; in consequence of which, his masters metamorphosed him into an ambassador, and sent him to the Court of Turin to discipline the intellects of the King and Queen of Sardinia; to assist General Brune in sapping the foundations of the Piedmontese monarchy, and in preparing the dethronement and exile of the sister and brother-in-law of his murdered Sovereign. But the Citizen Excellency, having found this post *below* the sublimity of his talents, wrote home for his recal, which was granted; he returned to Paris, and continued to flatter and fawn upon every prevailing faction, until he was absorbed into the Conservative

servative Senate, in the cloud of incense which his prostituted pen offered up to Bonaparte.

*Journal Typographique et Bibliographique* by *P. Roux*, although a mere catalogue of new books, accompanied by occasional puffs, when paid for, is nevertheless an useful publication.

*Bibliothèque physico-économique, instructive et amusante*, will shortly make its appearance as a monthly work, in seventy-two pages duodecimo, with plates, under the direction of Sonnini, author of the Travels over Egypt, assisted by several other able writers. I entertain no doubt of the utility and future success of this undertaking, from the talents and characters of those concerned in it*. *Sonnini* is also publishing Buffon's Natural History, with notes, corrections, and a continuation †.

*Nouveau Dictionnaire D'Histoire Naturelle, appliquée aux arts, principalement à l'Agriculture et à l'Economie rurale et domestique*; to consist of twenty volumes in octavo, with engravings,

* It is astonishing what a number of publications, written by men of superior talents, appear almost every week, on the subject of Rural Economy. What might not France have accomplished under a pacific administration!

† *Lacépedè*, Member of the Institute in the class of Anatomy and Zoology, has also published in numbers, the Natural History of Buffon, arranged in a new order, conformably to the method he had suggested, which may be seen in the *Memoires de l'Institut*,

whereof

whereof three are published every quarter. This precious work is published at so reasonable a price, that the sale will scarcely defray the expences of paper and printing. It is essentially a patriotic undertaking, by Sonnini, Virey, Parmentier, Huzard, Bosc, Olivier, Latreille, Chaptal, Cels, Thouin, Du Tour, and Patrin, men possessed of great knowledge of the subjects on which they treat.

*Annales du Museum National d'Histoire Naturelle*, by Hauy, Faujas-St.-Fond, Fourcroy, Jussieu, Lacépède, Lamarck, Cuvier, all Members of the Institute, excepting St. Fond, and professors in the Museum of Natural History. A quarto volume of ninety-two pages, with splendid engravings, appears periodically. The same persons are also about to publish once a month, a *Dictionary of Natural Science.*

*La Ménagerie du Muséum National d'Histoire Naturelle*, by Lacépède and Cuvier, whom I have before-mentioned. This folio periodical work, ornamented with plates, designed from nature, by *Maréchal*, painter at the Museum, and engraved by *Miger*, of the old Royal Academy, contains the description and history of the animals now living, or which had lived in the Ménagerie. It is cheap, and admirably executed.

*Menales Pittoresque et Historiques des Paysagites*; a collection of engravings in aquatinta, after the best works of the rural painters of every school, accompanied with historical and critical notes

notes on the lives of the artists, &c. by *Bacler Dalbe*, principal geographical engineer painter of the general depot of war. This work is to appear monthly.

*Liliacées*, by *P. J. Redouté*, painter at the Museum of Natural History. The first number of this magnificent undertaking has just been published, and it speaks for itself.

*Recueil de combats et d'expéditions maritimes*, designed by *N. Ozanne*, formerly engineer in the sea service of France, and engraved on vellum by *Dequevauviller*. This collection of the Naval combats and expeditions of France had better have been postponed for a century or two, at least, until the names of all the maritime heroes of Great Britain had been extinct. The exactness of the plans of the continents, islands, and harbours delineated, the beauty of the designs, the historical explanatory text, (and without national prejudice) together with the generous emotions such a work is calculated to excite, from the recollection of the exploits of the departed gallant men of France, render this work, *without exception*, the most magnificent production I ever beheld. It should be in the cabin of every one of our ships of war, not for the sake of improving our officers in naval manœuvres, but to furnish them with useful knowledge respecting the position of harbours, and the most accurate method of describing them. It is impossible to say too much in praise of this publication.

lication. Would not a similar undertaking, descriptive of the maritime glories of Great Britain, meet with a favourable reception from the public?

I have not classed amongst the periodical works of France, the Memoirs of the National Institute*, because their pre-eminence and inestimable value, are sufficiently known to the literary and philosophical world; and for a very different reason, I have abstained from taking any notice of the multitude of periodical nonsense with which Europe is inundated from the Parisian manufactories †. But, those I have already enumerated are, in general, works of uncommon merit, edited and produced by men of the first abilities in the world, furnished with all the means and opportunities of increasing the consummate knowledge, which they already possess. The research has cost me in-

* Nor the Memoirs published by the Agricultural Society, which, by the bye, in defiance of the war, they have, through some unknown channel, contrived to forward to me, accompanied by a letter, from their secretary, M. Silvestre.

† Among these catchpenny productions are, the Année Littéraire; Bibliothéque Française; Journal de Litterature; Journal de Paris; Tableau Annuel de la Litterature; La Bibliothèque Generale des Anecdotes & Bons Mots, &c. &c. There is one periodical magazine, however, which may save our youth from the expence and dangers attendant on a visit to this infernal city, namely, *Paris et ses monumens*, by Baltard, in which to very splendid and accurate engravings of every thing worth seeing in Paris, is added an historical and topographical memoir.

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finite pains, but I am amply compensated by the occasion which it has afforded me, of becoming acquainted with many of the persons whom I have named; and it is but a tribute of justice which every man owes to superiour genius to declare, that in point of real science, or experimental philosophy, FRANCE IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

LETTER

## LETTER XLIII.

*Thomas Paine—Joel Barlow—The Abbé Casti—Dr. Suedaeur.*

THE name of Thomas Paine is so familiar to every one, that had we not been previously acquainted with each other, I should have contrived to have had an interview with him, during my residence in Paris. Nearly ten years had elapsed since we were last together, and I felt deeply interested in learning his opinions concerning the French revolution, after all the experience, which so long a period of uninterrupted storms and convulsion, must necessarily have afforded him. Accordingly, he was amongst the first on whom I called, and I have since been frequently in his company.

It was not without considerable difficulty that I discovered his residence, for the name of Thomas Paine is now as odious in France as it is in England, perhaps more so. A bookseller's shop in the Palais Royale appeared the most likely place to inquire, and thither I immediately repaired. But I had no sooner mentioned his name, than the bookseller, his wife, his son, and a bye-stander, fell upon me in such an unmerciful manner, call-

ing Paine *scelerat*, *bandit*, *coquin*, and ascribing to him, the resistance which Leclerc had experienced from the negroes of St. Domingo, of which they had just received intelligence, that I found it necessary to decamp without losing a moment of time. Being at a loss how to proceed, I determined to betake myself to the hotel of the American minister, and as I was passing through the *Rue des Petits Pères*, I saw over the gateway of White's, in large letters, *hotel de Philadelphie*; in consequence of which, I entered and enquired for Thomas Paine. The master told me that he never came there *now*, but that he was sometimes to be found at the adjoining coffee house. Thus far, I was making some progress. On applying where I had been directed, I was informed, that he had not been there for several days, but that he lived at a bookseller's in the *Rue du Théâtre Français*. *A bookseller!* after the dressing I had just received, a bookseller's shop sounded very terrific in my ears. However, I was resolved, and set off with a good heart, being persuaded that if Paine lived there, neither the bookseller, his wife, his son, nor a bye-stander, would eat me. I took the precaution as soon as I had reached the street, to inquire how *many* booksellers lived in it, and the immediate answer was, that an American bookseller inhabited No. 4. After having mounted to the second story, I rang at the bell, and on a jolly looking woman opening the

the door, I asked in a meek and humble tone (for the reception I had met with at the Palais Royale was still in my mind) whether Mr. Paine lived there? After having surveyed me from head to feet, she answered in the affirmative, but said she believed he was not at home, and requested me to enter. As soon as I had walked into her apartment, she held the candle pretty close to my face, and said, "Do you wish to see Mr. Paine?" to which I instantly replied, "I am just come from England, and am extremely anxious to see him, as I am an old acquaintance whom he has not seen these ten years." Even as the sun dispels the mist, so did this well-timed declaration change the features of her countenance, which now became nothing but smiles and joy. She continued; "He is taking a nap; but I'll go and wake him."

In two minutes she returned, and ushered me into a little dirty room, containing a small wooden table, and two chairs. "This," said she, "is Mr. Paine's room!" I never sat down in such a filthy apartment in the whole course of my life. The chimney hearth was an heap of dirt; there was not a speck of cleanliness to be seen; three shelves were filled with pasteboard boxes, each labelled after the manner of a minister of foreign affairs, *correspondance Americaine, Britannique*; *Française*; *Notices politiques*; *Le citoyen Français*, &c. In one corner of the room

stood several huge bars of iron, curiously shaped, and two large trunks; opposite the fire place, a board covered with pamphlets and journals, having more the appearance of a dresser in a scullery than a side-board. Such was the wretched habitation of Thomas Paine, one of the founders of American Independence; whose extraordinary genius must ever command attention; and whose writings have summoned to action the minds of the most enlightened politicians of Europe! How different the humble dwelling of this Apostle of Freedom, from those gorgeous mansions tenanted by the founders of the French Republic!

After I had waited a short time, Mr. Paine came down stairs, and entered the room, dressed in a long flannel gown. I was forcibly struck with his altered appearance. Time seemed to have made dreadful ravages over his whole frame, and a settled melancholy was visible on his countenance. He desired me to be seated, and although he did not recollect me for a considerable time, he conversed with his usual affability. I confess I felt extremely surprised that he should have forgotten me; but I resolved not to make myself known to him, as long as it could be avoided with propriety. In order to try his memory, I referred to a number of circumstances, which had occurred while we were in company, but carefully abstained from hinting that we had ever lived together. He would frequently

quently put his hand to his forehead, and exclaim, " Ah ! I know that voice, but my recollection fails !" At length, I thought it time to remove his suspense, and stated an incident which instantly recalled me to his mind. It is impossible to describe the sudden change which this effected in his appearance and manner; his countenance brightened, he pressed me by the hand, and a silent tear stole down his cheek. Nor was I less affected than himself. For some time, we sat without a word escaping from our lips. " Thus are we met once more Mr. Paine," I resumed, " after a long separation of ten years, and after having been both of us severely weather-beaten." " Aye," he replied, " and who would have thought that we should meet at Paris ?" He then inquired what motive had brought me here, and on my explaining myself, he observed, with a smile of contempt, " They have shed blood enough for liberty, and now they have it in perfection. This is not a country for an honest man to live in; they do not understand any thing at all of the principles of free government, and the best way is, to leave them to themselves. You see they have conquered all Europe, only to make it more miserable than it was before." Upon this, I remarked, that I was surprized to hear him speak in such desponding language, of the fortune of mankind, and that I thought much might yet be done for the Republic. " Re-

 public !"

public!" he exclaimed, "do you call this a Republic? why, they are worse off than the slaves at Constantinople; for there, they expect to be bashaws in heaven, by submitting to be slaves below, but here, they believe neither in heaven nor hell, and yet are slaves by choice. I know of no Republic in the world, except America, which is the only country for such men as you and I. It is my intention to get away from this place as soon as possible, and I hope to be off in autumn; you are a young man, and may see better times, but I have done with Europe, and its slavish politics." I admitted that America might be always looked to as the country of forlorn hope, but that I entertained great doubts whether I should be happy in it; and I enumerated my objections, concluding with the want of society, and my apprehensions respecting the yellow fever, which I stated you had represented to me in a very unfavourable light. Both these objections he endeavoured to controvert, by shewing that there was as good society in America, and *better* in many respects, than in all Europe; and as to the yellow fever, it had been imported, and there could be no doubt it would wholly disappear by the pursuit of proper precautions; he then made use of some ingenious arguments to prove this, and affirmed that it had of late years, scarcely ever proved fatal to persons in easy circumstances, on account

of

of their having withdrawn into the country at its first appearance. But, his argument carried irresistible conviction to my mind, when he insisted that it was the only circumstance, that had deterred Europeans from emigrating thither, which he illustrated by a comparative statement of the influx of population before and since the breaking out of that pestilential malady.

In the course of our long conversation upon America, he put into my hands a letter, which he had recently received from Mr. Jefferson, the President. It was dictated with the ease, and freedom of one old friend writing to another *. He begins with congratulating Mr. Paine on his determination to exchange the Old for the New World, as he will find on his return, a very favourable change in the political opinions of the citizens of the United States, who are happily come back to those enlightened principles, which he, (Mr. Paine) had so usefully contributed to spread over the world. He trusts that this intelligence will afford him pleasure, and that in returning to a country where his principles are daily practised by the government, he will at length experience that happiness and repose, which his exertions in the cause of mankind de-

* This letter has been wholly misunderstood, and misrepresented in the English newspapers; as I read it with great attention, the reader may depend on the accuracy of the above account of it.

serve. As Mr. Paine had expressed a desire to return in a *public manner*, he states that the sloop of war, which had brought the minister Livingstone to France, would return at a given time, and convey him to America, if he could make it *convenient* to take advantage of the occasion *. The rest of the letter is in the usual tone of friendship, and assures Mr. Paine, he shall meet with an hearty welcome.

As soon as I had finished the perusal of the letter, he observed, that there now remained only four persons who had acted in concert during the American revolution, John Adams, (the late President)

* This is the passage which has furnished so much ground for controversy between the London Journalists, as well as the Parisian. Several of the former stated, that Mr. Jefferson had sent a vessel for Mr. Paine, which was not true. But the expression "*public manner*," is susceptible of two different constructions. First, it implies Mr. Paine's wish, as a measure of *personal security*, to return in a government vessel; or, secondly, it implies a wish to return in a *public capacity*. In whatever sense the President received the application, it is evident the idea did not *originate* with him; and if he took it in the second, it is equally evident, that he eluded its meaning, by complying with it in the sense of the first. I have read this letter several times, and from the manner of it, viz. "As you express a wish to return in a public manner, &c.," it does strike me forcibly, that Mr. Paine meant in some *public capacity*; and from what afterwards fell from him in conversation, respecting his return to Europe, which I have detailed in the text, my opinion (which I only venture) seems additionally strengthened.

sident) Jefferson, Livingstone, and himself. He then gave me two copies of Mr. Jefferson's speech, which he said, he had caused to be printed in France, by way of contrast with the government of the First Consul. He continued, (laughing at the same time) "It would be a curious circumstance, if I should hereafter be sent as Secretary of Legation to the English court, which outlawed me. What a hubbub it would create at the King's levee, to see Tom Paine presented by the American ambassador! All the bishops and women would faint away; the women would suppose I came to ravish them, and the bishops, to ravish their tythes. I think it would be a good joke." I took this opportunity of suggesting, that he had not altogether given up Europe, since he thought of revisiting it in an official capacity. He answered, that it was possible, but not probable at his time of life; that he should dispose of his estate, live upon the interest, and amuse himself with mechanics, and writing memoirs of his life and correspondence, two volumes of which he had already completed.

The estate which he possesses in America is valuable, and must produce more than, from his habits, he can spend. Many years ago he had been offered 1200 l. for it, afterwards, he said, 2000 l. sterling was bidden, and at last Judge Greswold tendered him 4000 l. for it, which he also refused, because he knew it was worth more, as he estimates it at about 7000 l.

Upon

Upon my inquiring how he had passed his life since we parted, he gave a long account of his occupations, from the time that he was sent to prison. During our invasion of Holland, he went to Brussels, where he passed a few days with General Brune, with a view, as he declared, of accompanying him to Holland, "to see the last of John Bull." He stated, however, that in France and the French army, there was but one opinion concerning that event; and even General Brune himself had avowed, that it was impossible to prevent the final success of the English.

While he was in prison, he wrote his "Age of Reason," and amused himself with carrying on an epistolary correspondence with Lady S****, under the assumed name of "The Castle in the Air," and her Ladyship answered, under the title of "The Little Corner of the World;" which has been continued to the present day without intermission. Some of this correspondence which he shewed me, is extremely beautiful and interesting; considering the dreadful places, times, and circumstances in which they were composed. You are not perhaps aware, that he is the author of that beautiful Song on the Death of General Wolfe, which many years ago was in every one's mouth; however, the following extract from a manuscript essay that he gave me, will afford you a competent idea of his manner of treating subjects, less solemn and invidious than politics. It

will

will appear at full length, in the volumes he intends to publish on his return to America.

## TO FORGETFULNESS.

*From the Castle in the Air, to the Little Corner of the World.*

MEMORY, like a Beauty that is always present to hear herself flattered, is flattered by every one. But, the absent and silent Goddess, Forgetfulness, has no votaries, and is never thought of: yet we owe her much. She is the Goddess of ease, though not of pleasure.

When the mind is like a room hung with black, and every corner of it crowded with the most horrid images Imagination can create, this kind, speechless Goddess of a Maid, Forgetfulness, is following us night and day with her opium wand, and gently touching first one, and then another, benumbs them into rest, and at last glides them away with the silence of a departing shadow. It is thus the tortured mind is restored to the calm condition of ease, and fitted for happiness.

How dismal must the picture of life appear to the mind in that dreadful moment, when it resolves on darkness and to die! One can scarcely believe such a choice was possible. Yet, how many of the young and beautiful, timid in every thing else, and formed for delight, have shut their eyes upon the world,

world, and made the waters their sepulchral bed! —Ah! would they in that crisis, when life and death are both before them, and each within their reach,—would they but think, or try to think, that Forgetfulness will come to their relief, and lull them into ease, they would stay their hand, and lay hold of life. But there is a necromancy in wretchedness that entombs the mind, and encreases the misery, by shutting out every ray of light and hope. It makes the wretched falsely believe they will be wretched ever. It is the most fatal of all dangerous delusions; and it is only when this necromantic night-mare of the mind begins to vanish, by being resisted, that it is discovered to be but a tyrannic spectre. All grief, like all things else, will yield to the obliterating power of Time. While Despair is preying on the mind, Time and its effects are preying on Despair; and certain it is, the dismal vision will fade away, and Forgetfulness, with her sister Ease, will change the scene. Then, let not the wretched be rash, but wait, painful as the struggle may be, the arrival of Forgetfulness; for it will certainly arrive.

I have twice been present at the scene of attempted suicide. The one, a love distracted girl in England; the other, of a patriotic friend in France; and, as the circumstances of each are strongly pictured in my memory, I will relate them

to

to you. They will in some measure corroborate what I have said of Forgetfulness.

About the year 1766, I was in Lincolnshire, and on a visit at the house of a widow lady, Mrs. E—, at a small village in the Fens of that county. It was in summer, and one evening after supper, Mrs. E— and myself went to take a turn in the garden. It was about eleven o'clock, and to avoid the night air of the Fens, we were walking in a bower, shaded over with hazel-bushes. On a sudden, she screamed out, and cried, "Lord! look, look!"—I cast my eyes through the openings of the hazel-bushes, in the direction she was looking, and saw a white shapeless figure, without head or arms, moving along one of the walks, at some distance from us. I quitted Mrs. E—, and went after it. When I got into the walk where the figure was, and was following it, it took up a cross walk. There was a holly bush on the corner of the two walks, which, being night, I did not observe, and, as I continued to step forward, the holly bush came in a straight line between me and the figure, and I lost sight of it; and as I passed along one walk, and the figure the other, the holly bush still continued to intercept the view, so as to give the appearance that the figure had vanished. When I came to the corner of two walks, I caught sight of it again, and coming up with it, I reached out my hand to touch it; and in the act of doing this, the idea struck me—Will my hand pass through

through the air, or shall I feel any thing? Less than a moment would decide this, and my hand rested on the shoulder of a human figure. I spoke, but do not recollect what I said. It answered in a low voice, "pray let me alone." I then knew who it was. It was a young Lady who was on a visit to Mrs. E—, and who, when we sat down to supper, said, she found herself extremely ill, and would go to bed. I called to Mrs. E—, who came, and I said to her, "it is Miss N—." Mrs. E— said, "my God! I hope you are not going to do yourself any hurt;" for Mrs. E— suspected something. She replied with pathetic melancholy, "Life has not one pleasure for me." We got her into the house, and Mrs. E— took her to sleep with her.

The case was, the man whom she expected to be married to, had forsaken her, and she heard he was to be married to another. The shock appeared to her too great to be borne. She had retired, as I have said, to her room, and when she supposed all the family had gone to bed, (which would have been the case, if Mrs. E— and I had not walked into the garden) she undressed herself, tied her apron over her head, which descending below her waist, gave her the shapeless figure I have spoken of. Aided by the obscurity of almost midnight, and with this, and a white underpetticoat and slippers, for she had taken out her buckles, and put them at the servant maid's

chamber door, I suppose as a keep-sake, she came down stairs, and was going to drown herself in a pond at the bottom of the garden, towards which she was going, when Mrs. E— screamed out. We found afterwards, that she had heard the scream, and that was the cause of her changing her walk *.

By gentle usage, and leading her into subjects that might, without doing violence to her feelings, and without letting her see the direct intention of it, steal her, as it were, from the horror she was in, (and I felt a compassionate, good disposition to do it, for she was a good girl) she recovered her former cheerfulness, and was afterwards the happy wife, and the mother of a family.

The other case, and the conclusion in my next †.

In Paris, in 1793, I had lodgings in the *Rue Faubourg St. Dénis*, No. 63. They were the most agreeable for situation of any I ever had in Paris, except that they were too remote from the Convention, of which I was then a member. But

* This circumstance happened in the year 1766. Times are mended. Young Ladies now wear neither aprons, buckles, nor under-petticoats, nor do they drown or hang themselves for love. *Note by the Editor in* 1803.

† A peculiar motive, which I shall not here explain, obliges me to omit the insertion of the case alluded to; but I have given the beginning, which contains an account of Mr. Paine's mode of life, before he was sent to prison, and the conclusion.

this

this was recompensed by their being also remote from the alarms and confusion into which the interiour of Paris was then often thrown. The news of those things used to arrive to us, as if we were in a state of quietude in the country. The house, which was enclosed by a wall and gateway from the street, was a good deal like an old mansion Farm-house, and the court-yard was like a farm-yard stocked with fowls, ducks, turkies, and geese; which for amusement, we used to feed out of the window of the parlour on the ground floor. There were some huts for rabbits, and a stye with two pigs. Beyond, was a garden of more than an acre of ground, well laid out, and stocked with excellent fruit trees. The orange, apricot, and the green-gage plumb, were the best I ever tasted; and it is the only place where I saw the wild cucumber, which they told me is poisonous. The place had formerly been occupied by some curious person.

My apartments consisted of three rooms. The first, for wood, water, &c. with an old fashioned closet chest, high enough to hang up clothes in. The next, was the bed room, and beyond that the sitting room. At the end of the sitting room, which looked into the garden, was a glass door, and on the outside a small landing place railed in, and a flight of narrow stairs almost hidden by the vines that grew over it, by which I could descend into the garden, without going down stairs through the

the house. I am trying, by description, to make you see the place in your mind, because it will assist the story I have to tell; and which I think you can do, because you once called upon me there on account of Sir ——, who was then, as myself was, soon afterwards, in arrestation. But it was winter when you came, and it is a summer scene I am describing.

* * * * * *

I went into my chamber to write and sign a certificate for them, which I intended to take to the guard-house, to obtain their release. Just as I had finished it, a man came into my room, dressed in the Parisian uniform of *a captain*, and spoke to me in good English, and with a *good address*. He told me that two young men, Englishmen, were arrested and detained in the guard-house, and that the section (meaning those who represented and acted for the section) had sent him to ask me if I knew them, and would answer for them, in which case, they would be liberated. This matter being soon settled between us, he talked to me about the Revolution, and something about "the Rights of Man," which he had read in English; and at parting *offered me in a polite and civil manner, his service*. And who do you think the man was that offered me his *service?* It was no other than the *Public Executioner, Samson*, who guillotined the King, and all who were guillotined in Paris; and

who lived in the same section and the same street with us *.

* * * *

As for myself, I used to find some relief by walking alone in the garden after it was dark, *and cursing with hearty good will the authors of that terrible system that had turned the character of the Revolution I had been proud to defend* †.

I went but little to the Convention, and then only to make my appearance; because I found it *impossible for me to join in their tremendous decrees, and useless and dangerous to oppose them.* My having voted and spoken extensively, more so than any other member, against the execution of the King, had already fixed a mark upon me: neither *dared any of my associates in the Convention to translate, and speak in French for me any thing I might have dared to have written* ‡.

* * * * *

Pen and ink was then of no use to me. No good could be done by writing, and no printer dared to

* The insertion of the political sally that follows, would do credit neither to Mr. Paine nor myself.

† This passage and the following, which I have marked in Italics, deserve the solemn reflection of every one, who formerly entertained a favourable prepossession in behalf of French liberty.

‡ At this period the French talked of the Rights of Man, of the Republic, one and indivisible, democratic and imperishable; and branded the English people with the epithets of English slaves, serfs of George, &c. &c.

print;

print; and whatever I might have written for my private amusement, as anecdotes of the times, would have been continually exposed to be examined, and tortured into any meaning that the rage of party might fix upon it; and as to softer subjects, my heart was in distress at the fate of my friends, and my harp was strung upon the weeping willows.

As it was summer, we spent most of our time in the garden, and passed it away in those childish amusements that serve to keep reflection from the mind, such as marbles, scotch-hops, battledores, &c. at which we were all pretty expert.

* * * * *

In this retired manner we remained about six or seven weeks; and our landlord went every evening into the city, to bring us the news of the day, and the Evening Journal.

I have now, my Little Corner of the World, led you on, step by step, to the scene that makes the sequel of this narrative, and I will put that scene before your eyes. You shall see it in description as I saw it in fact.

* * * * *

He recovered, and being anxious to get out of France, a passport was obtained for him and * * * *, chiefly by the means of the Huissier Rose, and I believe, privately from some of the members

of the Committee *. They received the passport late in the evening, and set off post the next morning for Basle before four, from which place, I had a letter from them, highly pleased with their escape from France, into which they had entered with an enthusiasm of patriotic devotion. Ah! France, thou hast ruined the character of a Revolution virtuously begun, and destroyed those that produced it. I might almost say like Job's servant, "and I only am escaped."

*Two days* after they were gone, I heard a rapping at the gate, and looking out of the window of the bed-room, I saw the landlord going with a candle to the gate, which he opened, and a guard with muskets and fixed bayonets entered. I went to bed again, and made up my mind for prison, for I was then the only lodger. It was a guard *to take up*—and—, but I thank God! they were out of their reach †.

The

* Of the Committee of Public Safety, at that time the *executive* power of France, in every sense of the word. For the benefit of the Great Nation, they pocketed nearly 400*l.* for signing those passports, and permitted two of the serfs of George, and of course, agents of *Peet* (as they call Mr. Pitt) to escape *from peeping through the little national window, and crying hot cockles*, which was the *gay, lively, witty style*, in which they represented their judicial assassinations.

† So that the 400*l.* which these Public Safety Scoundrels had touched, would have been the *cause* of their murder, had they delayed their departure; for as Barrère wisely observed, "dead men tell no tales." It would have been vain to have pleaded

The guard came about a month after, in the night, and took away the landlord, Georgeit, and the scene in the house finished by the arrestation of myself. This was soon after you had called on me, and sorry I was it was not in my power to render to —— the service that you asked.

I have now fulfilled my engagement, and I hope your expectation, in relating the case of ——, landed back on the shore of life, by the mistake of the pilot, who was conducting him out; and preserved afterwards from prison, perhaps from a worse fate, without knowing it himself.

You say a story cannot be too melancholy for you. This is interesting and affecting, but not melancholy. It may raise in your mind a sympathetic sentiment in reading it, and though it may start a tear of pity, you will not have a tear of sorrow to drop upon the page.

* * * * *

Here, my contemplative correspondent, let us stop and look back upon the scene. The matters here related being all facts, are strongly pictured in my mind, and in this sense, Forgetfulness does not apply. But facts and feelings are distinct

pleaded the *bribe*; the plea itself would have been such an outrage to the *Majesty* of the Republic, that it would have *alone* sufficed to have "*satisfied the consciences*" of the Jury of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Inhuman butchers!

things, and it is against facts that the opium wand of Forgetfulness deceives us into ease. Look back on any scene or subject that once gave you distress, for all of us have felt some, and you will find, that though the remembrance of the fact is not extinct in your memory, the feeling is extinct in your mind. You can remember you had felt distress, but you cannot feel that distress again, and perhaps will wonder you felt it then. It is like a shadow that loses itself in light.

It is often difficult to know what is a misfortune. That which we feel as a great one to day, may be the means of turning aside our steps into some new path that leads to happiness yet unknown. In tracing the scenes of my own life, I can discover, that the condition I now enjoy, which is sweet to me, and will be more so when I get to America, *except in the loss of your society* *, has been produced, in the first instance, by my being disappointed in former projects. Beyond that impenetrable veil, Futurity, we know not what lies concealed, and the way to arrive is hidden from us. Turning then our thoughts to those cases of despair that lead to suicide, when, "the mind," as you say, "neither sees, nor hears, and holds council only with itself; when the very idea of consolation would add to the torture, and self-

* Who says Tom Paine is not a gallant man?

destruc-

destruction is its only aim *;" what, it may be asked, is the best advice, what the best relief?—I answer, seek it not in reason, for the mind is at war with reason, and to reason against feelings is as vain, as to reason against fire †. It serves only to torture the torture, by adding reproach to horror. All reasoning, in such cases, acts upon us like the reasoning of another person, that, however kindly done, serves but to insult the misery we suffer. If reason could remove the pain, reason would have prevented it. If she could not do the one, how is she to perform the other? In all such cases we must look upon reason as dispossessed of her empire, by a revolt of the mind. She retires herself to a distance to weep, and the ebony sceptre of despair, rules alone. All that reason can then do, is to suggest, to hint a thought, to signify a wish, to cast now and then, a kind bewailing look, to hold up, when she can catch the eye, the miniature shaded portrait of Hope; and though dethroned, and can dictate no more, to wait upon us in the humble station of a handmaid.—Perhaps it may be said, all this is figure:

* This passage indicates that the mind of his female correspondent is not of the common order.

† In this single sentence, Mr. Paine was not aware, that he was overthrowing the hypothesis on which he raised the structure of his political writings, and particularly of his "*Age of Reason.*"

but it is figure, so much like reality, that though it cannot be true in fact, it is true in sentiment *.

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I HAVE often been in company with Mr. Paine, since my arrival here; and I was not a little surprized to find him wholly indifferent about the public spirit of England, or the remaining influence of his doctrines among its people. Indeed, he seemed to dislike the mention of the subject; and when, one day, in order to provoke discussion, I told him I had altered my opinions upon many of his principles, he answered, "You certainly have the right to do so; but you cannot alter the nature of things; the French have alarmed all honest men; but still truth is truth. Though you may not think that my principles are practicable in England, without bringing on a great deal of misery and confusion, you are, I am sure, convinced of their justice." Here, he took occasion to speak in terms of the utmost severity against Mr. ——, who had obtained a seat in parliament, and said that "parsons were always mischievous fellows when they turned politicians." This gave rise to an observation respecting his "Age of

* Again! What will Mr. Paine now alledge against Mr. Burke's "and in proportion as they are metaphysically true, they are morally and politically false."

Reason,"

Reason," the publication of which I said had lost him the good opinion of numbers of his English advocates. He became uncommonly warm at this remark, and in a tone of singular energy declared, that he would not have published it, if he had not thought it calculated to "inspire mankind with a more exalted idea of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, and to put an end to villainous imposture." He then broke out with the most violent invectives against our received opinions, accompanying them at the same time with some of the most grand and sublime conceptions of an Omnipotent Being, that I ever heard or read of. In the support of this opinion, he avowed himself ready to lay down his life, and said, "the Bishop of Landaff may roast me in Smithfield, if he likes, but human torture cannot shake my conviction." To this I answered, "The bishop of Landaff is a man of too enlightened, tolerant, and humane a disposition, to wish you roasted, or any other man for differing with you in opinion. You cannot say that his Apology does not breathe tolerance in every page."—"Aye, it is an Apology, indeed, for priestcraft; but parsons will meddle and make mischief;—they always hurt their own cause, and make things worse than they were before; if he had said nothing, the church would have lost nothing; but I have another rod in pickle, for *Mr. Bishop.*" Here he reached down a copy of the Bishop's work, interleaved with remarks upon it,

it, which he read to me; after which, he admitted the liberality of the Bishop, and regretted, that in all the controversies among men, a similar temper was not maintained. But, in proportion as he appeared listless of politics, he seemed quite a zealot in his religious creed; of which the following is an instance.

An English Lady of our acquaintance, not less remarkable for her talents than for elegance of manners, entreated me to contrive that she might have an interview with Mr. Paine. In consequence of this, I invited him to dinner on a day when we were to be favoured with her company. But, as she is a very rigid Roman Catholic, I cautioned Mr. Paine before-hand, against touching upon religious subjects, assuring him at the same time, that she felt much interested to make his acquaintance. With much good nature, he promised *to be discreet.* Although the Lady I allude to, is perhaps one of the most liberal and tolerant of her sex, I knew that on *this* point she felt tenderly; for which reason, this preliminary hint was not ill timed.

For above four hours, he kept every one in astonishment and admiration of his memory, his keen observation of men and manners, his numberless anecdotes of the American Indians, of the American war, of Franklin, Washington, and even of his Majesty, of whom he told several curious facts of humour and benevolence. His remarks

on genius and taste, can never be forgotten by those present. Thus far every thing went on as I could wish; the sparkling champagne gave a zest to his conversation, and we were all delighted. But alas! alas! an expression relating to his "Age of Reason," having been mentioned by one of the company, he broke out immediately. He began with Astronomy,—addressing himself to Mrs. Y—, he declared, that the least inspection of the motion of the stars, was a convincing proof, that Moses was a liar. Nothing could stop him. In vain I attempted to change the subject, by employing every artifice in my power, and even by attacking with vehemence his political principles. He returned to the charge with unabated ardour. I called upon him for a song, though I never heard him sing in my life. He struck up instantly one of his own composition; but the instant he had finished it, he resumed his favourite topic. Every time he took breath, he gained fresh strength, and on he went, with inconceivable rapidity, until the ladies gradually stole unobserved from the room, and left another gentleman and myself to contest, or rather to leave him master of the field of battle.

I felt extremely mortified, and remarked that he had forgotten his promise, and that it was not fair to wound so deeply the opinions of the ladies. "Oh!" said he, "they'll come again. What a pity it is that people should be so prejudiced!"—

To

To which I retorted, that their prejudices might be virtues. "If so," he replied, "the blossoms may be beautiful to the eye, but the root is weak." I desired him to prove it. He continued as follows, declaring that he could not do better than cite his own expressions, written years ago. "There is something exceedingly curious in the constitution and operation of prejudice. It has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness for reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire or water, in which a spider will not live. So, let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking, let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited, still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live, like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly charactered by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the spider of the mind."

Upon

Upon my observing that I did not recollect the passage in any of his works, he stated, that it was written in America, twenty years ago, and might be found in one of his pamphlets, the name of which has escaped my recollection. But he repeated it, at our request, several times, and allowed me to write it down. One of the most extraordinary properties belonging to Mr. Paine, is, his power of retaining every thing he has written in the course of his life. It is a fact, that he can repeat word for word, every sentence in his "*Common Sense, Rights of Man*, &c. &c., which I attribute first, to the unparallelled slowness with which he composes every passage he writes; secondly, to its having been profoundly meditated, and lastly, to his dislike to every sort of reading. The Bible is the only book which he has studied, and there is not a verse in it, that is not familiar to him. Wonderful and productive as his mathematical genius is unquestionably, he has often assured me, that he never read any thing upon the subject. Indeed, he seems to have a contemptuous opinion not only of books, but of their authors; for in shewing me one day the beautiful models of two bridges he had devised, he observed that Dr. Franklin once told him, that "books are written to please, houses built for great men, churches for priests, but no bridge for the people."

These

These models exhibit an extraordinary degree, not only of skill, but of taste, in mechanics; and are wrought with extreme delicacy, entirely by his own hands. The largest is nearly four feet in length; the iron works, the chains, and every other article belonging to it, were forged, and manufactured by himself. It is intended as the model of a bridge, which is to be constructed across the Delaware, extending 480 feet with only *one arch*. The other is to be erected over a lesser river, whose name I forget, and is likewise a single arch, and of his own workmanship, excepting the chains, which instead of iron, are cut out of pasteboard, by the fair hand of his correspondent, the Little Corner of the World, whose indefatigable perseverance is extraordinary. He was offered 3000l. for these models, and refused it. The iron bars which I before mentioned that I noticed in a corner of his room, were also forged by himself, as the model of a crane, of a new description. He put them together, and exhibited the power of the lever, to a most surprizing degree.

It would require the leisure, and faculty of Jamie Boswell himself, to detail all the conversations, which I had with Mr. Paine, or the opinions and anecdotes which he recounted. I am sure they would fill a volume. I shall therefore conclude this account of him, with a few words, respecting his acquaintance with Bonaparte.

The

When the *Hero of Italy* had returned to Paris, in order to take the command of that *Army of England*, with whose left wing he afterwards set off to conquer the department of the Thames, on the burning sands of Egypt, he called on Mr. Paine, and invited him to dinner. In the course of his rapturous ecstacies, he declared, that a statue of gold, ought to be erected to him in *every city in the universe*; he also assured him, that he always slept with his book *, under his pillow, and conjured him to honour him with his correspondence and advice. When the military Council at Paris, who directed all the movements of Bonaparte, (though *he* has the merit of them) came to a serious consultation about the invasion of England, Mr. Paine was invited to assist at the sitting. After they had ransacked and examined all the plans, charts, and projects of the Old Government, Bonaparte submitted to them, the propriety of hearing what Citizen Paine had to say upon the subject. But I should have stated, that without one dissentient voice, they were all of opinion, the measure was impracticable, dangerous even in idea, and still more so in the attempt. General D'Arçon, a celebrated engineer †, was one of this Council,

* "The Rights of Man."

† He directed the siege of Gibraltar, in the American war.

and

and present on the occasion. He laughed at the project, and said, that all those plans and schemes, had better be made cartridge paper of, for there was no Prince Charles (meaning the Pretender) now-a-days; and that they might as well attempt to invade the moon, as England, with its superior fleet at sea. "Oh!" exclaimed Bonaparte, "but there will be a fog."—"Ah!" replied D'Arçon, "and there will be an English fleet in that fog."—"Cannot we pass?" said Bonaparte; "Doubtless," answered the other, "by diving twenty fathom under water;" then *looking* stedfastly at the Hero, "General" said he, the earth is our own, but not the sea. We must recruit our fleets, before we can hope to make any impression on England, and even then, the enterprize would be fraught with perdition, unless we could raise a diversion among the people." Then Bonaparte: "that is the very point I mean; here is Citizen Paine, who will tell you, that the whole English nation, except the royal family, and *the Hanoverians who have been created peers of the realm, and absorb the greatest part of the land property*, are ardently burning *for fraternization.*" Paine being called upon, said, "It is now several years since I have been in England, and therefore I can only judge of it, by what I knew when I was there. I think the people are very disaffected, but I am sorry to add, that if the expedition should escape the fleet, I think

the army would be cut in pieces. The only way to kill England, is to annihilate her commerce." This opinion was backed by all the Council, and Bonaparte, turning to Paine, asked how long he thought it would take to annihilate the English commerce? Paine answered, that every thing depended on a peace. From that hour, Bonaparte never spoke to him, and when he had finished his adventures in Egypt, and had stolen back to France, he passed by him at the grand dinner, that was given to the Generals of the Republic, a short time before his usurpation, staring him in the face, and saying to General Lasnes, in the hearing of Paine, "the English are all alike in every country,—they are all rascals."

Mr. Paine thinks the Egyptian expedition was determined on, in consequence of the rejection of this project of Bonaparte by the Council; as it never was either in their contemplation, or that of the government, to invade England, but only to keep us upon the *qui vive*, and to divert our attention from other objects. Besides which, the popularity and inflammatory mind of Bonaparte were so excessive, that they were glad to get rid of him at any rate. Paine entertains the most despicable opinion of Bonaparte's conduct, military as well as civil, and thinks him the completest charlatan ever existed *.

Mr.

* It may be thought strange, that a man, like Paine, educated in the passive principles of the Quakers, and himself

Mr. Joel Barlow lives at No. 50, *Rue Vaugirard*, in one of the finest houses of Paris. I was very much surprised when going to pay him my first visit to find myself at a PORTE-COCHÈRE, with a porter's lodge, an elegant stone stable and coach-house attached to the left wing of his *Hotel*, and every thing as it should be. The first idea that presented itself to my mind, as my servant rang at the bell, was, "alas! Joel, you have touched." But I was mistaken*. As he was not at home, when I first called, I inquired of his servant, whether any *other* families lived there besides Mr. Barlow; and was answered, that it was his own house, and that he had purchased it. On my way home, I was employed in calculating how much such a house might cost, and where the cash came from. The next day Mr. Barlow called on me, and about a week after we found him at home. He

self very timid, at least, in appearance, should be competent to give an opinion on military operations. But I can assure the reader, there are many eminent French Generals, who have attached the highest credit to his advice, although he had never seen the countries, in which that advice was beneficial.

* Barlow was one of the Conventional Commissioners who went with Grégoire into Savoy to organize it. He might have saved by fair means, in that mission, as much as would purchase the house, which was confiscated property, and consequently sold infinitely below its value. I know not how he was afterwards employed.

received

received us with great cordiality, and shewed us over his suite of apartments. But they were wholly destitute of furniture excepting four rooms, occupied by himself and family. He mentioned that the house had been built by *Clermont Tonnère*, and that he had bought it some years ago; but he did not state what he had given for it. With respect to its unfurnished condition, he said he had bought it only on a speculation, under the idea that at the return of peace, he might sell it advantageously to some English minister or nobleman who should choose to reside in Paris, and he expected to get 6000l. for it. It certainly would suit an ambassador in point of accommodations, but it is so remote from the center of business, (being at the very extremity of the city) that I doubt whether it would be possible for him to make it a permanent residence. For any gentleman who wishes to make this haunt of sin and iniquity a constant home, the situation is desirable, and the lawn at the back consisting of two acres is bordered by a shrubbery, and walls laden with fruit trees. But no one thinks he will get more than half the money, notwithstanding the influx of strangers.

The expectation of disposing of it according to his estimate, is the only motive that detains

him at Paris, as it is his determination to return with Mrs. Barlow to America, as soon as possible. Of the Republic, its rulers, and its people, he entertains the most profound contempt, and though he is extremely guarded in his remarks, what *does* fall from him, is full of gall. Respecting the English government and nation, he said very little, but that was in their favour. He confessed his utter astonishment at the surprizing exertions we had made during the war, and avowed that he had mistaken the public spirit and financial resources of Great Britain. "I have been calculating," said he, "year after year, the downfal of the Government, and could not conceive it possible that you could stand another year. Whenever I took up the papers, and saw the Committee of Ways and Means, and read of your subsidies, I looked for a national bankruptcy in the course of the ensuing twelve-months. But when Mr. Pitt came forwards with the Income Tax, all the wise heads of this metropolis gave you over as lost, and I pronounced you saved. When I saw the nation cheerfully submit to it, I was then convinced you might carry on the war for fifty years." He spoke of Mr. Pitt in terms which surprised me, and declared he believed in his conscience, that if he had dared to execute to the full extent of what he thought, he would have succeeded in

changing the face of Europe. "At all events," said he, "it cannot be denied that he has the merit of having saved the old fabric (meaning the Constitution) if it be worth saving; and on that account, as you all seem disposed to hug your prejudices, I think every man of you should subscribe to his statue*, for he has certainly saved your Constitution." On my asking him what he thought of the peace, and our present situation, he answered, that he saw nothing censurable in it; it was what was to be expected from the state of the continent; we had lost nothing, and had cut out plenty of work for the French, which, he was sure they would never finish. "If they should, woe betide you." I requested an explanation; and he replied, "if the French Government are intent on peace, they will set themselves seriously to work on their colonies, and such is the activity of the French that they will soon repair their losses, create a vast commerce, which their local possessions and influence will facilitate, and they will end with a powerful navy." On my noticing, that they had already excluded our commerce, he answered, "that will just give you an idea what a set of fools they are. This false

* At that time, there was a proposal in England for erecting a statue to Mr. Pitt.

stop at the first start, is a convincing proof, that they don't know how to go to work. The prohibition of your manufactures has increased the avidity for them. They should have opened a free trade with you, and gradually cozened away your industry and mechanics; in the course of some years, they might have tripped up your heels; but the Government is in such a confounded hurry, that they will have every thing done as soon as it comes into their heads, so that instead of sticking to any given point, they are attempting five hundred different projects, and never succeed in one, except enslaving the people." With respect to our present situation, he observed, "You have now a character, and it depends on yourselves to maintain it. On the rest of the Continent you are losing ground, but in France, it is higher now than ever it was before. There is an universal impression here, without excepting the Government themselves, of the power, resources and public spirit of the English, but you are more feared than liked." He thought the peace would be permanent, if any change should take place in the Government, but with Bonaparte, at its head, he was of opinion, it was impossible it could be of long duration, from the nature of his power. For he was the creature of the army, and was constantly surrounded by hungry

Generals

Generals and Soldiers who were incessantly importuning him, and that notwithstanding his dictatorial manner, he could not *budge* without their leave. Unless he could find them employment or disband them, they would employ him. Upon my asking whether he thought Bonaparte secure, he answered, "more so, than any of his predecessors; they are satisfied with him because he does not guillotine them; but we have not yet got through the third act of the Revolution." I asked how he thought it would wind up? It is impossible to tell; for one cannot reason about it. But I guess it will end, either with the complete subjugation of Europe, or in a bloody civil war in France, between rival Generals, Republicans, Jacobins, and Royalists, and bring back out of its confusion a royal establishment."—"What advice then," said I, "will you now give to the Priviledged Orders?"—"To be on their guard, and remain quiet."

This is the substance of every thing I have heard from him concerning politics, on which he appears very reserved, and even unwilling to give an opinion. His inclinations are completely alienated from Europe, which he considers as undone, and he expresses the most fervent anxieties for the hour of his departure from it.

The Abbé Casti, is a phenomenon. He is eighty-four years of age, and as frolicksome as a lad of eighteen. His reputation, as the first poet of Italy, has been long established, and it is certain he would have been the Imperial Laureat, had it not been for his enthusiastic admiration of the French Revolution. We have frequently been in his company, and have always found him in the same lively humour, but it is extremely painful to hear him speak, on account of his having lost the roof of his mouth. He is endeavouring to procure a subscription for a splendid edition of his works, and he talks of going to England for the purpose.

Dr. Suedaeur intended to have gone to Naples to establish himself as a physician there. But, the Committee of Public Safety ordered some of their Sbirri to seize him after he had passed the barriers of Paris, and was making the best of his way into Italy on foot, and in disguise. They then gave him his choice, to go to prison, and take his chance in the next show of prisoners who were to appear before the revolutionary Tribunal, or to be Director of a Public Establishment, in which some chemical operations were carrying on for the use of the armies. The Doctor, like a wise man, accepted the latter. As soon as he had seated himself in his new lodgings, which were elegant, an order came that

that he was never to go out of the house on pain of *being sent to Prison.* How the villains have tormented and insulted the feelings of mankind! There was a refinement in their cruelties, which exceeded the cold blooded jokes of Tiberius and the Borgias. In this prison, the Doctor superintended the establishment, and remained nearly eighteen months; and this was their way of rewarding a man who was contributing to their victories. At length, he was allowed to breathe the fresh air, attended by a guard, and to visit his patients, but then the guard always attended him into the chamber of the sick, even under circumstances of peculiar delicacy. Upon his presenting a spirited remonstrance against this horrible indecorum, they sent him straight to prison, with a promise that he should be tried in the next batch of victims, for *conspiring against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic.* I question if Satan himself could have put such an *ingenious* construction upon so plain a case. After having worried him for some time, they took him out of his bed at midnight, put him into a hackney coach, and set him down at his lodgings in the establishment. The next morning, just as he was putting his things a little in order, he was again arrested, and carried before the Committee of General Vigilance, of which the painter David was a present member, who

who giving him one of his snarling tyger grins, asked how he dared as a foreigner, not to have inscribed his name at his section. While the Doctor was beginning to explain, David accused him of being an Agent of *Peet* and Thugut, and he was remanded back to prison on a fresh warrant. Two days after, a guard was sent for him, and he was conducted to the Committee of Public Safety, who told him, that there had been a *mistake* in his affair, but that it was a very *lucky mistake*, as on the morning of his arrest, all who were tried from his prison *had* been found guilty of *a conspiracy in prison* against the Republic, and that he would certainly have been one of them, had he been there. The Doctor expressed his gratitude, and he was remanded back to his Directorship with a prohibition from quitting it. At last, an end was put to those jocose days of blood and peril, and the Doctor was liberated, after having been duly ruined. Thrown upon the wide world, at his age, when something like ease and comfort had become necessary, he found he had to beat up again his leeway through life. Sometimes he thought of going to Naples, America, or returning to England. A mere accident settled him in Paris. A female personage of high consequence was *suddenly* taken ill in the absence of her husband, and the Doctor attended her.

her. He was thenceforward recommended and pushed; he resolved to try his chance once more in Paris; he now keeps his carriage, attends almost all the government people, and tells me, he makes about 2000l. per annum.

The effects of his sufferings, are however, very apparent. He begins to look old, though he is as full of vivacity as ever; and he is tongue tied upon politics, in which he declares he will have no more concern. But he has a decided opinion, and he made us acquainted with it. Among a multitude of histories which he told us at different times, here is one, which I think so horrible, that every parent in England ought to know it, before they think of permitting a child to visit this hell of hells.

Young ———, whose mother now resides in London, was sent by her to Paris in order to polish, and *keep him out of harm's way.* I remember him well; he was a good natured but incautious lad, and possessed of great simplicity of manners. But, unfortunately for him, he was a most impassioned Englishman, and openly cursed the French and all their measures; for which indiscretion, Suedaeur often remonstrated with him in vain. The Committee of Public Safety wanting some English heads for exhibition, caused him to be arrested. Suedaeur visited him in prison. He was, even there, always merry, full of the heyday of youth, and

continued

continued to *blaspheme* the French Republic. "Rule Britannia, and God save the King," were the favourite songs with which he made his prison walls resound. But, Rule Britannia, and God save the King, were proofs of his being one of the serfs of George, and an agent of *Peet*. It was *evident therefore*, that he was engaged in a conspiracy in prison to destroy the unity and indivisibility of the Republic. "*Nothing could be more clear*," said Fouquier Tainville, the public accuser. Accordingly, he was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, with a vast number of other persons, of both sexes, among whom was Colonel Newton (who was sentenced to death for playing at cards). As he knew scarcely any thing of the French language, of course, he could not understand a syllable of what passed. They asked him no questions, but he was sentenced to die. When he was removed from the Tribunal, and after he returned to prison, he was as unconcerned and as gay as ever, for he had not the most distant idea *that he had been on trial*. The next morning, he was carried down into the court yard, where the fatal cart, attended by *Gens D'Armes*, awaited him. At the same instant, Dr. Snedacur entered the prison to take a last adieu of him and Colonel Newton. The Colonel was already seated in the cart, and looked very dejected. The spectacle of Newton bound, and in that situation,

situation, startled the youth; he inquired whither they were going to take him. He could not make himself understood, as he did not speak French. At that instant, Suedaeur overwhelmed with an agony of grief, came up to him. This agitation of the Doctor's increased his distress; he asked hastily, "Doctor Suedaeur! what are they going to do with me?" Suedaeur, quite overcome and bursting into tears, answered, "My poor lost boy, I am come to bid you farewel, you are going to instant death."—"To death!" said he, with the quivering lip of youthful innocence, "I have not been tried." Then wringing his hands, he exclaimed, Oh! God, Oh! God! and swooned away in the arms of Suedaeur. While in this condition, he was torn away, and thrown into the cart. He recovered, however, before he reached the scaffold, and cried most bitterly. Colonel Newton, (who had long served under Suwarroff, and received twelve wounds at the storming of Ishmael, and who was Colonel of the regiment of dragoons which guarded the king to the scaffold) pitying the distress of the youth, forgot himself, and employed the last moments of his existence in administering comfort to him. But nature was uppermost; the misery of his afflicted mother rushed into his mind, nor did he cease to exclaim "my poor mother! my poor mother!" until the fatal axe closed his eyes upon

upon this world.—The spectators pitied him, for his person was extremely prepossessing, and I am sure, his innocent countenance was enough to have wrung a tear from an heart of stone. He was only eighteen years of age at the time of his murder, and a considerable fortune awaited him, had he attained to maturity. On the disconsolate mother, thus bereft of her only child, the tearful eye of pity, casts a sympathizing look; and should this sad tale of the fate of her beloved offspring fall into her hands, I wish her to be assured that the recorder of it, while commiserating her mourning life, and dropping tears of agony upon the page, discards every sentiment, that may add to that consuming grief which is too rapidly hurrying her to a premature grave. In this narration, my only motive is, to arouse humanity, and to implore in the awful name of God, the avenging justice of mankind, against a people, who are in continual hostility against the peace, the innocence, and the happiness of every part of the animated world.

LETTER

## LETTER XLIV.

*Helen Maria Williams — Madame Tallien — Kosciusko.*

MISS Helen, or Madam Helen Maria Williams, for I know not by which of these titles to qualify her, lives at the Hotel of Alexander Berthier, the minister of war; and in despight of all my inquiries, I cannot discover on what account the She-Saint has contrived to establish herself there. It cannot be for her having alternately admired and *noted* every Punch and Joan of the Revolutionary shew; because Madame Genlis, who detests the Republic, and whose husband was beheaded, is allowed free apartments in the National Library. However, Helen is a personage, and at the ministry of war she holds her court. The notorious Mr. Stone, a *married* man, who has driven away, and cruelly used his wife, lives with Helen in virtuous, philosophical, platonic friendship. It is not a little singular, that this spiritual damsel, should harbour and entertain such a friend, of whom no one, even in Paris, speaks a good word. I am at a loss in what manner to describe his services; his functions being so variously compounded

pounded of the German Squire, the Italian Cecisbeo, the English master of the ceremonies, and the French *perroquet* *. He acts also as her Secretary, her *garde des archives*, and her *chambellan*.—In short, he is *a man of all work*.

These things give no offence in this easy capital, in which it is common for a man to sit down at table with his wife and children and his mistress, and so *vice versa*. I have been present more than once at these happy meetings, or as they are here called, *mélanges morales*. A Parisian man of fashion told me one day in the presence of his wife, a very handsome woman, that after the first child, he thought both parties were at liberty to do as they pleased. This would have been a good plea before an *English* jury in mitigation of damages. In Paris, they are more enlightened, and what is an unanswerable *proof* of the exalted *felicity* to which the connubial state has attained in it, is, that you never hear of a single action for *crim. con.*, from the beginning of the year to its end. When will the blue-eyed matrons of the Island

* When the French Republican Ladies keep a fellow to puff them in the Journals, and to sound their praises in every company, he is called a *perroquet*. (See a learned dissertation on the etymology of this word, by the members of the National Institute, in the new Dictionary they are going to publish).

imitate

imitate the innocent *chastity* of the Parisian fair, and their husbands the virtuous *ease* and *nonchalance* of the Parisian men! We are, alas! two centuries behind them in morality—they are making rapid strides towards the perfectibility of *natural* philosophy!

Nothing demonstrates this *awful truth* more fully than the dinner given the other day by Madame Tallien, who has been long parted from her loving husband, and now lives with a rich merchant, whom I mentioned in a former letter, as the present proprietor of Rincy. There were sixteen persons at table, exclusive of Madame, and her *cher ami*; and who do you think was one of the sixteen?—Tallien himself! He sat on the left-hand of his *ci-devant* rib, and was engaged with her in a true spousal *tête-à-tête*, after the manner of Adam and Eve in Eden's blissful garden, thus,

> ——He on his side
> Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
> Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
> Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,
> Shot forth *peculiar* graces; then with voice
> Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
> Her hand soft touching, whisper'd.

Then she,

> O *sole* in whom my thoughts find all repose,
> My glory, my perfection, *glad I see*

*Thy face*;——for I this night
(*Such night till this I never past'd*) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, *of thee*.

But poetry apart, what an exquisite picture of primitive, patriarchal simplicity was here presented to a *degenerated* world! It was delicious: it was *unsophisticated nature* itself, stripped of the furbelows of *degrading* superstitions. Don Quixote's apostrophe to the golden age, at the supper of the neatherds, comes far short of it; its transcendant luxury can be described only by that profound philosopher, who, after the most recondite meditations, has at length discovered, and despising vulgar prejudices, boldly announced, that "*marriage is the most odious of all monopolies.*" This important discovery, on which the happiness of all the living world, and of *unborn* millions depends, has, alas! made no progress in England; but in this city, the favourite abode of *true* philosophy, it is taught in every *Stoa pœcile*, it is considered as orthodox among the fashionable, and has a votary in every family. If I could borrow the pencil of Gilray, I might hope to delineate the sylvan scene in its *proper colours*; but as that is impossible, you must call in the aid of your own imagination, to catch a glimpse of this nuptial banquet, at which *Venus Suadela* arrayed in her

her Cestus was present, accompanied by all the Loves and Graces in playful dalliance.

When Tallien was in Egypt, his *patriotic* wife, feeling for the grievous losses which the Republic had sustained in the number of its sons cut off from their *dear country*, by the sword, pestilence, and famine; with a generous and disinterested ardour contributed her matronal labours in making up the deficiency in its population. Two little Republicans presented to the state during his absence, attest her *zeal*, and it gives me *pleasure* to add, she was not singular in this truly sublime trait of Spartan devotion.

On the return of the illustrious Commissioner, he *followed* (for it is by no means the *étiquette* for a man and wife to go any where together) his luscious doxy to a ball! When he arrived, he found her in such a perfect state of nature, that his *modesty* was put to the blush*. He reproached her severely and publickly for her indecent attire; and she with bashful timidity replied, that he might get another wife who would dress more to his mind if he pleased. Shortly after she told him with *candour*, she had never loved him, and that he could not be insensible of it; that she had married him solely

* A gentleman who was present, assured me she had on but one apology for a garment, and that was of cambric muslin.

with a view to *save her life*, and that as she was no longer in terror of the guillotine, he was welcome to her fortune, but should have nothing more to do with her person. "You know," said she, "what I can tell." A separation was the consequence, and the parties provided for themselves accordingly. The ladies of Paris highly approve of the spirited conduct of Madame Tallien whom they consider as a charming heroine, and a *persecuted* beauty. The fact is, when she was Madame *Fontenai* and in prison at Bordeaux, Tallien, then on mission to that city, which he was reorganizing in torrents of blood, proposed to save her head, if she would surrender her purse and person, but threatened her with death if she rejected his offer. It is credible that a gay female, whose heart was not yet alienated from the carnal ways of this world, should rather marry an anthropophagi than be sent in a hurry to the next. She gave her hand, therefore, to this renowned *Sans-culotte*, and the circumstance engendered an irreconcileable hatred between him and Robespierre, which exploded on the *ninth of thermidor* in favour of the former *.

But

* Great injustice has been done to the humane character of Tallien by the voice of calumny. It is not true that he has murdered so many people as is alledged against him.

But to return from this digression to Saint Helen. This priestess of the Revolution has a nightly synod at her apartments, to which the political dramatists and literati of the capital resort. Here she is in her glory. Perched, like the bird of wisdom, on her shrine, she snuffs the murky incense of adulation offered up by homicides, and public robbers. With a starched grimace, and ſtiff as buckram, she listens to the general din. At the instant of inspiration, she becomes convulsed like her Delphic predecessor, but the appearance of the fit is ridiculous, and its duration longer. By an ingenious device, when about to deliver the oracle, she contracts her lips into the form of a pipe, and literally whistles out her words in *staccato*, and sinks away in *perdendosi*. The Keeper of the Ar-

him. In the *sacred Septemberization* of 1792, he knocked out the brains of only one old priest eighty years old, minister in the diocese of Luçon, and bludgeoned six other individuals. At Bordeaux, he assassinated only *eighteen* persons, and five of them on the recommendation of *Desfieux*, the banker. And, when it is considered, that he brought away with him from Bordeaux, only seventeen hundred thousand livres in hard cash, for having generously restored to liberty, "good citizens unjustly detained;" I think, the world should shake off those unfavourable prejudices, which a set of emigrant French nobles and priests, to serve their own wicked purposes, have circulated in England, respecting this enlightened and disinterested advocate of liberty, equality, humanity, and virtue.

chives

chives is at hand to record what passes *. If you wish to become acquainted with a devil in the shape of a philosopher, a general, a legislator, a quiz, or a thief, and you will reconcile yourself to flattery and milk and water beverage, you will find any of these characters at Helen's *coterie*, and you will always be well received by the dear girl.

I mention Madame *de Beccaria* in this place by way of a contrast. She is the daughter of the celebrated Marquis de Beccaria, author of the book on Crimes and Punishments. Elegant in her manners, and possessed of a pleasing person, she is modest, affable, and good natured. Though a rigid Catholic, she is no Saint, nor does she keep a *coterie*, or wish to take advantage of her father's great celebrity, to collect around her the fops of philosophy. On the contrary, she lives very retired, and I am sorry to add, appears oppressed with melancholy, as I imagine, from a disappointment in marriage, for which she is to be pitied. She has been divorced from her husband, Count ———, an Italian nobleman, on account of his

* For the benefit of the booksellers. The instant each ruling party is overthrown, out come two or four little duodecimos, which this fanatical female calls "Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Revolution, &c. &c.;" in which she records all their *sayings*, and abuses in their turn those whom she before received with smiles in her conventicle.

insanity.

insanity. When any of his vassals approached him with the usual title of "My Lord," he made them down on their knees, and call him "My God." He is, of course, taken proper care of. Madame de Beccaria will go through London to Scotland in a few weeks for the pious purpose of having all her father's writings translated there, but she is greatly distressed at not being able to speak a word of the language. She made me a present of her father's portrait, which I shall keep as a treasure as long as I have breath, and she assured me that the Italian work, entitled *Saggio sopra la Politica e la Legislazione Romana*, which the French translator had the impudence to declare was written by the Marquis, is not his work.

Kosciusko has disappointed *my* expectations. Perhaps, I judge of him too rashly, but if in two hours conversation with *any* man, upon the subjects most interesting to him, not a spark of extraordinary light is emitted, I think it is but fair to conclude that such a man is not fit to move out of the common circle. According to my way of thinking, the negro General Toussaint, is a divinity compared with him. But his valour and sufferings will always excite the sympathy, and the cause in which he struggled, the interest of mankind.

## CONCLUSION.

WE did not experience any difficulty in getting out of Paris: I went to the office of the Minister Talleyrand with my passport, and was promised that it should be returned to me on the next day by twelve o'clock. It was returned with punctuality; and after having sent all our heavy luggage to the office of the Diligence, and laid in a stock of provisions for the journey, at eleven at night, we stepped into our chaise, and took our leave of Paris.

As it was my wish to gratify my companion with the sight of as much of France as our time would admit of, we did not return by the road we came, but shaped our course for Brussels. The account of that extensive tour would be too long for insertion here. I therefore close my narrative, with observing, that if the capital and its inhabitants have caused such disgust in my mind, as to preclude me from ever wishing to revisit them, the rest of France, though bowed down under the yoke of the most horrible despotism, presents objects of interest and sympathy. Throughout our travels in Flanders, we found that the moral influence of the Revolution had not wrought such pernicious effects, as might

might have been expected. The people retained much of the civility, and engaging manners of former times; and until my second interview with the brutal Mengaud at Calais, there was not one place from Senlis, which we did not feel a regret at leaving. The roads are inconceivably wretched; for a vast number of miles we were compelled to go at a foot pace, and sometimes they were so dangerous, that we found it necessary, even by the advice of our postilions, to leave the carriage. Between Arras and the city of Lisle, there are ruts three feet deep; our traces were continually breaking and our horses falling down. It also became necessary often to have additional horses. The state of the country is every thing that an agriculturist could desire. It was well cultivated and smiled with abundance. In some places, the people did not know the peace had been signed, for scarcely any English had passed their way. While getting out of the carriage, they once asked me with looks of inexpressible anxiety, whether I had brought them peace at last? On my answering them in the affirmative, they exclaimed, "Ah! but has the King of England signed it?"

Of my opinions concerning the present government of France, some judgment may be formed from the preceding letters. I purpose however to give the subject a more ample and

serious discussion, but request that I may not be considered as pledged to the execution of it. I left the Republic with a conviction that it was her interest to be at peace with us, but with manifold doubts of its continuance.

FINIS.

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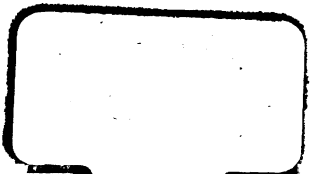
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